

MISC.

BOOKS

Microsystems, Inc.

VOLUME ONE

Microsystems, Inc.

Directions for mailing articles which are subject to a bond on postage containing the following or similar, with it are permissible and do not affect the classification of the parcel.

Public library books, otherwise mailable as parcel post matter, may bear any printed or written mark constituting a necessary inscription for the purpose of a permanent library record.

Written matter, in the nature of a personal communication on the wrapper of a parcel or inclosed therein, will subject the parcel to the letter rate of postage. See paragraph below regarding letters attached to parcels of fourth-class mail.

Printed matter relating to an article which it accompanies is regarded as descriptive of the article within the meaning of Section 458, Postal Laws and Regulations, and therefore is a permissible inclosure with such article when mailed as fourth-class or parcel-post matter.

Printing on an article or on its wrapper, or on a label pasted to it in such manner as to form an integral part of it, does not affect the classification of the article as parcel-post matter.

The tag or label, with the printing or writing authorized thereon, may be attached to the whole parcel or separate tag or labels, bearing the same, may be attached to each of one or more articles contained in the parcel.

A single order form, mainly in print, may be inclosed with fourth-class matter mailed at the rates for that class without affecting its classification.

Miscellaneous printed matter may be inclosed in parcels of fourth class matter or in parcels of books weighing more than four pounds mailed at the parcel-post rates of postage.

Invoices in Unsealed Envelopes Attached to Parcels.—Senders of parcels mailed at the fourth-class rates may, if they so desire, inclose invoices bearing no unauthorized additions in unsealed tag envelopes and attach the latter to the outside of the parcels they are to accompany, provided the envelopes in which the invoices are placed are left unsealed and plainly marked, preferably in printing, "Invoice Inside," or some similar inscription, and the senders' and addressees' names and addresses are, in all cases, placed on the wrappers of the parcels, regardless of whether or not they appear on envelopes containing the invoices. Furthermore, in order to prevent the separation of the tag envelopes and parcels in the mails, the envelopes must be securely fastened to the parcels and placed underneath the string with which the parcels are tied. When practicable, the tag envelopes should be pasted to the parcels. In all cases the invoices must be accessible for postal examination.

Letters Attached to Parcels of Fourth-Class Mail.—When the sender desires that a parcel of fourth-class matter on which the postage is fully prepaid, with stamps affixed, at the rate for that class, be accompanied with a communication which is not a permissible inclosure at the fourth-class rate, the communication may be placed in an envelope, and after the full amount of postage at the first-class rate is affixed to the envelope it may be tied to or otherwise securely attached to the outside of the parcel in such manner as to prevent its separation therefrom and not to interfere with the address on the parcel. The envelope shall be addressed to correspond with the address on the parcel. Parcels to which such communications are attached shall in all cases be treated as fourth-class mail. (Par. 5½, Sec. 458, P. L. & R.)

Any strong envelope which can be securely attached to the outside of the parcel in such manner as will prevent its separation therefrom and not interfere with the address on the parcel may be used. A tag envelope fastened with strong string would serve this purpose very well. The envelope should always be placed under the twine with which the parcel is tied, thus lessening the chances of its becoming torn from the parcel while in transit.

The envelope must be addressed to correspond with the address on the parcel, so that in case of their becoming separated while in transit both may be delivered.

Sufficient stamps to prepay the postage at the first-class rate on the communication must be affixed to the envelope. Stamps sufficient to prepay postage at the fourth-class rate on the parcel must be affixed to the wrapper of the parcel.

Parcels Containing Two or More Classes of Mail Matter.—A parcel containing two or more classes of mail matter is chargeable with postage at the rate applicable to the highest class of matter inclosed. A parcel composed of two articles, one being matter of the third class and the other matter of the fourth class, is chargeable with postage at the fourth-class rate when such postage is equal to or greater than that which would be chargeable if the third-class rate were applicable. However, when the postage on a parcel containing both third and fourth class matter amounts to more at the third-class than at the fourth-class rate, owing to the graduated zone rates, the parcel must be charged with postage at the third-class rate—one cent for each two ounces or fraction of two ounces.

Parcels containing second-class matter and fourth-class matter are subject to the highest rate as explained in the preceding paragraph.

Packages Mailed as First-Class Matter Should Be Sealed.—When it is desired to send packages as first-class matter, the packages should be sealed or otherwise closed against inspection, in order to avoid any confusion in the mails to their proper classification.

NOTE.—The limit of weight for first-class matter is the same as for fourth-class matter.

Forwarding and Return of Parcels.—Parcel-post matter will be forwarded or returned to the sender on a new prepayment of postage at the rate which would be chargeable if the package was originally mailed at the forwarding office, or at the office where the parcel is held.

When parcels are subject to a new prepayment of postage amounting to 25 cents or more for forwarding from the office of original address to the addressee at another post office, or for return to the sender, they are likewise chargeable with an additional war tax. Therefore, when notifying the addressee or sender of a parcel of the amount of postage required for its forwarding or return, as the case may be, the postmaster shall also indicate, on the official card notice used for the purpose, the amount of the war tax chargeable on the parcel, for which the necessary internal-revenue stamps must be furnished by the addressee or sender. (See "War-Stamp Tax" on page 1.)

Postmasters are required to notify the vendors of undeliverable parcels of obvious value.

Sender's Receipts for Ordinary Fourth-Class Parcels.—The postmaster at the mailing office may, on payment of one cent, give the sender of an ordinary parcel of fourth-class mail a receipt therefor. A postage stamp to cover the charge for the receipt shall be affixed thereto. The name and address of the addressee of the parcel shall be written in the receipt by the sender. (Section 458½, Postal Laws and Regulations.)

The purpose of this receipt is to provide senders of fourth-class parcels, when desired, a record evidencing their mailing for which a fee of one cent is charged. Their issuance does not in any way insure the parcels against loss while in the mails and no receipt is obtained from the addressee upon delivery. Patrons who desire either of these latter facilities should insure their parcels.

Receipt will be given on tag form 3817. The name and address of the addressee shall be written on the tag by the sender, who may place his own name thereon if he desires, and affix on the tag a one-cent postage stamp in the space provided. The tag shall be tied to the parcel before mailing. The postal employee accepting the article shall compare the address on the tag with that on the parcel, postmark the stamp to show the date of acceptance, detach the receipt and deliver it to the sender.

Directions for each of them.

In a child slave
plantation.

The old well renowned Big Gul
Knoll or yellow Bricks Road leads
up alongside the Cedronine creek
from the large town of Belknap
burg and into the village of
Headrick Junction and through
a green and wooded section of
the great Mc-Hollesler wood-
to and around the very foot
of the Tomponia Ridge where
all forested slopes blend down
upon the Mc-Hollesler Run
valley.

All sections of this great
road has all kinds of interest
and thrills for any one who
happens to travel on it by
foot and horse but the
very moment it begins
to ascend the heights the
whole scene sends forth
the sweet aroma of its
excellent plants and
grasses until the air is
heavy with them. And
then suddenly the road
leads sharply up the he-
ights and goes along the
lower part of the slopes
and then goes straight
up the ridge
It happened to be
that on one bright day
in the early part of
July a long line of
children moving but two

October 27 1926

was swiftly sailing up the
slope, guarded by tall and stoutly
built soldiers and men armed
with guns. ^{men needed to watch child}
^{slaves as they cannot run away} and two
soldiers on horse back were lead-
ing the procession.

The children, both boys and
girls were almost stark naked.
They were covered with sweat and
red. The cheeks of one little
slave on account of the heat
were in such a glow that it
glowed even through the deep
tan of her skin. Neither was
this after all so strange or
strange for although the early
July sun burned hotly the
line of children were forced
to hurry as swiftly as poss-
ible as if a horde of fiends
were after the whole party
right then.

A Christian army was
close by under the Virram
generals confronting them.
At Cedernine Creek and the
children were hustled away
from a plantation to the
Glandinian camp to pre-
vent them from being
taken by the nationals
who would free them.
Yet who would think
that this little spout a
black haired fairy among

these slaves was more than
seven years old and yet what she
really did look like. No one could
guess, because her naked body
was so thickly covered with dust
that anyone could plainly see
that she was gray from head to
foot. And to make matters
worse a big scarf of red wool
was so wound about her tiny
head that she looked like a
little white pincushion girl as
she trudged wearily along
with the rest.

This line of child slaves
had climbed and marched some
four or five miles up from
realwick Junction when they
came to a large sea of
house like tents which lay
halfway on the Emporia
slope and which was Bicknell's
camp. And here they were
shouted at from almost
every tent and hut now
from a group of soldiers
on the roadside, now from
a line of workers. For the
procession had now reached
a portion of the Glandinian
camp. The overseers
and guards made no stop
however but on their way
kept calling back
and went to all the important
and questions that were

asked of them And so they came to the interior of the camp and to where the tents were larger and more numerous The voice of an officer suddenly hailed them —

"Hey you with the child slaves, wait a minute. If you are going further on to the other camp I'll ride along with you."

The whole column halted at the command. Then at a signal from the guards the child slaves drew from the road and sank down in different postures upon the ground.

"Are you slaves so very tired after this short march?" one of the guards asked.

"No-o-o, but we are hot" Jimmie said in answer for the rest.

"You are always tired over nothing, but wait we'll soon be up there before long now and then we'll show you what real work is. I am now on you'll be compelled to take great big steps and then we'll let you rest for several minutes." Another of the guides said to encourage her.

At this moment a fat, good natured Glandelurian officer rode out from the camp and joined the guards at a command the children arose to their feet, formed line once more and walked along with the guards on two sides of them and these were old comrades and began to talk at a great rate about the advance of the Christian army upon Melkingburg, about the different situations of their positions and of the enemy's parks of artillery facing the march.

"Say, dydro where are you taking the slaves to now? you were forced to move?"

The fat officer asked "They are about as valuable as any I suppose and that black haired sprite I hate the child of one of the dead Christian officers isn't it that we surprised?"

"She's the one" answered the guard "I'm ordered to show her to General Manley and I'm going up that way to morrow now and she'll have to stay with him too."

"What's that you say you are going to take the child to Manley? Why

October 28, 1926.

Hydro you cannot be in your right mind. How can you even think of such a thing? The general will just pack you and your fine plan off to the plantation again. You'll see. He does not care a rap for a child.

"Oh no I do not expect him to keep her. He can't do that. For after all he has been requested by the government to examine her and therefore he is being responsible for this war over the confounded child slaves and so it's his business to look to her safe keeping and keep her from being taken to the Christian lines as a free child. I have been working the child so far and as pretty as she is, she ain't worth any of the others. And I'll tell you one thing Colonel Hydro - I am not going to lose any money for the sake of keeping this no account youngster. It's time she's to receive a master that will make her do her share."

Of course she should be sent to the slave plantation owner Augustina St. Claire. Hydro agreed eagerly. Or at

least it would be so and the proper thing to do if he was as easy as other slave owners. But you know his sort. He is very particular about the new slaves he buys. And if he does what on earth will he do with the child slave and with such a tiny delicate one too? And if he does buy her she won't last it out in his plantation. But where are you planning to put the others to work?

"On the trenches" said Hydro and an extra supply of work they'll get too. Believe me. I never my let go owned these slaves and were at the trenches at Delight Junction last Christmas. Their cells were on the top of the barracks of the slaves' camp and I and the guards looked after them. But at the fight there a troop of Christians were determined to carry the slaves off with them but were repulsed. And now with the Nationals here again I've brought them to Manley's camp and I'm going to place them at work in the trenches here no matter what any one says."

"Of course I'm in sympathy with Glendelina's cause. But I should not like to let that child slave one but" declared Hyde with a shudder "for no body knows what makes that child slave owner St. Clare so fierce or what is wrong up there. He never speaks to a child without brutalizing them. He even never speaks to a man from one end to the other of a year. He rails the Christian armies and never allows a slave to get within sight of a Christian army. And when he with his long cat-o-nine tails do come among the slaves every slave is afraid. Those bushy black eyebrows of his and that awful black beard. He looks so much like an old devil over the lost souls that I can tell you you're glad not to run across him if you're a child slave and all alone."

"Suppose he does look queer and is dangerous - said the chief carver defiantly. "He's going to buy her just the

same or I'll kill the youngster. And I don't care whether he does her any harm or not. She's a slave and a useless scum. And if he does do her any harm and the Christian dogs capture him, he will have to answer for it and not I."

"And still" the prying Hyde said "I would like most awfully to know what is the matter with Augustinia St. Clare. Why does he frown so even at the Christian prisoners taken in battle? Why does he keep so many child slaves up there on that lonely forested mountain slope shut off from all the world? Why does he almost never show himself among us soldiers? The officers tell all sorts of stories about him but I believe also that you have heard them from your friends and comrades haven't you Darnie?"

"I have indeed but that is my business. If the generals found out that I had been talking about St. Clare I'd get myself into more trouble than I'd want."

Hydro had for many days
been very curious to know
what was the matter with
St. Clare concerning him
and his child slaves. Why
did he treat them so
harshly and glare at
them as if he hated
them? Why did he
keep his slaves on the
mountain slope like
sheep? Why did the very
rebel officers and men
always speak of him
curtly as if they did
not want to be against
him and were still
afraid to speak a good
word for him? Hydro
also thought it queer
that all the Glan-
delinian soldiers in the
camp should call him
"El Matador" for of course
no one could prove
whether he killed any
of his child slaves
or not. But because they
called him that he
followed their lead
and never spoke of him
except as "El Matador"
which in our language
means "The killer".
Just a little while
before this section of
the story of Mrs. Hydro

Chapter 28

had entered the Glan-
delinian army and come to Mamley
army from his home in
Vanity Fair and yet he did
not know all the strange
things that had happened
in the various child slave
camps and all about their
odd characters and hard
surroundings. His friend
Darius however had been
in the army for years
working child slaves till
they died. And this day
he had come with these
slaves from Leadwick
Junction. They had march-
ed as far as Melbury
burg with a party of
soldiers and he had
been asked to take Darius
along to Mamley.

Hydro was not the one
to let a good chance to
learn about things slip
so he took hold of Darius
arm and said slyly
"You see my friend
I can get the truth from
you about what the old
soldiers are saying
because I know you can
reveal the whole story.
So tell me what's wrong
with the old child slave
owner? Why is he always
so feared by us and

October 29th 1926.

the Christians alike Did
he always hate the children
and Christians so?

"How do I know how he
used to be, I'm only 36
years old and he is 60
at least. So you can't ex-
pect me to have seen
him when he first started
buying slaves. Still if I
knew if I knew it would
not be gossiped all over
the camp after wards?
I could tell you a few
things believe me. My
comrade was his over-
seen you know and so
was his friend."

"Bah Darnie what are you
afraid of asked Lydoo
feeling a little offended. Don't
be so hard on the poor
gossiping soldiers of Manley's
command. And I guess I am
one of the soldiers who can
keep a secret if I want
to go on and tell me that's
a good friend you want
be sorry for it I can tell
you."

"All right I will. But see
that you keep your promise
faithfully." Darnie warned
him. I just he turned
around to make sure
the child slaves were

not close to hear what he
was going to say but the
whole troop of child slaves
were nowhere to be seen.
The overseen knew they must
have stopped to rest a second
time before this only the
two Glandelians had been
too interested in their chatter
ing to notice the fact al-
though the yellow track road
made several curves still
one could see most of it
all the way down to the
main camp and there was
no one in sight.

"Oh now I see them,"
cried Lydoo. "Look over to
the north" and she
he pointed to one side
of the road. They are
climbing the slope with
their crossbars and quads.
But it's all right. They can
look after the child slaves
and that'll give you a better
chance to tell me about
the things I would
to know."

"And they won't have
any trouble with Darnie
either!" said Darnie.
She's not at all stupid
though she's only seven
years old. She's a very
bright slave and has

her eyes open and see
everything that is going
on in this war, and I tell
you for that reason she has
to be watched more than
the others yet she'll do good
for Augustinia St. Claire for
she needs an extra slave
for he has nothing left
but half dead good for
nothing youngsters who
can not work a single
penny on his plantations
near Collyer city.

"He used to buy more
slaves, didn't he?" asked
Idy do.

"Will say he surely did"
answered Carrie eagerly.
And he owns one of the
finest child slave farms
in this location. He
owns however if we
are beaten in the com-
ing battle to evangel-
ize St. Claire city. He
was once a servant
to Emperor Viaman and
despite owning slaves
is not in favor
of either side in this
war. His slave owner
also was the elder
son of one of our
dead generals and
has one brother

who is in the National army.
Now Augustinia St. Claire did
not care for anything else
but be the owner of child
slaves and for a time he
traveled around the country
buying slaves from people
no one else wanted anything
to do with. He bought and
sold and soon was the mas-
ter of hundreds. He sold
one farm to buy child
slaves and then the news
came that his father had
died at the battle of Delight
Junction, and the mother
died of grief and his brother
who had been in the Na-
tional got angry at him
for gaining slaves and joined
the Christians. And
St. Claire threatened by such
disappeared with his
slaves leaving nothing
but a bad name behind
him."

"Where had he fled to?"

"No one could tell. Some
said he went off with
the army to Aurandillo
taking his slaves with
him. Any way nothing
more was heard from
him for almost three
months. And then sud-
denly he appeared one

day with an extra number
of slaves whom he tried
to sell to Napoleon's army
officers for trench work
and they bought the slaves
'suppose did they not?'

Idydo asked excitedly
"Not all of them. Some of
the child slaves were too
delicate for trench work
and no one wanted them.
He swore he would work
them himself no matter
how delicate they were
and he bought them to
work the engineers must
have been skilled men
because they did work
them good."

"But D'arrise I did not
believe the generals
would permit it."

"Yes they did but the
slave owner also had
important information
for he had important
papers in his possession."

"But Augustinia St. Claire
had not been commis-
ioned a spy?"

"Maybe not but he could
gain good pay for it. He
had one boy slave
who could do carpenter
work. His name no one

knows but he was a good
steady worker and well liked
by all the slaves but the
slave owner was suspicious
of him and did not place
any trust in him. They said
the slave child had tried to
run away once from the plant-
ation near Ananidabito and
that the lad would have
been slain as is the rule,
if he had not decided to
come back for the penalty
of running away from
slavery is death. Still the
best soldiers had to speak
to the authorities before
the boy was saved. Then
General Bicknell bought
the boy and exchanged
him to the Christians for
a officer who was a prison-
er there."

"But what ever became
of the others who were
still belonging to him?"
Idydo asked curiously.

"Have a little more pat-
ience and you'll hear"
said D'arrise. "You know
I am not able to tell
you everything at once."

Well before he became
a child slave owner
he was a professional
spy. And when he was

used of that duty he brought
the first slaves and brought
them to his home & he
he worked them so hard
that they did not last long
not more than two months
later when the slaves
were at work in the
fields under a hot sun
an explosion occurred
among blasting powder
and they were all killed
or injured. When the
owners brought them
home even dying or
badly hurt the slave
owner grew into a violent
rage and discharged the
iron discharge respon-
sible for the accident.
Very few of the little
slaves recovered & they
were so weak that
often you could scarcely
tell whether the slaves
were alive or not a
few days after they
buried these slaves
for

"Augustine must have
pitied the slaves
then" said my do.
Oh no he did not.
But far and near
every one was luck-
ily of the fate of

the slaves and blamed him
for it. And the best of people
said as well as thought that
this was the punishment
which St. Clare got because
of his godless life. Some
of the surrounding slaves
were mean enough to tell
it to him to his face
and one Christian person
even had a straight talk
with him about begging
God for forgiveness and
quit child slave holding.
But St. Clare grew more
ullen and no longer
had a good word for any-
one even the Christian
officers. He care to avoid
him.

"And that is why he is
so cruel to the slaves,
Darnie?"

"I suppose since Manley's
army is here St. Clare
has brought his slaves
up to a plantation
on the mountain mead-
ow surrounded by woods
and swore never to
give up his slaves to
the Christians find
since we are here
there he is stuck and
lives at odds with
God and the slaves. A

October 30 1926

man sold Jamie to me when she was a year old. But with the nationals so near I wished to bring her here. So I took the child along and will take her to Mamley first. If it turns out he won't let her stay with him I'll take her to St. Charles for he has a lot of work for her to do because she knows how to do anything.

And you intend to lay Mamley first before taking her there?

Yes I intended to take her to him last spring but the actions of the Christians dogs prevented me. She is the one I had bought on the previous year and who I wanted I wanted to sell to General Cadie Day after to morrow she goes and Mamley's place is a good one too. I'll tell you that.

"And you're leaving the child alone with Mamley up there? Oh Darnie I wonder what you can be thinking of? Dycho said in a tone of deep reproach.

"And why not?" Darnie demanded. "I guess I've done my duty in keeping this boy so long enough. And what else is there left for me to do now? I'm called to 33rd myletz's army and I surely can't take a youngster seven years old to join army as he will not permit child slaves here. But where are you going Dycho? We are hardly half way up to Mamley's lines."

"I - why I'm right where I started for Dycho answered. I have a message to bring to General Callen. I must also have a talk with his leading lieutenant. The army is going to move against the Union armies soon. So good by Darnie and hope good luck with your slaves."

Darnie gave his hand to Dycho and then stood watching him as he walked toward a small town but which was General Callen's head quarters. which stood a few steps to one side of the yellow brick road in a row of

hollow that protected it somewhat from shell fire and fierce mountain storms. This hut was situated half way up to the large open mountain pasture summit which was surrounded by thick pine woods. And it was a good thing that it stood in a sheltered nook of the slopes of Imperian Ridge. For if it did look so badly exposed that it must have been dangerous to be in it if Christian bullets should shell the ridge at such a time all would be lost and the little house would have surely been swept down into the valley far below.

Gen. This but dwelt general Calles (I suppose maybe he had a nose bigger than his face). This was one of the well known rebel generals who had an enormous park of artillery under his command and who each morning went down to the lower slopes to watch the movements of the nationalists. He would ride

with his force of cavalry up to the highland pastures where they could obtain a good view of the Christian camps and at the same time be hidden by the high meadow grass of the upper slopes until evening came. Then general Calles would ride down the slopes again with his scouts would pause at various headquarters to report what he had seen and then to whistle shrilly through his fingers and each scout would dismount. I was usually the best selected officers and men who would be taken on. This was important for there was nothing to fear from the Christian gunners when under cover of the high grass and these short moments at sunset were the only time during the whole scouting tour when general Calles associated with his well known friends in the army. The rest of the day he spent out scouting and he always left

the hut very early in the morning and never returned to it until late in the evening, spending every minute possible in his scouting work as he saw but little of his headquarters. In fact there was just time enough to swallow his bowl of bread and milk at dawn and at dusk and then off to his cot for sleep. His staff like himself had also been exceedingly busy but some had been killed by sharpshooters by Chautauque guards. Now Darnie had been waiting some ten minutes or more to see if he could find the procession of child slaves. He had therefore climbed a little higher spot where he had a better view of the upward and downward sweep of the wooded lands and from this new place he peered about him in every direction. He was becoming very impatient for the line of youngsters were returning the long way around. The guards had failed in

1
selling any of them and so they and their slaves were taking their own time about it and not hurrying at all. Darnie had tripped painfully along after several of the others for the heat made her gasp and the atmosphere was so uncomfortable that it took all her little strength to keep up with the others. However she remained very silent but she kept eyeing the many other slaves who in their bare feet and nude bodies were marching along without the least effort and then anxiously she looked at the guards whose toughened legs were climbing so heavily over the thick bushes and the rocks of the slopes. Suddenly Darnie sat down on the ground, peeled off the bark of a limb and refused to go any further. But alas this she took a grave chance of doing. There were many dangerous Gladiators to look out for because Darnie in order to scare her out of running away, quick as light she saw Gladiators appeared

Sunday 31 of Feb

1862

and to avoid being seen by them Gammie hid herself behind a thick bush and not being seen was stretching her bare arms happily forth. When she rejoined the procession and climbed after them at the side of a boy companion as light of foot as any in all the procession.

The guards had not paid any heed to what the child was doing when she had fallen behind. But later when one of them saw her in the wrong place of the line his whole face twisted into a fierce scowl as he turned around to look and when he caught sight of the scowling green-clad soldiers his scowl became if possible even fiercer and blacker but he said nothing to her.

Now that little Gammie felt easy and comfortable she started to talk to one of the boys. One of the boys who

Monday Mar 1.

was interested about her and wondered how she became a slave. Had Gammie a question to ask for he wished to know how long she had been with her owner and where she was going to be taken next to whom she was going and what she was going to do when she got there and so it was that they and the rest of the child slaves at last arrived to where Owen seen Darnie stood.

The moment Darnie saw this straggling rear of the company of child slaves he cried:

My Goodness Gammie what in the world were you doing. My how you do look lagging so far behind. What are you planning to do, run away? Where is your Arabian head-dress and your sandals. They are gone the band are sandals I bought for you and the new head-dress. What have you done with them?

The little girl just simply poured down the side of a precipice and said: "I threw them over there."

The fence overseer looked where she pointed so calmly. Sure enough hanging on the boughs was a white ribbon like something with a white long red spot.

"You dirty little trait of an imp!" the man cried in a rage. "What has got in to your head, Garrie? Why did you throw your things over the abyss? What do you mean by such actions? Maybe you intended to run away."

"I don't need them," the little slave answered and she was not in the least sorry for what she had done.

"You dirty silly little Garrie! Where is your proper respect?" Darnie went on to scold her. "Who will have the time to go down there and get them more than two miles away. Quick Pedro!" to one of the guards run down and get the things for me and don't stand there goggling as if you were broiled to the ground.

"We are already too late in bringing the slaves to the proper destination," said the guard

November 2, 1926.

sullenly. Besides I am a soldier of man's law guard and here for I'm not obliged to do it. And he ordered the slaves on while Darnie stood there without budging and watching all the noise at Garrie who was defiant.

"Someone has to recover your things and just standing and staring won't get you very far in life," Darnie said to her. "Here come with me I'll get them myself and if you do this again I'll show you something you won't like and more too!"

Without a word more they both ran off and tore in a straight line down the slopes. Darnie took such big jumps that he reached the abyss and shoes and scarf in a short time. He made Garrie get it herself and soon both resumed their way again.

"Now you carry your shoes," he said. She was compelled to do as he asked and followed the overseer as he continued on along side of her. In her left hand she clutched the shoes and in her right the red

scout. In this way almost three hours later they reached Manley's head quarters before which the other slaves were assembled. Here his headquarters stood on the edge of a narrow open to all the winds that blew but also where every ray of sunlight would strike through it and with a fine view far down into the valley and plains below. Behind this old building a whole forest of tall pine fir and hemlock trees towered aloft to great heights with their long thick branches clouded with pine needles.

And still further on in the rear of the house and into the forest the road again wound its way up along the slopes of the Thompsona ridge till it reached the great heights far above until at last the yellow brick road was lost in the densest part of the forest whose great green tops stood sharply out against the deep blue sky. Fast to the house on the forested valley side was nailed

a very long branch bench here was sitting in a row about fifteen handsomely uniformed American generals. Manley in the center with a long pipe in his mouth and waving his big round hat in his hands looking calmly on as Darnie with Jamie climbed up the path. Jamie seeing Manley's hard born face did not believe he was mean.

"Well well and what does this mean?" Manley asked as he eyed the line of slaves. He gazed at every one from under his busy eye brows with a long and rather fierce look. Jamie looked at him with out once winking for Gen. Manley with his thick blond eye brows that grew together in the middle seemed some how so strange to her after all that Jamie had to stare at him quite closely. In the same anteroom the other officers took the slaves to the trenches while Darnie and his little slave stood still for a while before Manley and waited

to see what would happen.
 "I wish you a very good
 day your Excellency" said
 Darnie, carrying forward and
 saluting. "Here I am bring-
 ing you the child once be-
 longing to my lady and his
 slave of course I know
 you don't recognize her be-
 cause you have not seen
 her since she was bought
 from General Adelbert when
 she was a little over a year
 old."

"And what can the child
 slave do in my headquarters
 if I do buy her?" the general
 asked. "And you are late
 with her anyway now." As for
 you yonder," he called to
 his aide-de-camp, "run
 along to the barn with my
 horse you're more so early
 in reporting to duty."

The aide-de-camp dis-
 appeared at once with the
 horse for general Manley
 had given him a look
 that was all more than
 he wanted.

"I would like to leave Darnie
 with you till you can send
 her to Augustine St. Clair."

"Your Excellency" said
 Darnie. "I guess she has
 done her share for me
 these last five years."

she has been with me I to
 now her turn to see what she
 can do for her new master."

"Oh!" said Manley and quick-
 ly flashed a look at Darnie.
 "And when St. Clair turns her
 around through a hell of torture
 what am I going to do then?"
 "Here was no one to tell
 me how to take a child
 slave and yet she is three
 years too young to send
 to that demon land I al-
 ready have my hands
 full looking after my vast
 army. I have a little
 to fight with the Abbeemian
 and Angelinian I ederals
 soon and therefore I don't
 see why you don't keep
 the slave yourself. If you
 can't keep her with you
 then you must do what-
 ever you want with her.
 And then it won't be my
 fault if anything bad
 should happen to her
 and I guess we got enough
 to answer for already
 in that respect and
 when the child begins
 to whimper as silly
 child slaves do what
 am I going to do with
 her then."
 "That is your own business
 sir," Darnie said.

⑨) Annis around was far from easy in this matter of getting rid of Jamie. That is why he grew excited and said more than he meant to. At the last word? But your own business was gone. Manley rose up quickly and looked at him so fiercely that he fell back a step or two. He stretched out his arm and said fiercely:

"You're under no obligations to force any slaves upon me. Get back where you came from and don't show up again or I'll place you under arrest. No, leave the youngsters here. Go!"

⑩) Jamie did not wait to be told twice.

Well good bye then your excellency and to you Jamie" he said quickly.

And he ran all the way down the slope to the main camp at a fast trot for his excitement kept driving him on like a runaway steam engine. As he passed through the encampment this time he was hailed more often than before because every one of the soldiers was wondering what he

had done with the little slave. The Scoodlers were all acquainted with Annis. knew who the child slave was and remembered everything about her.

From every tent the questions flew "Where is the little slave, Annis?" and where did you leave the youngsters? Did you keep any working back?

"Up at Manley's headquarters," yes yes yes. At General Manley's said. "You're not deaf mutes are you?"

The reason he was so rude was that all the Scoodlers on hand were calling to him.

Why how could you leave her there?" and

"The poor little slave!" and "Leaving the helpers alone up there - and

She went land long" over and over again.

Annis ran on and on as fast as it was in his power and was happy enough when he at last got out of hearing of the soldiers. In he did feel quite uneasy about the whole thing since my lot had given Jamie to her.

to turn to care for himself.
But he comforted himself
with the thought that Manley
would keep her. And so he
was glad to escape from
any of the soldiers who
argued against his act and
at last be on his way to
a good high commission
in Manley's army.

James' experience in Manley's
headquarters.
November 3 1926. 13

After the departure of Darnie
General Manley resumed
his seat and started puffing
great clouds of smoke from
his long pipe and for a long
time he sat there staring
hard at the ground and re-
maining as silent as if
he never talked in his
life. Meanwhile James looked
about her and there was a
sad far away look in her
pretty face. She discovered
a long brick shed that was
erected beside Manley's
headquarters and seeing that
Manley was not looking
peered into it without the
interference of the guard. But
there was nothing inside
at all.

As the guards still did not
interfere the child slave
continued her search more
to seek a hiding place than
for curiosity and then
finding the shed empty
left and cautiously went
around the shed and
then behind it. There
she was confronted by
the big wall of trees.

At this time there was
a strong wind blowing
and it whistled and
roared through the branches

on the high tree tops. This quite annoyed her but hearing other and far distant sounds she stood still and listened till the sounds finally ceased and it grew quieter the little slave walked around the other side of the general's headquarters and soon came back to the general in front and she found him still in the same position as when she left him but there were other generals with him she placed herself before him but her hands behind and gazed at him. The general looked up.

"Well what in the world do you want now?" he asked as the little slave kept standing before him without moving.

"I would like to go home" said Gammie.

"Yes just try it" said Manley.

"I am going to see what you have in your house" she said again.

"Come on then and try to enter" and the general got up and going toward the guard

said something to them in a severe tone of voice then he turned to Gammie and called to her as she still entered.

"I don't need to come" Gammie explained.

General Manley suddenly turned around and looked sharply at the child whose black eyes were shining as she secretly thought of a safe way to reach the distant Christian lines and how free and happy she would be there.

"She can't be lacking in common sense" he said half to himself "Why don't you need to come?" he added aloud.

"I'd sooner go home like the free children they are happier."

"But you cannot go to the Christian lines as they'll make you a slave too. Come in I say and take your head wrapper and shoes."

General Manley told her "If you refuse to obey I'll cut open your chest."

Seeing that Manley was in earnest she did as she was told though she was not willing. The guard opened the

door, Marnley entered and Jammie followed him fearfully into a fairly large room. There was a large round table in the center of the room and a number of chairs around it. In one corner stood a sort of safe. In another corner a great statue stood on a pedestal. On the other side of the room there was a big double door in the wall. The general opened it. It led into another room smaller than the first.

In these uniforms and clothing of all kinds for officers were hanging along the wall there was a long shelf and on this lay army blankets, shirts, socks and military linen and below it were a row of plates, cups, saucers, and glasses and on the small round table were several round loaves of bread with cheese and smoked meat. Everything necessary for the use of the Glamdelinian general and which they needed for their military duties was in this room. So soon as he had opened the door Jammie ran quickly up with her head down and shoes and trousers

November 3 1921

among the general's clothes but making a face at her he took them down gave her a wallop with the shoes and then thrust them inside of a wooden box as far back as he could and then looking carefully around the room said:

"Come and I'll show you a place to sleep."

"Where do I sleep?" she asked. "Where I choose to put you" he answered. That did not suit Jammie but she had to take it as it came. While she followed the general she kept her eye in every nook and corner to see where the best place for her to hide in case she decided to run away. In the corner of a hall was a garret and a ladder was leading up to the opening. Looking up she saw it looked like a hay-loft. Not suspecting nothing the general allowed her to climb the ladder but he sent two soldiers to watch her. As she reached the top she observed an untidy bed standing beside an open round window through which one could look far down into the sloping valley beneath.

"Please let me sleep up here," Jammie called down. "Is fine. Just come up general and see how nice it is up here."

"I know well enough it's my own bedroom," came the voice from below. "But you must make the bed yourself."

"I'm starting to fix up the bed now" the child slave called again as she started to move busily to and fro. "but you must come up and bring me some bed sheets for there are no sheets on this bed and that's what I need to lie on."

"So that's the way you think about it is it?" the general said below. "So you're the boss are you?" but after a few moments he went to his room and drew from one of the shelves two double sheets. He came up the ladder with it. He was surprised to see she had turned the bed around so that she could look right through the open round window.

"You have done that just right" the general said "how comes the sheet but wait a minute - and dismissing the soldiers and then looking cautiously around - he suddenly snatched up the child and to his surprise for she had not expected it from a Glandelinian general whom she feared he hugged her tightly to his breast and then hearing some one coming up the ladder he quickly let her down and then said - "there now comes the sheets."

Jamnie astonished beyond measure at being hugged by a Glandelinian chief had quickly grasped the first of the linen sheets. From the top of them spread the sheet the sheet over the bed and where it was too wide or too long Jamnie hastily stuffed the

ends under the mattress. It last it looked very trim and neat and for a few moments Jamnie stood before it and looked at it and the general very thoughtfully.

"Here one thing we have forgotten gen- she said.

"What can that be?" he asked. "A blanket for when we go to bed we can creep in between the sheet and the blanket."

"Oh so you do do you? But what if we Glandelinian generals haven't got one?" the general asked.

"In that case we'll have to do with out one then general?" Jamnie said gently. "I'll look now for blankets any way. We can use some coats if it gets chilly at night" and he started for a row of coats hanging against the wall but the general put up his hand.

"Wait just a minute and I'll hunt up a blanket" he said and then climbed down the ladder and walked into his room. In a few minutes he came climbing up with a large grey blanket and laid it on the floor.

"Isn't that better than a couple of old coats?" he asked. In a moment more it was spread on the bed and everything looked very neat.

Jamnie stood for a few moments admiring the new bed and that is a most beautiful blanket and the whole bed is splendid. And oh

"If it was only night time so I could go down upon it and go to sleep."

"It is only afternoon so it is too early to think of sleeping and as it is near dinner time I think we had better have something to eat first," said the general. "Is that not a proper idea?"

Indeed Fanny had been so excited about the making of the bed that she had forgotten everything else even her desire for freedom. But now that the general reminded her of food she all at once grew hungry for she had had not even a piece of bread or a small cup of thin coffee since early in the night before and since that time she had made a long journey with the rest of the slaves.

So she said very heartily "Yes that's my idea too." "Go down below then since I see you agree with me," said the general and as she descended he followed right close behind.

Then he went to a table and summoned an orderly to serve him and his slave some dinner. The orderly who was a slim giant of a

soldier went to the general's chef while another soldier at his order pushed two big chairs on both sides of the table while the general sat down upon a four legged stool with a square seat and waited for the table to be set. Another soldier set the proper dishes on the table. All this Fanny had watched very eagerly.

Then a sudden thought came into her mind for she too decided to help and so she ran off to a dish closet or cupboard and kept racing back and forth. Then the soldier brought the coffee pot and a big piece of roasted meat on the table and it was already neatly set with a round loaf of dark crusted bread on it and two plates and two knives for the soldier had quickly found where everything was in the closet and knew that it would be used right away for the meal.

"That is nice that you can think things out so quickly for yourself," said the general as he laid a round loaf of cheese beside the bread but I'm sure there is something still missing on the table. Can you think what it is?"

Jammie saw how invitingly the steam was coming out of the coffee pot and ran quickly back to the cupboard once more. But there were only small cups and small bowls to be seen. Jammie was not at a loss for long as two beer glasses were standing right behind them. The child came back at once and set the glasses on the table.

"You certainly know how to help yourself. But where are you intending to sit?"

The general himself had selected his own chair, so Jammie went to the other side of the table and sat down on the chair chair on that side.

"Well, there's a good chair for you at any rate," the general said, "only the chair is somewhat too low for you. But my chair is too short for you to reach the table and now as you look hungry, you must have something to eat so come a little!"

Therefore the general arose from his chair, filled the small bowl with chicken soup, set it

on the table and drew it quite close to her so that Jammie now could reach it easily. Then the general cut a big slice of bread and a piece of meat placed it before her and said, "Eat away, you'll need it."

He then sat down in a corner of the table and began his own dinner. Jammie seized her bowl and drank without a moment's pause for she was very thirsty from the effects of her long journey. Then she drew a long breath - for she had been drinking so hard that she was not able to breathe for quite a while - and then she set down the bowl and rested.

"Do you like the soup?" the general asked.

"I've never drank such good milk in all my life!" Jammie answered.

"Then would you like some more?"

"Yes sir."

Then the general filled the bowl to the very top again and placed it before the little child, who was eating happily away at her bread and meat after this drinking a glass of milk. In the meantime had been lolling and it curled very

good indeed. She took frequent and secret quite gay despite the fact that she was a slave.

When the dinner finally came to an end the general went out to one of the barns where a number of soldiers was busy putting it in order and Gammie watched carefully as the orderly swept them out with a bran brush and then scattered fresh straw for the horses to sleep on. She followed him later into the biggest of the barns where he was ordered to cut round sticks and shape up the top of an old discarded barrel. He then bored holes in it put in the round sticks and set it up and there was suddenly a chain like the general's only very much higher. Gammie stared at the thing speechless with surprise, but the orderly scouted at her.

"What do you think that is Gammie?" the general asked.

"That is Gammie's big gray chain because he made it so high - he did it like lightning" said the child

plume as she was not able to get over the surprise.

"Well despite her age she knows what things are in the right place" the general mumbled to himself as he watched the orderly walking around the shed, and inspecting every thing and driving in nails here and there. Then he ordered one of the soldiers to fix the loose hinge on one of the doors while he went another from one place to another with hammer and nails and pieces of wood to patch on the new and to knock the old off just as seemed best. Gammie followed with her eye everything they did watching them even more closely and the orderly as the soldiers did seemed to amuse her exceedingly.

Thus the evening or night rather was now coming on. At this time there was a rustling sound in the wall of pine trees behind the general's houses and yet the little girl could not account for it for no wind was blowing and yet they rustled as if a mighty wind had come along.

and whistled and roused
on the thick tree tops loudly
sounded so strange in
Gammie's ears that it ex-
cited her and made her
feel very scared. She stood
quietly under one of the
big pines as if some strange
fear had come to her. The
general also was suspicious
and standing in the door-
way of his headquarters,
he observed her standing
under the tree.

And then just at that mom-
ent a loud signal like a
shill siren whistle was heard.
Gammie's heart throbbed
loudly. She cautiously came un-
der the tree and came toward
the building and where gen-
Mamley was standing.

The general came down the
steps and looked around. Down
from the hillside child slaves
came running like a flock
of sheep and Glancey and
a soldier in their midst.

With a cry of joy Gammie
rushed into the midst of
the flock of child slaves
and one after the other
greeted her. Little blue
companions of the morn-
ing.

When the child slaves
reached the vicinity of

Mamley's headquarters they
all halted at the command of
the soldiers and two fine
slender boy slaves one tall
and one a bit smaller came up to
little Gammie and greeted her
warmly for all of them were
her friends. The soldiers were
dismissed and the nurses
came to take charge while
a soldier disappeared with
a quarter of the child slaves.
Gammie stroked gently first
one boy and then the other.
She was quite mad about
her two boy friends.

"Will we some day be free
general Mamley? Are we some-
day going home? Or are we
have to be slaves forever?
Or are we to stay slaves
always?"

Of course Gammie asked one
question after another in her
intense excitement so that
the general could not hard-
ly get a word in edgewise.

"Yes yes yes yes," he said.
and when the two other
little slaves were recalled
to their respective places
he added "Come and let
us eat our supper. So
on now the boys seen
will come and take you
with the rest to work."
Gammie reluctantly obeyed.

and followed him inside. He orderly prepared the supper as he did the dinner and when all was ready the general said:

"Now eat your supper and then off to bed you go. I have brought a bundle for you - there are some very classy night gowns and other clothing in it. You'll find it in the bed. I must go and hold a council with my generals now so sleep well as to-morrow you'll have to work."

"Good night general good night - oh what are the boys names general? What are they called? The child slave called as she ran after the overseer and the two little boys who were joining the rest of the slaves."

The older ones name is Adele de Job and the smaller one is Lammie Gnaabie. The general answered:

"Good night Adele de Job good night Gnaabie." Lammie called with all her might because they were just running off to join the others. When she returned into the house and settled down on her chair and ate her

bread and drank her milk although she still longed for the chance to reach a run away to the Christian camp. Only she did not know the way. So she finished her supper as fast as she could and climbed up to her bed room. As she lay in bed she kept wondering to herself why it was that General Manley secretly kissed and hugged her so passionately when she had heard that Manley hated child slaves worse than the children of his Christian enemies.

And then she wondered if he really was Manley. If he had not been mean to her at all and he did not even speak a cross word to her. And to her she had the fancy that he did not look so fit the description of Manley. And thus thinking she fell asleep and slept as soundly as if she were lying on the most beautiful bed of some fairy princess.

Not long after and before it was yet wholly dark the general came back to lie down upon

his cot for being on military duty. He was up before the sun in the morning and it rose over the mountain slopes very early in summer. During the night there suddenly came the crash of some distant explosion which roared with such noise and shook the ground with such force that it made the whole building vibrate as if there was an earthquake and all the windows rattled and outside the effect on the trees was just as if a wind had risen. It aroused the soldiers in the camp and there was a great commotion. At this moment the gen. got out of bed and said to himself softly:

"She is probably frightened by the explosion." So he climbed up the ladder and soon stood by the side of Jamie's bed. Outside the moon was shining very brightly just then but a minute later a large strangely colored cloud spread up and hid the moon and the moon hid behind the cloud and though a sudden glare

flared up beneath the cloud all was dark within the room. Then the moon reappeared and shone once more and its rays fell right on the bed. The explosion had not awakened her and she lay quite peaceful and still on one round little arm and was evidently dreaming of freedom or some other pleasant thing because he observed a look of happiness on her small face. The general stood a long time to gaze at the gently sleeping child until the moon again disappeared behind that strange cloud and it was dark. Then as it grew quiet outside he returned to his cot.

It was bright and early when Jannic was awakened by the rolling of drums and the shouted commands of officers, and the glare of bugles. In a time she lay still without opening her eyes and then a golden light came pouring in through the round window upon her bed and upon the wall on the opposite side of it and she therefore opened her eyes and observed that everything around her was gleaming like gold. At first she looked about her in surprise and did not know where she was.

But then she heard the loud voice of the major outside the building and then she began to remember everything from whence she had come, and that she was now up on the mountain side within a glade within arms and probably within many miles headquarters and no longer in her myrtle drummy. Myrtle was unusually

stiff and generally dangerous and his men were so that she was always forced to tail like a horse. And so it was that Jannic had to stay inside most of the time so that myrtle could tell where she was because he always had something for her to do. Jannic had felt very shut in many times and would much have played out of doors in the sunshine.

Therefore she was surprised and cheerful to wake up in her new home and to think of all the chance she'll have to be out in the open in the plantations above and she had even observed many things the day before which she hoped to see again above all her two boy friends.

Jannic sprang hastily from her bed removed her night gown and put on the few little things she had worn the day before indeed which was scant enough. Then she quickly slipped down the ladder and ran out in front of the house. There sure enough stood

stood a line of overseers
in front of a line of almost
naked boys and girls and
General Manley was at
that moment fetching
two other little child slaves
forward to join the line Jan
nie ran forward to greet
him to tell him and her
slave companions good
morning.

"Do you wish to go along with
them to the plantation and
work or rather stay with
me?" the General asked.

Not knowing what might
be in store for her Janmie
wished to go and she hop-
ped round for joy at the
suggestion.

"I will go and select some
tools and get the big straw
hut or the sun will roast
you good when it is shin-
ing so strong up above
there. It is too bad I can't
give you a pair of over-
alls to put on but as
child slaves are not
allowed to wear much,
you'll have to go as
you are. Look the hat
is hanging over yonder."

The General pointed
to a large round straw
hat which hung by
the doorway of Janmie

ran to it and placed it on
her head meanwhile the Gen-
eral went inside his headquarters
and called to Adela - do do!
"Come here Master De Do and
bring your knapsack with you."

De Do was surprised but
he obeyed and getting a small
bag walked in and held it
it open for the General.

"Open it wider for the love
of —" the General ordered.
As the boy did so he put
in it a piece of meat and
half a loaf of bread and
an equally large piece of
Limberger cheese.

The lad opened his eyes
as far as they would go
for it was ten times more
than he ever had to eat
for his own Monday meal
"Here! and now a large
cup goes in too" continued
the General for the child
cannot drink he is you
kids do right off your
hands. She doesn't
know how if you see
a milking goat in a
cow milk two cupfuls
for her at noon. The child
is going with you
Lunch and is to stay
untill you come down
again. See that nothing hap-
pens to her and if an overseer

so rough with her report it
to me - do you hear?

At this moment Gammie
came running up.

"Do you think the sun
will burn me up now,
general?" she asked very
earnestly. In her fear
about the heat of the sun
she had put on an old
man sized shirt which
the general had hung
up beside the hat that
she stood before the
general like a furry
creature. He laughed a
little.

"Now the sun won't burn
me so quick" she said.

"No it has now chance
to burn you now" he
answered. "But let me
tell you something. So
night when you return
home all of you is going
into a big round like
like a peck. In when
you work with the most
of the days and gal
you while working half
naked will get your
self all dirty and now
you can set out."

So they went quickly up
the mountain slopes toward
the fields. In the
night it had clouded

up but now it was clear and
from every side the sky was
a clear deep blue and in the
midst of it rose the shining
sun lighting up the green
forested mountain slopes.
Gammie was so lively that
her companions looked at
her the overseers scowled
and on both sides of the road
grew blue and yellow flow-
ers. Gammie forgot herself
and ran faster and faster
and cried aloud for joy
for she saw whole companies
of dainty red primroses
and over there it was all
blue with pretty gentians
and every where soft leaved
yellow rock roses were nod-
ding and waving in the
sunshine.

Gammie - because of her
delight at all the gleam-
ing beaming flowers
quite forgot her compan-
ions and the overseers
into the bargain. She
made long trips far ahead
and off to one side for
here the flowers sparkled
red and there yellow
burning her in every
direction. And every where
she went Gammie picked
great heaps of flowers.
She rolled them into

a large bundle for she wanted to take them all home with her and then on the mattress in her bedroom so that it might seem as if sleeping out in the open field. On account of this one of the leading overseers was compelled to search for her in all directions and his fierce eyes which did not move very quickly from one thing to another had much more to do than they could well attend to for some of the other little slaves acted quite as badly as Gammie. Some of them darted here and there and he was kept busy whistling and calling and swinging his whip viciously to drive all the runaways to gether again.

And where have you hid yourself this time you crazy girl? she was now yelling at her in a very angry tone of voice. "I don't know the sudden answer from a place so near where I have been. I have never seen could not see any

one for Gammie was sitting on the ground behind a large knoll that was thickly sown with innumerable flowers intermingled with sweet-smelling polyanthus and the whole air around was so filled with their fragrance that Gammie had never smelled anything so lovely. Therefore she sat down among this sea of flowers and without thinking of the consequences took deep breaths of perfume.

"Come on you guttersnipe the overseer called again. You cannot go among these flowers and hide away for weeks you to. And if you are not careful you'll fall over the cliffs."

"What are cliffs?" Gammie called back to ask. But meantime less she did not move from the spot for the sweet perfume was borne on each new breeze more delightfully than even to the child's nose.

"Well so how you and know you ever besides if you do not come here this instant. He yelled as he searched for her. And we have to wait a long way before we come right along if you

know what is good for you.
You are like some falcon
that sits and croaks."

"I had pounded the eastern
ing enough there for Jan.
we jumped up and flew
to the rocks, narrowly
escaping a lash from the
whip of the overseer, but
another overseer grabbed
her bundle of flowers
and flung them as far
as he could.

"You cannot have those
flowers now," he said in
a surly tone as they con-
tinued their climb. "If you
don't stop your nonsense
you'll never return to
the camp alive and
if you waste any more
time picking flowers
you'll go without sleep
for twenty-four hours
and without anything
to eat for three days.
If I report you to the

head general,
his last threat seem-
ed bad enough for Jan-
nie and besides she
knew the rules so
full that there was
no danger of her com-
mitting any serious
offense against them.

and yet she decided to pick
some more when no one was
looking for as young as she
was she was brave and in-
her heart defied the plant-
cians. So she tramped
along with the rest and her
companions became more
quiet too for they too did not
like the looks of the men
seers and so hurried on with
out delay. Also they fancied
they smelled burning pine
leaves and wood but could
not see any smoke near
from afar.

The plantation where
the overseers generally
set the slaves to work
lay at ^{and} on the foot of the
great Emporia Ridge. The
slopes higher up were
covered with forests and
brushwood intermingled
with fir and hemlocks.
but higher up the slopes
were quite free of trees
but covered with brush
and high grass. The
plantation was surround-
ed by these forests and
there were great chasms
in the cliffs on one
side of the ridge and
the overseer had been
right in warning Jan-
nie about them. When the

overseer had reached this point of the Emporia heights after passing through the forest they passed into the plantation and here they were halted and at the order they assembled in one long thin line while the overseers took off their knapsacks and laid them carelessly behind the trees for they did not wish to see their precious possessions raided into by the slaves which they were liable to do for spite.

Then the overseers with their whips in hand placed themselves behind the line on this sunny farm and soon had the slaves hand at work despite the tiresome climb they made.

In the meantime Janmie had been by the side of the overseer despite her protests to lay aside her big hat but with the hope to keep it had stood it neatly against a tree and had placed beside it her lunch bag and now she was working as hard as the rest while gazing around

her with the hope of a chance to run away. The forested valley lay far beneath them in the full morning sun of June. Before her but far off for even so many miles Janmie saw a large heavy white cloud with fantastic thunder heads on the lower part and it spread out in odd shapes in the sky and she wondered what it was because the lower portions rose slowly from the horizon and extended high up into the dark blue sky.

To the left of this rose a most enormous mass of strangely red and blue clouds and in the middle a high rock tower stretched bare and jagged up into the blue and seemed to stare very solemnly down upon Janmie.

The child thought she worked was silent as a mouse as she secretly looked about her now she longed for her freedom. Yet everywhere there prevailed a strange deep stillness unusual for even among the mountains except that the wind moved quite softly

and gently across the dainty
 crops which grow in rows
 and among the distant blue
 bells and the gay yellow
 stock roses which bloomed
 about her on every side and
 nodded happily to and fro
 in their slender stems. The
 overseers pressed them at
 their hard work and the
 children were progressing
 up further and further
 then and some of the slaves
 were climbing up above
 among the blue flies.

In her whole life Jammie
 had never been so glad as
 now as she stopped a moment
 to rest and drank in
 the golden sunlight and
 the sweet smell of the
 flowers and the fresh air.
 She wanted nothing so
 much as to run away
 up to the very top of
 the mountain and to
 stay there as long as
 she should live a good
 while passed in this way.
 Between intervals of
 rest during her work
 Jammie had stared so
 often and so long
 at the lowering walls
 of colored and colored
 clouds that it seemed

as if they too beckoned her to
 take the chances and make a
 break for freedom. But the over-
 seers were armed with pistols
 and therefore she did not
 dare. And also they were mak-
 ing in watching every move
 she made. And they looked
 at her closely every time she
 rested.

All at once Heidi Jammie
 heard above her but far up
 loud screaming croaking
 and cries of different kinds
 of birds and as she looked
 up there passed way above
 her the biggest swarm of
 birds she had ever seen
 in all her life. They
 darkened the sky like a
 black cloud and flew
 in one general direction
 and kept going in great
 circles of flight and to
 continue to in one
 loudly and different kinds
 of cries loud and shrill
 above Jammie's head. This
 attracted her attention on the
 instant.

"Adele De Gob. Francis.
 Everyone look up. Jam-
 mie cried aloud. "Look
 the sky is full of birds.
 Look look, they fly as if
 they are scared of
 something."

All of the child slaves and even the overseers stopped work at her call and together they all looked up and stared after the cloud of birds which kept flying further and further away and higher and higher up into the blue sky until finally they vanished beyond the heights of Timpoua.

"Where have they gone now?" asked Garrine of one of the overseers who also had been following the flight of this sea of birds with great surprise, and then looked with suspicion at the great clouds arising in the distance.

"They have fled from a forest fire" was his answer.

"But why should they fly away even there? Oh how fine it would be to be high up. Why did they all scream so loudly?"

"They were excited" he explained.

"Set us all go up there and see where they went" Garrine said.

"No no no. The over-

seers take out. When we are commanded to remain here we must obey." And suddenly the overseer began to whistle and call so sharply that Garrine did not know what was going on. But all the other child slaves seemed to understand this noise. For one after the other they assembled in line on the green slopes. Some were nibbling at some kind of spicy stalks and others were punching each other playfully with their fists or talking.

Garrine was in line with the rest for it was lots of fun for her to see her companions huddled together in a line and making noise. She had struck up a real friendship with each for every child slave seemed somehow different and had his or her own peculiar ways.

While the children were in line the overseers had fetched the lunch bags and placed the particles of food in a line on the ground in a neat square while the boys prepared the specially prepared food which were the pieces

of bread meat and cheese
on the soil in front of Jam-
mie in a neat pile. The
larger ones for Jammie
and the others for him-
self for he knew exactly
to whom they belonged.
After that he took out the
two cups and a bottle of
milk and placed the cup
and the bottle in front of
the pile.

Then he started to call
for Jammie. But he had
lost all longer for her
than the over-look for
the others but for the
child was so surprised
and excited at the
many strange animals
rummaging past that she
had eyes and ears for
nothing else. But Adele
De Zol knew how to make
himself heard. He shouted
and yelled at the top
of his voice until the
sound echoed up in the
mountain top. Then
Jammie paid attention
and the great pile
had spread looked so
inviting that she at-
tally hopped about
for joy.
In the love of wife
stop your confounded

(dressed) dancing and let's
get settled down and eat"
the over-look said in a
chorus. "Sit down all of you
and get started. Dinner
is ready."

Jammie took her seat in
line with the rest.
"Is the milk bottle for
me?" she asked gigan-
tasting a satis-fied look
at the great pile and
the chief object in front
of it.

"Yes Adele De Zol replied
and the best things to eat
are yours too. And when you
are finished drinking the
milk it will be my turn."

And where did you get the
bottle of milk from? Jam-
mie wanted to know.

"I am general manager
you go ahead and eat."

The boy again told her
Jammie started first with
the milk and as soon
as she set down her em-
pty cup the boy got up
and filled it a second time.
Then Jammie broke off a
piece of her cheese and
took up one of her slices
of bread which was larger
than Adele De Zol's share
had been which she hand-
ed to him together with

a good sized piece of meat.
"You can have it my boy"
said "he said Jim through eat-
ing Jim filled up now."

The little boy slave gazed
at Jennie and he was aston-
ished so astonished that he
could not speak a single word
for never in his life had
he expected a little girl
to make him such an offer
and to give something away
to him. At first he held
back from taking it for he
could not make himself
believe that Jennie really
meant that he should share
a part of hers or that Jennie
was in earnest.

But she kept holding the
pieces out to him and when
the boy still refused to
take them she laid them
down in front of them.
Then he knew that she
was not joking. He slowly
seized the gift nodded
his head in thanks and
willingness to accept the
present and he had
the most abundant lunch
he had enjoyed since
he came a slave while
he was eating Jennie
looked at the other child
slaves.

What are all their names. De
got?" she asked.

He however did not know the
names of everyone but he
knew the names of quite a
few, so he named one after
the other without stopping
pointing out each child slave
as he went along Jennie
listened eagerly to his teaching
and it was not long before
she could tell them apart
and call each slave child
by its name for they all
had their special child slave
marks by which the owner
could tell his own slave,
and by which one could keep
them in mind if one paid
close attention the way Jen-
nie did.

There was one lad among
them who was stouter than
the others. He always
led the others they obeyed
every advance he gave and
she had observed that the
rebel boy and girl scouts
wanted nothing to do with
this child slave for to
them he was a rough
fellow. His name was
Geagnata mud. His special
friend was a pretty but
lean and lively little
girl who was not afraid
of the Glander woman.

boyscouts and when some of them would insult her or the other slaves would lean after them so quickly that the overseers would have to use their lash to curb her and stop her attack. On this girl slave seemed eager for a fight and had powerful little arms for her age.

Then came a little white faced girl whose name was known as "Little white face" and who was always looking so sadly and pitifully that despite the trouble and punishment she might bring upon herself for it, Gammie had run to her and taken her in her arms to comfort her. Though slaves were not allowed to take pity on fellow slaves, and now though threatened with a lash, Gammie in her pity had run to her again for the pitiful young voice had once again cried out in sad appeal. Gammie placed her arm around the neck of the little girl and asked with much sympathy -

"What's the matter little

White face? Why do you cry so all ways? Why are you always so sad and look so for help?"

The little girl snuggled close by to Gammie and was then quite still. Uncle De Jol called over from where he was sitting with the rest pausing a few times to chew and to swallow. "She is crying her heart out because she was taken away from her father and mother two weeks after yesterday so she's all alone now."

"Where are her father and mother now?" Gammie asked.

"Some where in the city of Calverine of course" was the answer.

"To whom is she going to be sold to?" Gammie called again.

"To no one. To the one she belongs with this bunch."

"Where's her chances of getting free?"

"I don't any?"

"And hasn't she no chance of some one naming her?"

"I don't see chance."

You poor little white face" said Gammie and pressed the small girl tenderly against her. "But please don't whimper no more. Just look. I'll be with you everyday and then you won't feel so lonely any more. And if anything is wrong with you, you can come straight over to me."

Little White Face laid her head delightfully against Jannies shoulder and stopped her mournful weeping. Meanwhile the rest of the child slaves had finished their noonday meal and had now returned to their work and to Jannies who was beginning to ask about all sorts of new things.

By far the two prettiest and clearest slaves of the whole number were Jack and Jann Madeno who carried themselves with a graceful and grand manner generally minded their overseers in every thing possible but in secret desiring to betray the rebel army to the Virginian generals.

All the little slaves had now progressed at their work once more and each one had his or her own way of doing this.

Some jumbled at their work carelessly and over everything else others when the overseers were not looking then way stopped at their work or went at it more slowly and the eldest of the slaves appeared sullen and rebellious.

Little Jack and Madeno a boy and girl proceeded more cleverly at their work and doing it better than most of the others. Jannies being relieved for a while stood with her hands behind her back and looked at all the child slaves very closely.

"Adele De To" she said to the lad who accompanied her who was standing beside her "Jack and Madeno are the prettiest of them all".

"Don't know it" was the answer. "Their master is good to them, takes good care of them feeds them well and gives them plenty to eat besides and allows them to sleep in the morning as long as they wish."

But suddenly there was a great commotion and several of the overseers sprang up from their own work and tore up at top speed toward the far most slaves and Jannies followed right on their heels.

She felt sure that something unusual must have happened and whatever it was she did not want to miss it or be left behind.

The overseers ran through the midst of the child flock of child slaves to one side of the main

mountain plantation where the Confederate positions ended abruptly and where within close view a large force of cavalry in purple uniforms was fast disappearing from view.

The overseers had seen how a number of the most daring of the slaves had crossed those deserted works and was running away in that direction. The overseers had mounted their horses and got there just in the nick of time for the neckless little slaves were running in that moment toward where some mines were laid near the works and which would explode from the shock of some weight passing over the spot whether light or heavy. The overseer was on the point of intercepting them when some of the cavalry thinking they were fleeing opened a withering fire and twelve of the overseers were shot from under their horses and were killed and a few of the child slaves too were struck by bullets

and instantly killed, and two others stumbled and fell to the ground and were trampled by the horses whose riders had been killed and the rest in confusion halted especially when the column of purple coats started to rush forward at a thunderous gallop right at them. The remaining overseers roared aloud their anger and amazement and to have themselves so surprised by the fire of a body of troops. They struggled to race ahead while the soldiers in purple fierce and savage looking.

Seeing the danger they too were in Adele De Job shrieked for Jamie and the rest to scatter in all directions before they were suddenly hit by the horses of the cavalry which in their excitement failed to see them. The slaves seeing them coming in a perfect wave scattered in a flash for they at once saw the danger of all of them. Suddenly there was a noise like distant booming thunder which caused the cavalry to turn on retreat immediately.

A shell burst a live

I harm with a ripping crash but did no harm and before another gun was fired the captain was out of sight. The child slaves who had attempted to run away had stopped at the outbreak of the excitement and Jammie called to them, "Come boys and girls don't be such geese. When a platoon of Glan delinian soldiers are coming and if they know you caused this we will all be punished. Some of you have been shot down and that hurts me awfully."

The children had started forward quickly and rejoined the rest some weeping some looking pale sullen. The other overseers had rode up excited and enraged and immediately ordered the child slaves into line just as the soldiers arrived and learned the details and went to carry away the dead. At the sternly given order "Form rank" the slaves obeyed in the mean time Adele De La had reached the group

with Jammie and thus the two led the column into the fow and march to arrive. When they had gone for a certain distance from the plantation the overseers ordered those who had attempted to run away to step out of ranks and when they obeyed one of them raised his lash and was going to give them a sound thrashing for fun is horrent. The slaves drew back in fright for they saw what was going to happen. But Jammie screamed.

"No no please overseers you mustn't beat them. See how scared they are."

"They deserve to be and how dare you interfere you little scup?" growled one of the overseers and swung at her with the lash but she jumped aside and then grasping the whip firmly in her little hands cried angrily "You shan't do a thing to them I say or I'll tell M amkey. It will hurt them more than it should. Let them go. I demand it."

The overseers glared at Jammie in anger and surprise her black eyes gleamed at them so that

The one who was going to strike lowered the lash.

"When slaves attempt to run off and then cause this disaster the usual penalty is death," he said. "Set them go indeed. Why you too shall share their punishment for interfering and before she expected it he struck her across the body with the lash. At this another of the overseers said:

"You took great chances in striking her and when Manley finds it out you are lost. She's his special slave."

"Well then I'll let her go if no one will say a word," the overseer said in surrender. He however wanted to have some satisfaction for the excitement but then he added: "Just the same he'll hear what happened and then we'll see."

"Well that'll suit him alright," the other man remarked. "I don't blame us all for not being watchful enough and well that it is as good as a promise. I don't hand man on the Christians and their own children and

hates all heaven but he'll torture us like the devil before he'll allow harm to child slaves." So the other overseers who had struck Jannie had to let the matter drop and the slaves were reformed into line and commanded to resume their work.

So the rest of the day passed quickly and soon the sun began to get behind the mountains producing the usual colorful shades that is always seen in the mountains during sunrise and sunset. All the child slave there then given the order to reassemble and as she stood in line Jannie gazed very quietly toward the ground just as darkness set in. The slopes within sight were flickering in a strange golden light every object seemed to be moving to and fro and all the high green and trees showed themselves much blacker and plainer as if reflected by a great light and everything began to glow and to glow more. And suddenly all looked around while Jannie jumped from the line and cried:

November 18 1926

Adele De Job, Adele De Job,
all the woods are burning,
the trees are burning. All
those mountains over yonder
are on fire — oh look how
much fire there is, and the
big wooded slopes over there
are on fire too, and see how
high the flames are leap-
ing up into the sky. Oh
just please look. That great
forested mountain to the
south is a mass of flame
and smoke. Oh look at
how fast the horrid flames
burn forward. The fire
is moving that town. Look
at the forest in the plain.
Look at the fire. Everything
is burning up. And its com-
ing here."

"There's no danger. It's al-
ways a grand sight to see
something like that" one
of the overseers now said good-
naturedly as he signalled to
the rest to remain in line.
"And the forest fire is not
coming this way."

"Where is it going then?"
cried Gammie as she looked
at it and ran back and
forth so she could look every-
where to see how far it
was spreading. It was
indeed a terrific forest
fire and far distant

but nevertheless it was ex-
ceeding pretty in all directions
that she just could not get
enough of the fire scene.
"Where is it going Adele De Job?
Where can it be from? Will
it burn toward the Christian
lines?" she asked again.
"I believe it is coming this
way, and all by itself" explai-
ned Adele De Job.

But I do not see it doing it."
Gammie cried very much excited.
"My gosh see it all of a sudden
its catching all those trees right
there. Look at that steep mount-
ain with the forest on its
slopes and the other one with
the forest on top. What are
they called Adele De Job?"

"I do not know their names"
he replied.

"Oh how fierce the fire is
burning. See the whole mountain
is one big fire. Oh and on
the slopes over there there
are clouds of flames. Ah
now they are spreading
eastward. Oh my its going
toward the Christian lines
Adele De Job."

And Gammie plumped down
on the ground and looked
as sad as if she was a
spirit who had been chased
out of heaven.

"Yes but you won't like it, if it does come this way," declared Adele De Job. "Set in line before the overseers get sore again and we'll have to be going back to general Manley's headquarters."

Suddenly came the command "Forward march" and the homeward journey was begun.

"So all forest fires as big as that - when ever they burn?" asked Gammie eagerly. "Waiting for his answer as she slowly climbed down the forested slope at the Adele De Job's side."

"Most always," he replied. "But will we see it again to-morrow sure?" she insisted on knowing.

"To-morrow without any doubt," said Adele De Job. That made Gammie more hopeful again. And yet she had seen so many things so much was now in her young mind that she never said a word until she came to the building and saw the general sitting alone beneath a large ground of trees where he was waiting

for the inspection of the slaves who came down in this direction. As they all were lined up before him Gammie ran straight up to him with the two pretty boys and girl slave behind her but one of the overseers stormed at them, hurled them roughly back into line and would have lashed them soundly if Manley had not interfered and took her from the line.

"No rough house with the slaves," he said scowling so fiercely that the overseer replaced the whip. "The slaves are dismissed to their quarters."

The slaves broke rank and dispersed while Adele De Job called after Gammie.

"Come again to-morrow with us won't you? Good night!" For he was quite set on having Gammie go with him a second time.

Then Gammie despite the scowls of the overseers faced back to him gave Adele De Job her hand and promised him most faithfully that she would come along next day. Afterward she jumped into the midst of the departing slaves but her dear a last time around little

White Faces neck pressed
her bare chest against her
own and said.

"Sleep well and pray well
for our freedom. Little White
Face. Don't forget Jim coming
again to-morrow and remem-
ber you must never again
weep so pitifully."

Little White Face gave her
a friendly look, hugged her
for a moment and then
ran happily off after the
rest. Gammie walked back
to where the general was
standing under the fir
trees.

"Oh general" she called
out before she had reached
him "it was so beautiful-
ly awful - the forest fire
and the rock roses on
the cliffs and the blue
and yellow flowers - just
see "What I have thought
you"

And there upon Gammie
poured a whole store of
flowers from her folded
apron at the general's
feet. The general called
his orderly who picked
them up. Just at that
moment she looked east
attracted by a terrific
glare. Oh my how the dis-
tant forest did look. Gammie

saw a perfect wall of fire. He
could no longer recognize
the way sky till in the distance
was fire and smoke and
not a single forest within
sight was free of fire.

"Oh general what direction
is the fire burning?" Gammie
cried quite frightened. They
weren't burning like that
at all when I saw it up at
the plantation, why are all
the forest of trees burning
that way now?

That fire was set by the
Glandelinians to prevent
the Christians from attack-
ing us during the night.
The general said and she
was surprised exceedingly
that he did not say -

"Christian dogs like the
Glandelinians do."

"Then I shan't ever be free.
But why did all the birds
fly away all in one di-
rection and loquahsquaw
so?" Gammie now asked
earnestly.

"Into the water take
with you while I go into
the house and get a
sponge. Then while I give
you a good sponge bath
I'll try to give you the
information you are
asking for."

Jammie did as she was asked to. He gave her a good spanking and while he did so told her some things about fire. And later when she sat on her high stool eating her supper with her little cup of milk before her and the general next to her she again returned to her earnest questioning. "Why did the huge flock of birds fly off in one direction and scream down at us your excellency?"

"They were fleeing before the forest fire. That too might have been a warning to us that the blaze moves the way they fly. If you are sure they flew toward the plantation the fire was burning toward that direction."

The general spoke these words in a manner as if he was suspicious for he knew the warning of those birds for their mocking screams seemed to say to him:

"If the fire goes toward Jim's place the heights the Glendeliam army also will flee before it. If you child slaves

desert and leave the camp and flee to the heights each in his or her own way as we do them they'll be safer. In her manner of his speech like way he looked at the fire made Jammie remember too the wild flight of the birds and their tumultous screaming even more clearly than before if such a thing was possible. "But why don't they sent men out to fight it general?" Jammie asked them.

"But we don't want them to fight it unless it comes this way" he answered. "And if you can describe one part of the fire so that I can recognize its direction in burning I'll tell you what I'll do."

Then Jammie described the fire sweeping the fire in the plain and up the big branches exactly as she had at first seen it. And the general well pleased said:

"Just right I know the direction that one is going. Its heading for the Christian camp. Did you see another section of the forest fire and where its going?"

November 19 1906
20 21th

Jannu went on to describe the forest fire burning up the mountain slope with great speed the slopes of the mountain where all the forest within eye sight was all one mass of fire and half shrouded in smoke and finally without warning had reached the mountain top in flame.

"I recognize the direction that's going too" said the general "that's men lighting general Viriano's right wing and he must be wa- fooled - ahem surprised. You ever liked to watch the big fire did you not?"

Now Jannu told him everything about the whole day - how she enjoyed the company of the other slaves and especially the forest fire which she had observed toward the approach of night and how the general had to tell her too why the forest fire was set because others apparently knew nothing about it.

"That's done by big touches you know" ex-

November 22.

claimed the general "When the forest fire once got started nothing could stop it, not even if the Christian general sends all his army against it."

This story of the forest fire pleased Jannu. She felt she could hardly wait until another day had come so she could go up to the mountain plantation and see if the big forest fire was still burning. But first she must go to bed and she certainly did sleep soundly the whole night long on her bed and she dreamed of nothing but forest fires on mountain sides and that whole armies of men were fighting fiercely to overcome it.

New surroundings
Gammie sympathy first here
in trouble

The next day approached bright and sunny and once more Gammie went up to the mountain plantation with the child slaves. Indeed Gammie was quite lamed from her life so much in the open and also was so strong and healthy that nothing ever happened to her. At the very beginning of her slavery her life so far had not been very unhappy though she longed for her freedom and she lived just like a bird in a cage in confinement.

When the army began to change positions and some firing could be heard every loudly in some direction the general said the next morning.

"Stay here Gammie today. Some shell might mangle you. With one blast the fragments of a shell can bore a hundred holes into your body."

When Adele D. C. J. C. heard these words that morn-

November 22nd 1926

ing he and the other slaves felt and looked sad and miserable for they could see nothing else but loneliness and unhappiness before them. For nothing he did not know what to do when Gammie was not with him and then he missed her company badly. Besides new overseers were placed over the little slaves and these were so much meaner that even Adele D. C. J. C. had twice his usual trouble with them.

And the slaves too were so used to Gammie's company that they would not go ahead without her but would be stubborn until the lashes of the new overseers would scatter them in all directions. However Gammie was never dull because she always discovered some thing to do that was fun. She would rather have liked best to go with the other slaves off to the plantation. There were so many things to learn all about the slaves and their different ways.

But then the general working on pieces of paper and the

drill of the soldiers, the troops digging trenches or constructing broken bridges the building of pontoon bridges the erection of tall signal stations and so on were very interesting to Gammie. Sometimes it happened that soldiers were hard at work sawing and cutting down big trees and it was quite specially enjoyable to see them go crashing and thundering down or to see the remarkable work the soldiers quickly did in forming abatis and barricades of them.

More to be desired by Gammie than all else on such days of the cutting down of trees was the thundering crashes they made as they were cut through and fell to earth. Indeed whatever she might be doing or where ever she might be at work she had to run to see one of them go crashing down from time to time for nothing in the world was so loudly and exciting to her and wonderful as the great noise the trees made as they fell. And yet Gammie disregarding the advice of the overseers would stand close to them as they were being sawed

or hacked through and listen hard as they fell and she could never get her fill of watching the soldiers placing big cannons into position the large teams of horses pulling them and wondering how the horses had such power to pull such big guns.

Even then the forest fire in the distance was still burning and even overhead the sky was so full of smoke that the sun hardly ever shone the air at times was hot and stifling and Gammie to breathe put a wet cloth around her face when the wind was blowing from the direction of the fire. Then a strong hot gale would blow surging and roaring on the tops of the forest of big trees and when she stood under these trees watching the men cutting one down the hot winds seemed to blow through her as if she were a thin leaf. Still despite the peril she could not bear to stay indoors but kept running out every time she heard the thundering of a falling tree. Then it grew hot in earnest the atmosphere became more dense with smoke and Adele & Bob would look scared and suspicious when she and the other slaves came climb

ing up to the plantation where they all had been ordered to work hard. But they were not to remain there long for all of a sudden after they had been working for three hours warning was given through out the camp that it was summered the fire was advancing that way and all the mountain slopes in the distance was one mass of smoke like a sea of clouds and there wasn't a blue speck to be seen in the sky any where no matter where you looked.

As danger lurked here the child slaves returned to the camp and on that day Adele De Fol and his fellow slaves came no more up there and Gammie herself gazed much frightened and amazed out of the small window for now the clouds of smoke was thicker than ever and great flames seemed to soar to the very height of the rain clouds. At night the scene was more sublime and threatening and the great sea of flames rose and spread until all the mountain sides

seemed to be burning into molten fire and the flames usually seemed to rise so high that the very skies seemed to turn into a heaven of flames how far she was from the fire she could not tell but as she looked out the window she could feel the heat from there. And then it grew warmer yet and she closed the window so that the heat could not penetrate the room and keep her awake and then the flames grew brighter yet so that she could not look at them and it kept the room so aglow with the light that she drew the blinds to keep it dark.

Yet the scene of this seemed very exciting and interesting to Gammie and just to see how the fires were going on and whether the forest fires was going to burn up all the mountains she kept running from one window to another. And she wondered whether it would come up to the camp or not so that the whole G. L. and L. Union army would have to retreat before it or fight it back. But it did not come to that disaster after all. And the next day most of the soldiers went out armed with tools of all sorts, pick

shovels, blankets and everything used to fight a forest fire with. For the fire was threatening some part of the camp though it had stopped advancing westward and all was a sea of smoke. Jammie wanted very much to go with these men to watch them fight the flames but was sternly forbidden. In the distance to day all the mountains were obscured in smoke that piled upward into immense rolling clouds on top of one another so that above in the sky it spread far outward like an vast sheeted convulsed thunder cloud that we usually observe at the approach of such a storm.

The top of the cloud at the advancing side of the fire looked like a gray and white snow capped mountain every little way.

But now general Manley's part of the camp was somewhat free from peril and it was a good thing it was. For that after noon as Jammie and the general were standing at a window watching the smoke clouds — there was a noise of someone staggering up the steps and finally knocked on the door.

However he did not make much noise as he entered because though even if he was a slave he was nude. In fact all of the lad was covered with dry dirt and his clothing which he wore on this occasion showed signs of having been wet and it was for the reason that he and all the other slaves had been compelled to by the overseers to aid in the fight against the spread of the fire in the wrong direction and they indeed had been brave and had helped the soldiers battle so valiantly that they managed to push their way through a good portion of the burning forest and had succeeded in checking its progress in the direction not intended for it.

Some of the fighting was trenching it and thus the lad had pushed through dirt which had stuck to his wet clothing and because of the heat had dried fast.

But he had not given up the fight until it was successful and then he was sent to Manley's head quarters to report the even evident success and he was glad too for he wanted to go up that day.

to visit Jammie whom he had not seen for three days.

"Good afternoon your Excellency" he said when he came in. Then he stood before the general and explained the situation to him expecting the general's face to light up with joy but a sort of disappointed look came over his face and he did not have a word to say. Jammie looked at the general quite puzzled because he looked so queer quite as if something did not come out right.

"Well Adele De Job how did you get along with the fight?" the boy general asked after the lad had finished. "Now you will soon be a forest ranger and will have to fight fires all your life."

"Why does he have to fight forest fires general?" Jammie asked at once, curiously.

"That will train him so he'll be a forest ranger when he grows to be a man." The general explained. Then when he was a forest ranger he is boss of

the big woods, he has to lead his men against blazes in the forest and has often thrilling work and it helps a little if the ranger is brave. Am I right Job?"

"Indeed you are your Excellency" said Adele De Job.

Jammie's interest in the matter was now totally awakened and she had a great many questions to ask of Adele De Job about the big forest fire and everything that happened during the fight against it about what he saw and heard there. And as much time was always spent in any talk that Adele De Job took part in he had a good chance to clean the dirt off his clothes and to wash his hands and face yet not having a chance to learn to read or write, it was always hard for him to say the right words that would express what he was trying to explain. And this time it was harder than usual for scarcely had he given answer to one question than Jammie would ask him two or three at once which required a whole hour to answer.

During all this conference

the general was extremely silent but at times he was struggling hard to keep from laughing and the corners of his mouth could be seen to twitch humorously which was a sign that he was taking their conversation as some thing humorous, and that he was listening.

"Well my lad since you have faced a good grilling you will need something to give you strength. Come and join us at dinner."

There upon the general rose from his chair and gave orders to his aide De Camp to prepare the dinner at once while Jammie drew the chairs up to the table. There was brought to the table another seat which De Camp was to use.

Now that he had a little slave with him he had prepared in one place and another all sorts of seats for two because Jammie had a way of keeping very close to him everywhere no matter what he may be doing.

Therefore three of them or more would have places to sit and Adele De Camp opened his eyes wide when

he saw the orderly place a large piece of fine dried meat on his thick slices of bread. Adele De Camp had never seen anything so good for a very long time and when the merry meal was over it began to grow dark and Adele De Camp started on his homeward way. When he said good night and whispered to her "God free us" and was already at the door he turned around and said:

"I'm coming again in a few days. And you must come over and see us sometime. Some of us have been hurt in fighting the fire. I have been told me to tell you so."

This was a new kind of an idea for Jammie that she should have the permission to go and see some of her sick friends. But just the same the idea became concentrated in her young mind and on the very next morning after breakfast she said beseechingly:

"General now I must really go down to see my fellow slaves. They are hurt in the fire and are surely expecting me." "Here is too much smoke and heat outside" the

general replied shaking his head. "The forest fire is very close to day and its dangerous."

But as the reader may understand the idea was strong in Gammie's little mind, the sick child slaves had sent her word and that settled the whole matter. So not a day passed but that the child slave said five or six times - "Please general I've really got to go now. The sick slaves are waiting for me."

On the fourth day it was so hot outside that every soldier who passed by looked miserable and close to the right a wall of dense smoke extending for scores of miles rose high into the sky. All that time the sun hardly been shining not a sunbeam peaked in at the window in right at the high chair in which Gammie was again sitting at breakfast so she again began her little speech: "O day I've really got to go to see them fire or no fire, or"

"I'll be putting it off too long and they'll think I don't care for them any more."

Then the general arose from the dinner table and climbed up to the bedroom, brought down her clothes and said:

"But these on and then come!" The child slave skipped joyfully after him into the gloomy world of twilight darkness and smoke. It was very still in the air and in the far distance flames could be seen moving forward at a most astonishing speed. This scene caused Gammie to jump about for joy and excitement and called out one time and another:

"Come outside general, come on please. The fire is burning in the fir tree forest over there. It is passing away from here."

The general had gone into the barn to see what was delaying the orderly with his horse but just at that moment he appeared with the horse. It was a magnificent horse and was as black as coal and had an excellent saddle fastened to its back. First the general had to examine the blaze in

the distant forest of pines to see if the trip was really safe and then he mounted the horse lifted the child up in front of him and then pressed her tightly to him with his left arm as this was necessary for the trip they were to take. Then with his right hand he seized the reins firmly and with a body guard ready to follow him he urged the horse on. At that the whole column was galloping down the big road with such speed that little Jannine that the horses might have taken wings and were flying through the air and she cried out aloud in her excitement.

In about half an hour the column of horsemen came to a stop right before the gate of the child slave internment camp. The general set the child on the ground and after giving orders to the guards said to the child:

Here you are now go in and when the sun sets come away and start on your way home. Then he gave an order to his column of

troopers and they turned about and raced away. One of the guards opened the door and led Jannine to one of the large tents into which she was ushered and as she went in the interior of the tent looked quite black to her and somewhat foreboding. There was a small parlor stove in the middle of the tent floor and at one side a series of small tables with small stacks of dishes in the center. These were used for supper. Then at the other end of the tent there was another opening which led outside in the rear.

This was not an abode like the generals in which there was a series of large rooms with a bedroom above and it was rather a very old tent in which everything inside was small, poor, and shabby and the atmosphere close and hot.

When Jannine entered the tent she stood before one of the tables at which a boy and girl were sitting doing some kind of work. Jannine recognized the girl at once but she

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When Jannie entered the tent she stood before one of the tables at which a boy and girl were sitting doing some kind of work. Jannie recognized the girl at once but she

did not know the lad.
There are or were beds
in a row on both sides of
the tent and in some
beds lay children some
in bandages. Jannie
had no trouble in tell-
ing who they were. She
went straight to one of
the beds and said to the
girl lying in it:

"Good afternoon little girl.
We come to see you and
your friends at last. Did
you think I was never
going to come?"

The little girl raised her-
self slightly from her pil-
low and reached for the
hand that was stretched
out to her. When she had
taken this she first looked
it very thoughtfully a
little while with her
own little hand and then
she said:

"Are you the little child
who belongs to General
Manley? Is your name
Jannie?"

"Yes indeed" the child
replied. "I've just been
brought down on a horse
with General Manley."

"You don't say so. But
how warm you are. Tell
me Jack did Manley

himself come down with
the little girl?"

The boy mentioned who had
been sitting up at the head of
the bed rose a little higher
and looked at the little girl
curiously from head to foot.

Then he said:
"I don't know, Dorothy, whether
General Manley brought her
here himself or not, per-
haps the little girl is mis-
taken. I'd too mean to look
at the slave. And if he did
it is not very probable
that he is Manley and
that she might be mis-
taken in his identity."

But Jannie looked at
the boy quite decidedly
and not at all as if she
did not know.

"I know well enough,"
she said. "who put me
on his horse and rode
down here with me. It
was General Manley
himself."

There must be some
thing in what Adele De
Job was telling us about
General Manley even if
we did not believe him.
Dorothy said. And who
wouldn't have imagined
that such a thing is
possible? I didn't even

Imagine the little girl would live in Mamley's headquarters for a single day. How does she look Jack?

In the meantime Jack had been looking at her from every side so she could tell pretty well what Jamie looked like.

"She has a very dainty form, as little Mammie Adelheidi was before she died." he replied. "But she has black eyes and long black bobbed hair like Francis Clara my lost sister. I think she resembles both of them together."

Meanwhile Jamie had not been idle. She had peered about her and examined closely everything that was to be seen. Now she said:

"Look O'nothy there's a little boy that keeps on crying all the time. Mamley ought to buy her too for if he doesn't it will break his heart. Just see how he is crying."

"You dear nice little girl" O'nothy said. "I can't see any of us but he can hear what we say fast enough and many other things too. It is not only that he

cannot see any one of us he is very timid and whenever anything creaks and pounds when the wind storm blows and it penetrates the tent he cries and is very scared. And often at night while all the other children are asleep he gets so terribly afraid that the tent is going to be blown down and in falling would kill us all. Also there is no one who can free us now and I don't believe the Christian soldiers know how."

"But why can't the poor boy see what we are doing? Don't you? Look there he starts crying again the poor little boy." Jamie pointed her finger straight at the spot, on bed rather.

"Ah you poor little girl he ain't able to see the least little thing the boys and girls in here or anything else." the girl said in a mournful voice.

"But suppose some one would make a hole in the tent wall by the head of his bed, and let the sunshine in so that it is very light in here then he would be able to see us couldn't he?" "I don't believe so even

if you did that he could see us. He could never see the beautiful sunshine and nothing can ever make it light for him again."

"But if you would take him out where everything is nice and bright then he surely can see us. You just help me take him out and I'll be able to prove it right now Dorothy."

Then Jannie took Dorothy's hand and tried to help him out of his bed for she was starting to feel scared because she said that the little boy could not see the light or anything meaning of course that he was blind.

But Dorothy just said 'Just let me remain in bed for one of my legs is broken and I'm not able to even move. Things are dark to the little boy just the same even in the brightest light. The rays do not reach his eyes any more.'

But surely it would be different out in the sunshine Dorothy said Jannie still trying to (fly) find some means out of the difficulty. You know

when the sky is clear and the sun shines down bright and hot as anything and starts to set in the west and the mountain snowtops glow as yellow as gold or as red as fire and all the yellow flowers are gleaming why then it will be light enough for the poor boy won't it Dorothy?"

"My dear little girl he shall never see them again the fiery snowcaps of the hills and the fields of golden flowers up there. Never again will anything on the earth be bright for him again never again and therefore it would do no good to be free not even for us either."

At these words Jannie suddenly burst into tears. Full of sorrow she kept sobbing aloud.

"Who can make things bright for the boy again? Can't some body do it? Can't anyone?"

And then the girl tried to comfort the child but it was not an easy thing to be done. Jannie almost never cried but when she once got started then it was almost

November 27th
1926.

impossible to make her forget her trouble. Dorothy had soon tried every means of quieting the child because she could not hear her sob so pitifully. She said: "Come here dear Gannie come to me. I wish to tell you something. You know when we are slaves we got to be content with what we got and also when the little boy can't see things its such good fun for him to have us amuse him and he dearly loves to hear us talk. Sit down close beside my bed and tell me what you do up at Manley's headquarters and what the general does to you. I do not know him very well but what I have heard about him I can't believe the man you with is really Manley. He seems so good to you and I don't know what he is except what Adele De Sol tells me and he doesn't say much."

This made a new idea come to Gannie. She quickly wiped her tears away and then said comfortingly

You just wait Dorothy. I'm going to tell general Manley all about this cruelty to you slaves. I'll soon make it better for you and he'll make you a better tent so the wind won't blow it down. He and his men can put things in shape."

Dorothy did not say anything and then Gannie began to tell her excitedly of her life with general Manley of the days in the plantation fields and how she enjoyed seeing the forest fire.

She told her what the general often wrote on slips of paper, drew strange set lines of benches and chairs and of him looking around strangely when he sent soldiers away with them. Gannie grew more and more eager in decoding the strange codes which he could make in a jiffy even on a piece of wood and sent a cautious acting soldier away with it. She said she always stood beside the table and watched him closely and helped him at times for she hoped some time to do all these things herself if he would let her.

Dorothy listened with the greatest interest and from time to time would interrupt to ask:

"Do you hear all this Jack? Do you hear what she is saying about General Manley?"

Suddenly the tale was broken off by the appearance of Adele.

Joe who came stamping in. But he stopped immediately and opened his eyes wide in surprise when he saw little Gammie and then he looked as happy as possible as she ran up to him and cried out quickly:

"Good afternoon Adele Joe."

"My is it possible he's come back so soon from his labors, the girl slave?" Dorothy called in great astonishment. "No afternoon has passed away so swiftly before for many a day. Good afternoon dear Adele Joe. How goes the work to day?"

"Just like every other day" answered Adele Joe.

"Oh oh" said Dorothy, with a gentle sigh, "I had hoped there'd be a change by the time this war started, but we are still slaves. And we were told the Nationals would win before February last winter and they didn't."

"Why didn't they and why did you want them to win?"

"I just hoped that they would have won, because if they did

they would have been able to set us free. And I haven't seen my parents for such a long time that I hardly can't remember them any more. I had hoped the Christians would have won this war so that they could set us free. But they did not win. It is even too hard for them to win now."

"I believe I must light the candles as it's already growing quite dark out side," now said Jack who all this time had been busily setting the tables for supper. The afternoon has passed away quickly for me too before I thought of it."

Then all of a sudden Gammie sprang up from her little chair or stool, pigeon put out her little hand hastily and said it fit.

"Good night Dorothy dear I must return to Manley's home right away for now it is growing dark as pitch."

She then offered her hand in turn to Adele Joe and some of the other slaves and then walked to the tent door.

"Wait, wait Gammie dear. You will run into danger going out alone this way in the dark. Adele Joe will have to go along with you do you hear? And be careful Joe dear that the child does not stumble. And don't remain out in

the woods so long where there is too much smoke from the distant fires so she'll suffocate and has her clothes been dampened so she can run through brush fires without being burned."

"My clothes are not wet," Annie called back "but I shant go near any fire." Hereupon she was out of the tent door in a flash and was hurrying away down the company street so fast that Adele & Bob could scarcely catch up with her.

But Dorothy called out most urgently—

"Run right after her! The child is positively sure to be over come in the heat-hurry won't you?"

Adele & Bob were doing as he was bid. But the two children had gone only a few yards up the company street when there suddenly came the challenge of soldiers and the sound of rushing foot steps and just as both seized, and some one cried "Ida child slaves caught running away!" there was a sound

of galloping horses and General Manley and forty officers came riding up and reached them in forty seconds.

"Unhand the slave you varlets and turn them over to me," he said, and the soldiers obeyed. He appeared little different from what she had seen him when she was brought down. He looked her over by the help of a camp fire which suddenly flared up, and to her surprise he asked her to whom she belonged, where she lived.

She mentioned the place though the general brow blackened as she mentioned the name of the owner.

"Why Jim general John Manley right here and I've never had you before," he said. "Here come of you soldiers take the little brat to the owner she mentions and have some one stay and shadow him. I'm posing as me. A dirty chort I am spy likely using the slave as a tool."

The slave was placed upon a horse and a party of ten soldiers rode on with him while the general and

his officers continued on their way. Adele De Sol had been just in time to witness this scene to see the child escorted away by soldiers toward her place and also had heard many words. He went back into the tent and gathering many of the slaves around Dorothy's bed and told them all with amazement what he had seen and heard. All of these girls and boys were also very much surprised and kept repeating:

"God be praised and thanked that it is not really Manley who has the child. Praise God and His Son indeed. If he will only be on his guard and keep his eye on the man who shadows him" said Dorothy. "And if he can only let her come to see me again I'll put her too on her guard. And Manley called her a brat. The child did me so much good. And what a kind heart she has."

And until she went to bed or to sleep that night she kept saying to herself over and over:-

"If she will only be allowed to come to see me again. For now when I least expected it there seems to be something left in the world to give me some degree of health and happiness." And each time the other little girls and boys would agree with her while Adele De Sol would nod his head and grin widely widely with pleasure and say:

"Did I not tell you so?" In the meantime Gammie riding along with the rest kept up a constant chatter with the soldierly escort. But as her voice was almost muffled by the wind then blowing and could not hardly be heard by the Glancelinians and they therefore could not understand a single word, so one of them called to her her loudly making a trumpet of his hands.

"Wait a little while until we reach your master's home. Then you can tell him as we have no time to talk now."

As soon then as they reached the house on the slope and as soon as she was alone with him she began:

General to morrow you

must buy O'nothy and have her live with us and also a little boy who always cry. We'll have to find her owner and bring some money along with us and ask him to sell her to us. We'll have to hurry too for she's afraid of the place she's at. "Id are to eh? We must do that must we? And who said so pray? The general asked. "No one said so. I just know it that's all." Gannie replied "because she is afraid to stay there. And it makes me terribly surprised to know you would ed me so hard when you questioned me on these back for I never was running away from you to night. And you said I was a brat but I'll forgive you if you'll buy O'nothy. And the boy who cries is always blind and nothing can make it lighter for him any more at least he doesn't see how any one can but you can do it general. I'm sure it can be done easily.

Just think how sad it is for her to be always in that interment camp. And she is always so scared. And I know that you alone can help her. To morrow you'll go and buy her and we'll help her up here won't we general?"

Gannie had clung fast to the general and was looking up at him in perfect trust. He gazed down at the child for a while and then said to him.

"Yes Gannie I'll try it at any rate if I can scrape up enough money. And if I have the money we'll have her here to morrow."

The child started to jump for all around the big room and to cry out one time after another.

"We're going to buy O'nothy to morrow to morrow."

And the general kept his promise. The next morning they took the same ride on the same horse. Just as on the previous day the general sat the child down before the tent door and said:

"Now go in and when it gets to be night come right back." Then he counted the money he had and went inside.

the camp. Jannie opened
a thrust aside the tent door
and had no sooner leaped
inside when from the bed
little Dorthy called out
happily:

"Here comes little Jannie.
Here's the blessed little
slave companion."

In her great joy she
rose as much as she
could in bed and stretch-
ed out both hands to
the girl. Jannie ran to
her, dragged the low
bench quite near to the
bed and this time had
a whole lot of things to
tell Dorthy about and to
ask of her.

But just then there was
an awful pounding noise
in the distance which
caused Dorthy and many
of the others to be terribly
frightened. She almost
fell out of bed as she
trembled so. She cried
out:

"Oh dear me! What I fear-
ed has come at last.
We are being fired on
by Christian cannon."

Jannie had run out
side at the moment
the terrible racket
began but she soon

came back and taking
Dorthy firmly by the arm
said in a comforting tone:
"No no Dorthy, don't be
afraid, in its only the
Christianian engineers,
blasting the trees. And
do you know my mas-
ter is going to buy and
buy you?"

"Oh you don't mean it.
Can it be possible?" Then
the dear God has not
forgotten us poor child
slaves." Dorthy exclaim-
ed. "Do you hear what
she said comrades did
you hear. He is going to
buy me as sure as
you live. Go and see
Jannie and if the gen-
really is going to
buy me tell him he
must come in a min-
ute and let me thank
him."

The boy thus mentioned
went out. Jannie's
master was at that mo-
ment in conversation
with Dorthy's owner.
James went up to him
and said:

"A good afternoon
to you general manley
from Dorthy and
the rest of us. We will

November 11th 1926

Be grate full to you if you buy Dorothy. and Dorothy is a very eager to thank you for herself in doors. No one else would be so kind to us and therefore we wish to thank you for surely.

But the conversation shut immediately the other officer interrupted him. I know exactly what you child slaves think of us because we fight the Christian dogs. You just go back into the tent where you belong. I can find what is necessary to do concerning the sale without the help of slaves."

The boy slave obeyed at once for this slave master had a way with him that was not easy to resist. He remained with Manley for a long time. Soon it began to grow dark again. Manley had carefully left the child slave master and brought his horse in front of the tent. When Jammie came out of the entrance, he placed her upon the horse as he had done the day before and then mounted in back of her. So he feared that if she rode on the horse all alone

she might have fallen off and knowing the consequences he kept one arm around her as he rode away.

Thus the night passed slowly away. And now you had come to Dorothy after the long weary years she had spent as a little slave. The last two days had been no more long and dark each one like the days before it for now had something more pleasant and cheerful to look forward to. The first thing the next morning she was listening for the tripping footsteps and when the tent door was finally pushed and the child came really dancing in then Dorothy would cry out joyfully.

"Praise be to God. I hear come a little Jammie again."

Then Jammie would sit down close to her and chatter away so happily about everything that she knew that Dorothy was always pleased. Indeed the hours flew by so swiftly she did not think of them. And not once did she ask as she used to - "Jack is not the day over yet?"

But each half day, Jammie that Jammie had closed the tent door after her -

"Mothy would say " "Why how short the day has been Jack dear " And her brother would say - "It surely was a short day. Wasn't it. Seems as if we had hardly set the table, " And then Mothy would say after that -

"If our Blessed Lord God will only keep Gammie safe for us and will keep Manley in good humor for he has fought me and I'll soon be is. Does little Gammie look healthy Jack dear?" Each time Jack would answer -

"She looks beautiful." And Gammie on her part had a great affection for Mothy and the other slaves. When she remembered that no one, not even the best of army doctors could make things bright for Jack again a great sadness always swept over her. But Mothy would always tell Gammie that the little boy suffered less when she came to see him and so Gammie went down on her knees with Manley to see her every fine June

day. Manley continued to bring her down without saying a word against it. Each time he also would also come in and see Mothy. She had one good effect - she was no more lonesome, and Mothy said that she had not been able to sleep for many a day and she would never forget to be grateful to Manley for his help.

This day had also passed very quickly and even more rapidly. The warm clear night had followed. And now another day was already drawing to its close it being the middle of June.

I thought she was a slave Jannie, just now had a kind master and she was as happy and as cheerful as the birds of the air and yet she did nothing else but look forward more eagerly to the coming days of July when the warmer south winds would rustle in all the pine forests and sweep away the smoke of the distant forest fires and she loved to go forth to see the blue and yellow flowers and be with the other slaves in the plantation. The summer was now so advanced that the days were here which brought Jannie the best gift the earth could give.

By now Jannie had learned from her kind master how to do all sorts of strange and useful things. She knew how to get along with the other slaves as no one else could. And the more loving of the slaves followed her around like faithful brothers and sisters, screaming aloud their joy whenever they heard her voice.

It was at this time that Udele De Dot had twice brought word from some mysterious source that Jannie's master should send the child who was with him to the work hall of Augustina St. Clare.

Of course Jannie was more than old enough to work and by the rights of the Glandelinian authorities ought to have been in Augustina St. Clare plantations the previous days. But her master had sent back the message that if the sender of the message wanted anything of him he knew where his headquarters were. Meanwhile he paid \$1000 for the child and he certainly would not send the child to Augustina St. Clare under any conditions. His message Udele De Dot had duly delivered.

When the late sun of the late June had risen higher in the sky and shone clearly on the slopes and an increased number of flowers were peaking forth every where, when in the distance the great smoke clouds were changing hues and the boughs of the trees were waving more fully in the breeze than Jannie in her delight kept running back and forth from the general headquarters to the horse-barn.

And then she would run from the barn to the edge of the forest of pine trees and later to the general mill his room to tell them how much larger the smoke clouds were in the far distance. Afterward she

would rush right out to look
again at the fire for she
enjoyed every changing shape
of the smoke clouds and
liked to watch them roll
and bulge upwards. Yet
while she was running
to and fro this way and
was jumping across the
threshold for about the
twelfth time something
so suddenly frightened her
that she almost fell
backward into the room.
A suddenly a strange
gentleman dressed in black
was standing in front
of her who blinked at her
very solemnly. But when
he saw that she was
frightened he said in a
very kind voice

"Do not be afraid
of me, I am fond of
children especially slaves.
Give me your hand like
a dear little girl. You
are Jammie I suppose.
Where is your master?"

He is sitting at a table
looking at a piece
of paper." Jammie re-
plied as she again
slowly opened the door.
However he was she
did not know but
he looked so imposing,

and inviolable that she was
afraid to refuse him admittance.
He stepped into the house walk-
ed up to the general who
was writing on the piece of large
paper and after saluting said
"Good morning you Ex-
cellency."

(Manley) looked up with a
look as if he expected the
visitor. And then he rose to
his feet and replied
"Good morning sir, I was
expecting you." Thereupon
he set a chair before the
visitor and continued "If
my vis- host is not afraid
of an old chair here is one."
The man sat down. "I
have not seen you for a
full month sir." He went
on to say.

"Nor have I seen you sir"
was the answer. "I'll give
you my message."

"Yes and the messenger
was wounded in making
his dash out of the lines"
said the man in black.
"I have also come today
to talk with you about
something very important."
The visitor began. "I suppose
you might know what the
business is which I want
to discuss with you and
I would like to hear what

you will say in answer:
The man was silent and
after asking if the house
was free of soldiers and
officers and receiving a
satisfactory answer, then
looked at the child who
was standing in the door-
way closely watching
his strange new figure.
"Go and watch the orderly
carry the horses, Jammie
dear," the general said.
"You can take some bread
and cheese with you and
wait until I come."
Jammie therefore vanished
at once.

"You should have returned
to the Christian lines a
week ago and we certainly
expected you this very
week," the man said
after a moment. "General
Whinnam sent you a warn-
ing that you are under
suspicion by the German
army generals, but
you either made no
reply or the message
did not reach him and
as you might have
the chance to get out
of the rebel lines,
you could take the
child safe with you.
What do you intend

to do on the smaller general
Schloeder?"

"I intend to remain here at
all risks until I learn at
what point of the Christian
line the enemy intend to
make the attack soon. And I
intend not to leave until
I go. But you may take the
child with you if you wish."

The visitor gazed in great
astonishment at general
Whinnam Schloeder who was
sitting with folded arms
on the big arm chair and
did not look as if he
were going to yield.

"Surely you are not intend-
ing to commit suicide?" the
man in black then asked.
Not at all. But I intend
to find out the
things I'm here for."

"What are you going
to make out of the child,
a spy?"

"No such thing. I can
use her as a slave to
hide my real intentions
and get to act wary
as I'm shadowed already.
The rascals had allowed
her to grow and thrive
as a goat or the birds do.
But she is safe with
me and learns all (E)

I can teach her and as long as she is with me the Clandelirians can not do a bit of harm. But sir you must remember that you are a human being and not a supernatural creature and the child can you trust her with secrets? If she learns anything about you are you sure she would not unconsciously betray you to the Clandelirians and if she learns nothing, don't you think she could do anything else to unconsciously cause you trouble? But you must be very alert if you wish to learn something more about the enemy's intentions and you intend to remain here I have come to tell you in good season so that you can think it over and make your plans. But let us hope that this is to be the last week that you intend to spend within miles of here. But I advise you to come back now and let this

be the last day that the child spends within this rebel camp. And come back with me to the Christian lines to day." "I cannot do it comrade" said the general stubbornly. "Do actually think them that there is no way of bringing you to reason. If you stubbornly stick to your silly and reckless ideas" the man in black said with some heat. "You have traveled around in the world as a member of the Commi a good deal and had your chance to learn and see much. I should have thought you had better sense general." "Oh indeed" the general said. "His voice whined that he too was no longer quite so calm in his sum around. "And so you think that because I'm slightly under suspicion I am really going to abandon my job here? After I've been here 3 weeks, I had I'm coming to back out now like a yellow fraud? After I've past already through all these raging battles, and so you also believe that I'm really going to

must trust the child and
 fear she'll betray me
 when she has gone down
 on hot days to the main
 camp on a special secret
 mission six miles through
 fire storm and heat.
 And above all a child
 like her and to think
 that she has come back
 to me at night facing
 all dangers when it is
 blowing and raging
 so that the very soldiers
 remained within their
 tents. Perhaps you can
 remember the Hunan
 girls who also have
 communicated with me
 and escaped without
 harm. In this child
 slave to be made to
 suffer unjust suspicion
 because you do not
 know her like I do.
 Just let any one come
 and try to persuade
 me from my purpose,
 and I'll bring him
 before any military
 court there is and
 then we'll see what
 is going to happen
 to him and see
 who'll make me
 abandon my duty.
 And you would

be quite right in," said the
 woman in a kindly voice. "I
 would not be possible to make
 you desert your duty no matter
 how perilous it may be.
 And it would not be possible
 to send the child to the distant
 Christian lines from here
 with a battle impending.
 But I can see that the child
 is dear to you. Do for her
 what you should do
 for yourself. Come to
 our lines and take her
 with you. What sort of
 a life is this you lead
 in this far camp where
 all are bitten against
 God and all Christians?
 It is dangerous and
 who would help you
 if you were discovered
 by the Glandelinians and
 something should happen
 to you off up here. They
 can't understand why
 you have not been found
 yet already and how
 it is the tender child
 did not discover you is
 not the real 'manley'.
 The child has not
 the slightest suspicion
 for young food food
 and therefore I do not
 fear her betraying me.
 I can promise you so.

22 December 3 1926

And one thing more if I am detected I know where many of the members of the Gemini is within these very lines and when is a good time to summon them too. You can look at this paper and see the places they are situated. You will see there are enough of them so that we can fight our way through and never suffer a loss of a single man. So what you say about a burden my my purpose is not for me. The rebels do not suspect me so much as to cause any danger so it suits me to stay here though they despise me and I despise them.

"No, no it is not good for you to think that way. I know what is the trouble with you." The man in black said in a hearty voice. "The Glancians suspect you much more than you even think. Believe me general you are placing yourself in the greatest danger."

If you still intend to carry out your purpose then you first better seek to make your peace with God for you will surely need his protection to the utmost limit. And if you wish to change your mind then come back to the national camp with me and take the child along and when you return the Christian camps then see how differently the Christian generals will look at you and how happy you will be with your newly adopted child."

The man in black stood up. He held his hand out to the general and said again with much heartiness.

"I count upon having you back in the Christian times within a few days general. We are old and tried friends. I would make me very sorry to learn that something happened to you. Shake hands on it. Come down to the Christian lines now and bring the child with you."

The general offered his hand to the man but he said firmly and clearly.

"The Supreme Person of the Gemini means well with me I know but just the same, I must say that I'm not doing my duty if I shall do as he advises me. I can tell him that once and for all I shall not give up my work dangerous as it may be and therefore I cannot return with you immediately to the Christian lines."

"Then God help you" said the stranger and went out the door and down the mountain looking as sad as if he had lost some one who was dear to him.

After this Jammie's master had the blues. When Jammie came in again and after dinner asked "Let's go to see Daddy now" he answered shortly "we cannot go to day. We got to be on my guard."

During the rest of the day he did not even say a single word and after breakfast the next morning Jammie asked

"Are we going to buy Daddy to day?"

But his words were as sharp as his tone of voice when he answered. "Maybe we

will and maybe we won't. But way long before the dishes had been put away after breakfast another caller appeared in the doorway. It was general Delton the arch enemy of the Virian Girls. He was wearing a pretty decorated uniform and a large hat the form Glendelinian generals wear with an enormous feather on it and he wore a long thin cloak that was long enough to sweep up everything on the floor and in the rooms of this house all sorts of things lay around which would not help the looks of a uniform.

He looked at her from top to toe but said nothing. And yet Delton apparently was intending to have a very friendly talk for he at once began to say very nice things. He started in by saying his little child slave was looking so well that he scarcely knew her any longer and every soldier could see that she was a good worker.

Delton said he had always intended to buy the child slave himself for he felt sure the little one was worth a whole lot and also he being a general she must be in his way. But at the moment

he couldn't find any one who would pay a good price for her. Since that time however he had been thinking it over night and day where he could find a man who would give any amount of money to obtain possession of the slave and find other companions for the child. And he had come just that day because he had heard of a good piece of luck for Jannet so good indeed that he could hardly believe it. He had gone without delay to arrange the matter. It was all as good as settled now that Jannet was to be as fortunate as a hundred thousand slaves could be.

Some very rich child slave owner a very dear friend of his (a very character however) who was in possession of one of the finest plantations in the world owned also some of the finest child slaves in the world. These children (the poor dears) have to work like horses and beasts of burden. Some of them are sick and lame and otherwise not ready for work. They are always chartered

and sick or lame they have to work just the same. The days are quite dreary for them and besides they would like to have a gay companion like Jannet amongst them. There had been a lot of talk about this amongst the various generals of Manley's staff and they decided it would be fine if they could get some one to buy such a child as the owner of the sick little slave described. For the general were very earnest that he proposition and wanted to find a good companion for the sick slave already described.

Now the owner had wrote him that he wanted a really unspoiled child slave an unusual child slave who was not at all like every slave that would be seen wherever you went. Right then Eldon had thought of Jannet and he had no doubt straight to Manley himself and told him all about Jannet her ability to work and her character and like a flash the general had agreed. Now nobody could tell just what happiness might be brought to this child slave owner because Jannet was brought to him and

he and the other slaves
liked her and something
might possibly happen to
the best and most able
of his slaves - no one could
tell - she was so weakly
from overwork and harsh
treatment from the over-
seers - and if the owner
wanted some one to re-
place her then perhaps
the most unexpected kind
of luck might -

"When are you going to be
through?" Jannico's master
finally interrupted him. He
had not paid the least
attention to Eldon and
therefore had not got a
single word in edge wise.

"Bah, you are a fool!" I'll
don't throw back at him
a cowardly and slapping
his foot. You act as if I
was giving you a lecture
or telling you the most or-
dinary kind of story. Why
there isn't high and low
in all of Manley's past
army a single officer or
soldier would who would
not thank good fortune
if I'd brought him such
news as I have you."
"Go ahead and tell it to
whoever you want to,
but I do not have time

to listen to you or care to hear
it." The general said dryly.

Then Eldon became angry
and said excitedly -

"What is all you can think
about in then I'm not a bit
afraid to tell you a few things.
The child slave Jannico is about
eight years old and he don't
do a single bit of work here
may she doesn't do a thing
but take life too easy to
suit us, and she knows
nothing and you won't

let her work one day at
Augustinia St. Clare's plant-
ation or learn anything.

Why they tell me down
in the main camp, that
you've been always taking
her down to Knafonfeld's
child slave camp, to wait
the slaves there when
you should know that if
Manley knows it he'll
explode like gun cotton
and you'll be in for it.

They also tell me down
at Manley's headquarters
that you won't let her
to be inspected by the
child slave inspection
board every day. You
have not had her band-
ed and yet claim her
as your legal property
when Jannico meant to

sell her to Mr. Bailey. I have
to see that slaves are sold
to proper owners and that
they are brought to work in
proper surroundings. And
when a child slave can
be sent to such a place
which I mention there
only one person who will
try to stand and oppose
me and the others and
that's a man who in
heart does not care a
rap for our cause and
does wish the Gladiolusian
armies all kinds of bad
luck. and wishes nobody
of our cause well.

But I tell you I am not
the kind who will give
in so easily as you really
think. All the generals and
their officers are all on
my side and they hold
you under suspicion for
something which they won't
tell and as you may
know are keeping their
eyes on you every move
I have is not a single
one down in the camp
won't help me secure
the slave child and
who won't against you.
If they find their sus-
picions are right you
will be arrested and

if you want the thing about
the way you keep this slave to
come before the court Marshall
perhaps then you look out you
daily sneaking Christian dog.
I have one more matter of
a serious circumstance which
could be brought before the
court Marshall that you would
not care to see brought to
judgment. I am when you once
have to face the court mar-
shall then lots of things come
out that would think and he
you think the world was
against you."

"Silence don't you call me
a Christian dog or I'll kill
you right here" thundered
the general and his eyes
flashed like fire and his
face was frightfully con-
torted with rage. I dare to
tell me what I should
do with my slave you
son of a rattlesnake and I'll
make you think I am a
cobra. Try to take her from
me if you can and I'll
shoot you dead where you
stand. What care I what
you think or hear about
me. Prove it if you
can. But I know all
about Eldon and I've
got enough evidence to
show it and prove too

"It was you who accused the Indian Girls of selling fire to the @ell-mell-tell-mell Penitentiary when you did it yourself to bring the blame upon them. Go ahead take her if you are brave enough. Heaven came into my sight again. And I never want to see her in a place you mention and such words you as you have spoken to day."

"Get out of this place you've made general Manley angry," Jammie said. Her black eyes gleamed at Eldon in no friendly way as her master went to the table with great strides.

"I'll feel better again soon. Come on with me now," Eldon said urgently.

"Where are your clothes?" "I'm not coming with you," said Jammie.

"What's that you're saying?" Eldon said angrily. But then he changed his tone a little and continued half kindly half vexedly. "Idiocy and come you are just a little slow and don't know any better. You can't think what a fine time you're going to

have at Augustinia St. Clare. Come on now you little brat. Pick up your hat there. It doesn't look neat but it's got to be just like mine. Put it on and hurry along. "I'm not coming with you," Jammie repeated.

"Don't be stupid and silly like an ass. You must have caught it from one of them. Just understand this. Can't you? Your master is angry now. I don't you hear him say we got to leave or should not. See and that you never should cross his sight again. Now he wants you to go with me and it won't use for you to make him even angrier. You can't guess how fine it is at Augustinia.

St. Clare and all the things you'll see there. And if you don't like to work on his plantation you can come back to him again. By that time he will not be angry any longer. "I don't care what you say. I'm not coming." "Oh, ph saw. Come on you brat. I don't want to. And he'll let you come back whenever you want to? To day we'll

have at Augustinia St. Clare. Come on now you little brat. Pick up your hat there. It doesn't look neat but it's got to be just like mine. Put it on and hurry along. "I'm not coming with you," Jammie repeated.

December 1 1926.

go down as far as the center of Manley's army and early in the morning if the Christian dogs do not interfere we'll go west of Starnck town by covered wagon. After that if you don't like St. Clare he'll have some of his men take you home in a hurry. The wagon just flies along.

Eldon took Gammie by the hand but her master was before him in a moment.

"Are you really going to take her?" he asked.

"Yes if you try to stop me I'll expose you." offered to buy her and you refused. As every one suspects you as being a Christian spy imposing as general Manley who's to stop me from taking her? wonder" and taking her forcibly by the hand he walked out and they proceeded down the mountain while Gammie struggled and screamed.

It was not time for work yet and so Adele & E. F. went down to the camp near

Adele & E. F. Garber headquarters at least. He was supposed to go. But he took off a few hours now and then because he thought of something more interesting than going to such duties. He didn't need to do such things but he did desire to go secretly up some high tree and watch the movements of the Christian armies to see what they were doing. Not that he wished to spy on them but just to see their activity. Thus he was just coming up near his tent from off one side and he stood and stared at the two who were coming to meet him until they overlooked him.

"Where are you going Gammie?" he said.

"I have to come along with this wicked man in a hurry to the center of the camp." Gammie answered. "I don't like taking me away from Manley. But first I'll go to see Mother. She is waiting for me."

"No no by no means you're not allowed to go in there." Eldon said harshly as he held

the struggling child fast by the hand. "We are late enough this minute as it is, hurry up now."

Hereupon Deldon dragged Jammie firmly along with him and did not lose hold of her for a single moment because he feared that if the child went into the local child slave camp she would be more determined in her decision not to go along with him and the overseers might stand by her. Adele De Job ran into the tent and kicked so violently at a water bucket with his foot that it rolled around making a great noise. Dorthy jumped up frightened from her breakfast and wailed out loud. Adele De Job had to find some expression for his feelings.

"Why what in the world is the matter? What's the matter?" the little girl child cried excitedly. Jack who had been sitting opposite and had almost jumped out of his chair at the awful noise said with his customary

patience.

"What ails you Job? Why do you act so wildly?"

Because the old snake has stolen Jammie away from Mary's double, declared Adele De Job.

"Who has Job? And where has she gone?" asked Dorthy again all a tremble. But she seemed to guess quickly what was going on. Jack had told her not long before that he had seen Deldon on his way up to Jammie's house. Trembling in her haste Dorthy rushed outside the tent and cried out pitifully-

"Mr. Mr. Don't please don't Jammie away from us. Please don't take Jammie away."

Deldon and Jammie heard her voice. Deldon without the slightest doubts suspected what little Dorthy was calling for. He seized the child more firmly than ever and walked as fast as he could. Jammie struggled vehemently and cried.

"Dorthy is calling me. Please I want to go to her."

But that was much against Deldon's wishes. He got nearer to the child shook her as a cat does a mouse but she struggled harder and harder and tried to

late and scratch him and he then promised her some thing nice but that they must hurry right along or they would be late and the next day they would go on traveling and Gammie could then see if she did not like it at St. Charles she could get some one to send her back and if it turned out that she was homesick in spite of everything then she could come back at once and find something to bring little Dorothy that would make her happy. His last thought pleased Gammie only a little but she still did not believe him and struggled to get away from him as hard as she could.

"I want to go to her now," she said "and I'm not allowed to bring anything. They'd throw me out."

"Augustine St. Charles will send her something nice."

Deldon said "She would like some nice lovely soft white cakes but I'm afraid she would not be allowed to have them."

Deldon now began to run along so fast that Gammie could scarcely

keep up with him. They were now approaching the head of the camp. And there it was possible that Delton would be all asked all sorts of questions which would set Gammie to thinking. Therefore she hastened straight through the encampment pulling the child along so roughly after him that every one of the soldiers could see that Delton was in a hurry to get somewhere and the only way he answered all the questions called out to him from every near section of the camp was "I cannot stop a minute. I have a long way to go and I'm in a hurry. Don't you understand?"

"Did Mamley sell her to you, m'she running away with you? Is a wonder he didn't kill her and yet what rosy red cheeks she has!"

That is what they heard from every side. But Delton was glad to get through the camp without stopping and being compelled to explain things - glad too that Gammie did not say a single word for the soldiers thought her must

was general manley and they knew how he looked. They stopped him and took him away from him.

From that day on when ever he came down and passed through the village Gammie's master had a scowling face and he spoke to no body with the queer shape of his uniform his mighty military staff in his hand and his thick eye brows drawn close together he looked so forbidding that all officers would call to their officers.

Each out salute manley on he'll kill you for forgetting.

He did not seem to have any business with them however for he only passed through the camp on his mysterious trip far down into the valley where unknown to the Glanadianians he got rid of my precious packages and conversed secretly with strange men. When ever he had in such a fashion

passed through the Glanadian camps soldiers and officers would gather in large groups and stare after him suspiciously and they may be sure that each one saw something strange in the man they thought to be manley.

They all agreed that all his actions trips and looks were suspicious that his face was more savage than he took no notice of any one that saluted him that Gammie was taken away from him for a good reason and that it was no wonder that children fled away from him with her as if he were afraid the monster was something to be dreaded.

Only Dorothy and Adele I think knew the secret but refused to say anything though she did say how good he had been to the child slave and how careful of her but even these words were enough to cause him to be suspected as it is usual for any slave holder to be even good to slave children and one who is believed to be a

national in disguise, not
 knowing what she was doing
 she told what he had done
 for her and others how many
 afternoons he had brought
 Jammie down to see her. In
 this way the news came
 down to Manley's headquar-
 ters, and when he heard
 of it he said that it was
 possible a man was
 passing as him that he
 was a spy. But as there
 was no direct evidence
 against him nothing
 could be done to bring
 on his arrest.

But he had a number
 of slick men to secretly
 watch everything he
 did. Yet he never app-
 eared at his workshop
 no longer, and the poor
 little girl began each
 new day with sighs and
 not one word by that
 she did not comprehend.

Oh when little Jammie
 went everything good
 was taken away from us
 and these days draw
 long to a close. I wish
 I might hear Jammie's
 voice once again before
 I die of my illness.

Beginning at July 1
 to after October 10.

In the big plantation belong-
 ing to Augustina S. Clare
 large groups of child slaves
 were sitting at a noon day
 meal while one was sit-
 ting on a tree stump with
 a pair of crutches at her
 side.

At this moment they were
 sitting at their various places
 in the plantation, well as
 they called it which was
 some distance away from
 Manley's army and bordered
 by great pine forests and
 which was near Stanch
 city. All the appearances
 of the plantation were
 made for all sorts of dis-
 comfort for the slaves
 than for show which proved
 that it was used for
 other purposes than a real
 plantation and the spec-
 tator could see it had
 been named from the
 owner and this was
 the spot where Jammie
 was to be taken and
 where she was to meet
 this same little child
 slave.

The little girl with the
 crutches had a pale yet
 pretty face from which

two mild brown eyes looked out. At this moment they were turned toward a road expecting to see some one and the time for her seemed to be going awfully slow for her. That day I that may have been the reason why this little girl whose name was Minnie Sebastian and who hardly ever was impatient was saying to her companion sitting beside her.

When is my companion coming, Clara?

Clara's friend was sitting on her left eating bread and coffee. Standing near by was one of the overseers who had on a queer sort of cloth long a kind of large half uniform cloak which gave him a solemn look and this effect was somewhat intensified by something like a high comb on his head. Since the coming of Clara to this plantation several years before this this man had been head overseer under St. Clare and

entire charge of the child slaves about 1000 of them. Yet there was an overseer for every 100 slaves. St. Clare was away in Mammy's army at this time and there for the time being left the plantation in the care of his overseer whose name was Joram Granger. But he had made one condition and this was that the slaves should be pressed to the limit that he should have a say in all things and that the overseers under him should do nothing against his will or wishes.

Minnie had just asked Clara a second time if it was not high time for the new slave to arrive. At that very moment Joram with Minnie's hand lightly on his was standing before one of the overseers and asking him if he thought he might dislodge Augustina St. Clare at so late an hour.

"What is not my business?" growled the overseer. "As for that slave to come here to you and ask her?" Joram did as he was told and the child came forward.

Jan 7 1926

I wanted to ask if I might disturb your quarters at this late hour. Deldon inquired again.

"I do not know where he is," the child replied. "I asked for the chief overseer" and without another word she went off to join the rest.

Deldon went to another overseer who had a very broad look on his face and a big whip in his hand and two guns in his belt.

"What the h - ll do you want?" he called without coming over. Deldon repeated his question. The overseer went away but came back and called to Deldon -

"You are expected." Deldon and Gammie then followed the steps went over where the chief overseer was standing. There Deldon remained completely standing about fifty paces from the spot holding Gammie lightly by the hand for he said "I can't tell what I should do. I can't decide

to do on this plantation. But it was so strange to her. The overseer walked slowly forward to study the new arrival. The child slave and the results of his stares did not seem to please him. Gammie hardly had no clothing on at all and had on her head an old straw hat that was big enough to fit a man. The child peered at the overseer with a curiously firm expression. His enormous hat and looked with open amazement at the strange clothing he wore and the low high tower of a hat on his head.

"What's your name?" Gammie asked after he had examined the child slave. She never turned her dark eyes away from him. "Gammie I name's Sullivan" came the answer clearly and in a ringing voice.

"What! What! What! Why that is not a child slave name at all. When you can't have even belonged to a Glendelirion owner. What name did they give you before you became a slave?" Gammie asked again.

"I can't remember any longer. Any how it was always my name and I want

answer to any other name?
Gammie replied

"What sort of answer is that to give me?" demanded like a messenger giving a fierce scowl. "Deldon is the child silly or saucy?" "O Beg your pardon sir, and if you will allow me to do so, I will do most of the talking for the slave child for she is very shy," said Deldon, but not until he had secretly gave her a thump in the back for her seeming foolish answer. "But you must not think her silly or saucy either for she surely does not dare to be. She even does not mean what she says and does not know how to. Only to day is the first time she has been within a great plantation and she doesn't know the manners of the rest of the slaves here. She is willing if she is forced along and at all independent or stupid and she'll turn out to be just what the owner of this plantation will

want if he will be kind and good and patient with her. She is known as Sullivan's Gammie and formerly belonged to Gen. Sullivan's 1st Regt. the commander in chief.

"Oh very well. I had given her some chance," said Gammie. "But Mr. Deldon I must really tell you met frequently, firmly, the slave child looks odd to me for her age. I informed you by message that Minnie's companion should be of her own age so she could take her place in the labor as she being crippled is already cast out. Minnie is already past ten. How old is this new slave Deldon?"

"Begging your pardon," Deldon began again glibly. "I do not quite figure out how old she is as I do not know her long enough. Of course I must admit she is really a little younger but not enough to count. I can't really say but she is about twelve or perhaps a little more."

"I am only eight years of age," Gammie said. "I am," said so. Gammie declared. Deldon thumped her again but whether she had any

and why she did so or not
she was not embarrassed
in the slightest degree.

"What in the world did she
say?" Only eight years old
cried Gungore quite indignantly
"Two years too few, why what
in the world can it mean?"
And why did you take her from
Manley, and slave child
what kind of work have you
learned to do? What kind
of work did you do under
Pzner Myletzer?"

"I was compelled to work
in the trenches"

"never in a field?"

"No sir" said Id Jammie.

"What's that?" asked Gungore again. Then how did
you learn to do any work
at all?"

"I didn't learn to work and
I ab didn't either" Jammie
stated.

"By the name of Neptune"
"You can't work, you really
can't work here" cried Gungore
on the greatest indignation.

"You surely don't mean you
don't know how to work
in the fields. What did
you learn then when you
were with General Myletzer?"

"Nothing" said Jammie
and this was the truth
though she did not mention

that she had worked a little in
"Manley's" plantation.

"Mr Deldon" said Gungore sternly
after he had spent a few minutes
in trying to calm himself "You
sure did not make it out as agreed
upon how could you bring this
dirty lazy little creature to me?"
It is not at all as you wrote
me"

"Begging your pardon Mr Deldon
this child is just what General
Manley thought you wanted and
if you don't like her you'll
have to notify him as she is
off my hands now. And yet the
owner of this plantation wrote
me just what the slave
child must be, quite good young
and not like many other little
slaves. That's why Manley
made me take this little one
from her former master. For
you see the other slaves
are nothing uncommon and
therefore His Excellency thought
this slave child would fit
the needs of St. Clare most
perfectly. But here she is
to stay and I must go now
for Manley is expecting him
for a new errand. If he
allows me to do so I'll
come again in about a week
and see how the slave
turns out."

With a low courtesy Deldon

started down the road as fast as he could go. The chief overseen hesitated a minute and then ran after Deldon. For he also remembered there were quite a few things he wanted to talk over with Deldon if the child slave was really going to remain there. And here the child really was and it was as plain as day that Deldon was determined to leave here at the plantation.

Jammie had not budged from the road where she had been standing from the beginning. And up to this time Mimmie had been watching everything silently from her place on the tree stump. She waved to Jammie and said:

"Little one come here" Jammie walked over to the little cruppled girl. "Would you rather be called Jammie or Francisco Silliam?" Mimmie asked.

"My name is Jammie and nothing more" was the child's abrupt answer.

"Then no matter what

they all will say I'll always call you that" said Mimmie. "I to a very nice name for you but I never heard it before and I never saw a child slave that looks like you either. Have you always had such long, bobbed hair?" "Yes I think so" Jammie answered.

"Did you like to come here to this plantation?" Mimmie went on to ask.

"No. But to morrow I'm going to run away" Jammie explained.

"You're a funny little girl" Mimmie burst out. "Deldon brought you here on purpose to take my place at work and to be my companion. And don't you see I'm going to be lots of hard times because you do not know plantation work at all and your working hours will be quite different from the rest. But our work is terribly tiresome and seems to never end. You see at four o'clock in the morning the overseen come and call us out of bed and then before breakfast our working hours begin and last till 1 o'clock

and that is so long. Our owner Augustina St. Claire is terribly cruel to us, and all the overseers watch everything we do, and often raises his whip as if he were going to strike some of us, and fortunately for us the chief overseer is short sighted and usually wears glasses.

But the other overseers often does what he over looks and then crippled as I am I have to walk also and none of them are affected by what we suffer and if one of us would be overborne by the heat one of the overseers who sees it would raise a handkerchief up to his face just as if he was going to wipe off the sweat but he is only laughing, terribly hard behind it.

And the chief overseer too would take out his big handkerchief and cover his whole face with it and I knew too that he too was hiding a laugh behind it. And then I feel awfully miserable about it but I dare not even let them see my tears and if I start out crying one of the overseers will run at me despite my condition and give me a laughing

with that horrible whip until I faint. To have to stand such a licking on your bare back is the most horrible thing in the world so of course I prefer to wipe away my tears and hold back my sob. But now since he is away for a while things have been a little easier and now it will be lots more fun too since I can watch you while you are learning how to do your work.

Jammie shook her head very doubtfully at her talk of her learning the hard labor of this plantation.

But look here Jammie of course you must learn this kind of work or you'll suffer here all kinds of cruel treatments. Every body works here, even the overseers and keep your eyes open for Jehan Gringore. He is very stern never excuses the slightest fault and besides he won't talk to any of us. Only remember that when you don't understand the work you are doing come to me and I'll explain for you. But afterward when you've learned something about the work and know how to do it then you won't have trouble and understand all right what orders have been giving given.

Just at this moment the chief overseen came back to the field. He had failed to call Pedro back and was very much excited and angered by this fact. For he did not obtain the name to go into details as to what the child slave was lacking. And as he did not know how to undo what he had done, he was all the more excited as he had proposed the entire affair of securing the new child slave. And mainly he was afraid that if the little slave would be a displeasure to Augustino & Clara he would blame him for accepting her even though he had not been paid for yet.

So now he trotted from the room and out to the fields and then right back again as if he did not know what he was doing and there he met Melro Pedro the highest overseen next to him whose large wicked eyes at this very moment were glancing around and at every child slave to see if they were all through with their mess, and ready to continue their work.

"Needn't be looking at them as if they were jewelry and save up your further plans for to-morrow," said Gringore. "Just see that they get their work finished on time this afternoon."

With these words Gringore passed by Pedro and called to another overseen in so unpleasant a voice that he came striding up to him in so dignified a manner and plucked

himself before Gringore with so defiant a look on his face that even the chief overseen did not dare to scold him. But nevertheless he became more engaged within his heart.

"Go and see that a new room is put in order for the new slave," the chief overseen said struggling desperately to appear calm. "Get that every thing is ready just bring a mattress in as we have no more cots." "That is worth doing for a dirty little child," this overseen said in a mocking voice and departed.

Meanwhile Pedro had ordered all the slaves back to work and lashed the whip in the air with quite a loud snapping. He was very angry because for some reason or other the slaves had been this day far behind in their work. But he saw no excuse as yet to express his feeling by taking it out of them. Then he walked quietly back and forth to give advice to the overseens who were also under him. While he was directing a swarm of slaves to a new patch which had not been overhauled yet, he noticed that Jannie had placed herself directly in front of him and was staring at him without blinking. Suddenly he burst out:

"Who in ferdition are you looking at and what is there so strange about me?"

He gawled at Jannie in a way that made all the overseens and Gringore start violently. Gringore

was standing close by and was to come forward when Jammie replied to Pedro "You look like a clown." Gungore scowled. "Well I mean," he said half aloud. "Actually she is calling the overseer a clown and its against the rules to even speak to a superior during working hours. The dirty little brute lacks the least idea of good manners."

Minnie came slowly up on her catclaws and sat down at her work while Gungore stood next to her and motioned to Jammie to take her place opposite. No one looked at them and the two sat apart with the white overseer standing near by. A long row of cabbage was stretched before her and the child cast a curious glance at them. Gungore looked so much like the general Mylde that he seemed to have increased her fear of him, and her curiosity and therefore she remained as quiet as a mouse and started her work immediately and did not stop until he came up.

closer and watched her closely. Then she pointed to the patch and said to Minnie -

"Am I doing it right?" Minnie nodded and then looked sideways at overseer Gungore for she was wondering what the question would make on him. Remembering the rules against talking while at work without delay Jammie went to work now and then would pull off a piece of cabbage leaf and put it in her mouth. Minnie made an awful face to keep from laughing but she knew well enough that there was a severe penalty for laughing here or even talking.

Mute and only meaning slowly she kept her position by Jammie for she could not speak. On the other hand she could not stop her work until she was allowed to. Jammie looked at her while in surprise and then she nodded.

"Do you have to do that too?"

Minnie nodded a second time.

Then lets race and see

who finished first" she said and gazed calmly at her cupped friend whose look was becoming serious. The bundle of weeds she had in her hands began to shake.

"You may keep your words to yourself and continue your work in silence" Gringore said in a most severe manner. And I see, Gammie, that I must teach you a few things about behavior during working hours." He continued with a sigh "First of all I shall have to show you how to do your work properly."

Hereupon the overseer scolded Gammie plainly and in detail everything she had to do.

"And then" he went on I must say that you are not to talk to Minnie or any one not even an overseer during working hours unless you have some most important question that you must ask him. In that case address him with 'you' or 'he' and never called an overseer a clown. Let me ever hear you call any of us again." And then there

followed a number of teachings as to how Gammie should get up in the morning and go to bed at night, how she should go out of her quarters and come in should keep things in order, should close door behind her. And during all this talk Gammie's eyes were closing for she had risen at five that morning and had made a long hard journey on foot. She leaned against a tree stump and fell asleep. When after a long time Gringore had finally reached the end of these teachings he said:

"Now think about what I have told you Gammie. I dare you understand everything?" Gammie's been asleep for ever so long," said Minnie in high glee.

"Well I never heard of anything like this slave" Gringore cried in great anger and then he signalled so loudly that five overseers came running up to get her. But in spite of all this clamor Gammie did not wake up and they had the greatest time to amuse her enough so she could be brought to the slave hut made ready for her.

When Jammie opened her eyes in that first morning in the plantation of St. Claire she could not make up her mind at all what she was looking at. She rubbed her eyes as hard as she could then peered about her again and saw the extensive plantation outside as before and she found that she was sitting up on a dirty mattress. And before her was a big wide room and where hardly no light came in and it was uncomfortably warm inside.

All around her were other cots with children all awake and in the middle stood a long bench on which was a large wash-tub filled with cold dirty water and towels the like of which Jammie had never seen in her life.

But then all at once she remembered she was in St. Claire's plantation. The previous day came back to her mind and finally even the clear teachings of the overseer, Granger, at least so far as she had heard them. Jammie sprang from her mattress and quickly

put on her clothes. First she went to one of the little windows and then to another for she desired to have a look at the sky and the earth outside. She looked down of the hut the darkness inside and the small window made her feel as if she were a criminal shut up in a small jail. Yet she was too small to reach any of the little windows.

But either one of them was so high that Jammie was not even able to reach far enough to touch the sill and therefore she could not find what she was looking for. She ran from one window to another and then back to the first again but she could not reach them and was sadly disappointed.

Jammie became very much afraid. It was very early in the morning for she was used to always rising up early in the other plantation and going at once out of doors to see what the next thing to happen was whether a forest fire was in the distance whether the wind was blowing and the eyes of the little flowers starting to open.

For quite awhile to the surprise of the other slaves Jammie kept racing from one window to another like a yellow canary which is put in a small dirty cage daily rather and hither and tither all the bars to see if it cannot come how close between them and regain its freedom. Finally getting upon a box soap she tried to open a window for she hoped that she could see something else than walls and trees. Beyond the hut there must surely be an old clove with green grass and the beautiful scenery of trees on the slopes and Jammie fairly ached to see these things outside.

No matter how much the child lifted and pulled the windows remained tightly closed and lay as she would she could not get her small fingers under the sash in order to gain strength to raise them. Everything stuck together as hard as iron and so when Jammie saw that all her efforts were in vain she finally gave up her plan and began to think how beautiful it would be to go

outside and around the hut to where the plantation could be seen. For she fully remembered that the evening before they had been on the hill in working with Mamma on the plantation at that moment there was a pound at the door and night after it was suddenly shined upon and one of the overseers thrust his head in and said very sharply:

Every body up. Time to begin work before break fast. So no more a minute Jammie did not very well know that these words were really a call. The scornful look on the overseers face seemed to warn her of something far loathing rather than invite her to do anything. Jammie read the mans look and though all the rest dressed and ran out she sat down on her matress and then waited as still as a mouse to what was going to occur next. After awhile some one came rushing up it was over seen Gringore and again he seemed to be very much excited and called in to Jammie from the door was in no pleasant tone.

"What in the world is the matter with you Gammie. Can't you understand what an order is or are you rebellious? Come along with me at once do you hear?"

Indeed Gammie was able to understand such speech as that. She followed right close behind the over-keeper.

Mumnie had been at work in her customary place for some time and she looked up at Gammie with a pleasant good morning.

She seemed to be happier than usual that day for indeed she was expecting all sorts of strange and funny things to happen that morning. The first two morning work and the following breakfast passed without any trouble for Gammie did her work and ate her breakfast just as she should and when the meal was ended they all went back to their work. Gammie was told by Gammie to follow everything that Mumnie does until the next evening to receive their instructions. When the over-keeper was gone Gammie said at once, "Supposin I would want

to run away from here some day how do you get away from here and find your way to the national library?"

"You go straight east but if you attempt it is like putting your head into a lion's mouth."

"But how do you see over there and away down to the Christian army?"

"You go on top of that big signal station over there open a little window and put your head out" Mumnie said amused.

"You can't see the Christian army over there" Gammie answered sadly.

"Of course you can. The soldiers won't allow you to do it I suppose and I can't help it. But when you see that big iron uniform over yonder and you ask them how you can climb one fast enough."

Gammie felt much better to know that the boy may do this for her. For this plantation seemed to her like a prison and she could hardly resist the desire to run away. But she must not tell the boy this at all.

December 15 1926

and while the overseen was gone Minnie began to ask Jammie about her old home and the master she had been taken from and Jammie of course was glad to tell of the mountain plantation and of the master she still believes is Manley and of the child slaves she had been with of the separate huts near the plantation and of everything she was so fond of.

In the meantime officials for the inspection of child slaves arrived. The overseen Gringore did not at once lead these officials into the plantation as he usually did because he wanted to talk with them first. So he asked them to come into his quarters where he sat down before them and told them in great excitement of the awful situation he was in and how it had all come about.

He said he had telegraphed some time before this to Mr St Clare who was making quite a stay in Manley lines telling him how for a long while he needed

an extra slave to assist Jammie at her work - Now he himself had felt such a child slave would be a spur to Jammie in her work and keep her from being lonely or from idleness most of the time. So he had bought her and was a very good one for Jammie since he was very glad to have someone help him with the crippled girl a task that he would not trust to other child slaves and which was often too much for him alone at that.

St Clare had answered his message by telegraph saying he would be glad to do so. He asked if the new slave was treated in every way like the other slaves. He telegraphed that he did not wish any of his slaves to escape and any of any kind and not one of the slaves are allowed in the private houses. And I think that was a most unnecessary thing for St Clare to say. Gringore added "for why should I allow a slave in his own house?"

With that Gringore went on to say how terribly he had been disappointed in the slave child. He told whether true or not all the strange and foolish things Jammie

had done so far to prove not only that the officials would be disappointed in her, but that from every possible point her training must start at the very beginning.

Gringore said that he saw only one way out of this difficulty and that was for the officials to explain to St. Clare it was impossible to keep two child slaves together without doing real harm to the whole tribe of slaves. This he thought might be reason enough for St. Clare to put an end to the business.

And it was positive the he would then agree to have the child sent back to where she had come from. But Gringore of course did not feel he could do this without the consent of his employer since he knew of the arrival of the slave child.

Now the inspection officials were very strict persons and never decided anything quickly.

So he said comforting things to the overseer and thought perhaps they would find that if the slave child was not so bright

in some ways she was sure to be well advanced in others.

They felt they might be able to even things up by being careful of her ways and how she worked now when Gringore saw that the officials was not going to stand by him but was going to allow her to remain he opened the door for them and when they were gone remained in the inside for he disliked inspections very much.

Then he walked with great strides up and down the room for he had to decide how the overseers and the other slaves were to address Jannine. St. Clare had telegraphed that Jannine was to be treated as the other slaves and this command of his had especial reference to the other overseers the foreman thought. But he did not have long to think things over in peace because all at once there came from outside a terrible noise like that of an explosion and a terrible crash of falling objects and then a confused cry to the overseers for help and his name mentioned.

I immediately he rushed outside I here on the ground near the edge of the plantation lay an enormous tree from which under were crawling a large number of the slaves. Jammie had disappeared.

"Now those Christian dogs have done it" cried Gringore stamping his foot furiously, "shelling the camp of the slaves they're fighting to free such a thing never happened before. And it's all because of that imp of Satan Jammie. She's a child of the misfortune gone that's all there is about it."

The other overseers quite scared and confused stared at the work of ruin. All though they were quite brave this was very shocking. But the other child slaves was looking at these strange events and their results in excitement and high glee. One of them explained how it all happened.

"Oh a explosive shell did it fast enough but surely Jammie was not responsible."

But I don't think she meant to run away. The explosion and the tree falling so near her gave her an awful scare. And she was in such an awful hurry to get away before the tree fell on her that she didn't seem to know where she ran to. The branches caught her any-how. I guess she never saw a falling tree before."

"Isn't that just what I was telling you" he said to the terrified overseers.

The Christian dogs haven't the first idea about things over here. She haven't the least idea what a slave camp is and that their accursed shells will land here. But where is that little imp of Satan Jammie. If she has ran away in her fright what on earth will most slave seeing a tread under a branch she ran to the fallen tree. Here under a large branch Jammie was just working herself out not the least terrified from her experience and fearing in confusion in all directions.

"What's the matter with

your? What were you thinking of to stand so near this tree in the first place out here where you don't belong. How can you run off in such a manner?" the overseer shouted.

I wasn't standing near the tree. I heard the shell come but I couldn't see where it landed there was so much smoke and I didn't see the tree falling toward me. Jannine answered. She was looking with astonishment in the direction where the shell came from. I couldn't see the tree falling your way. So you think you can make us think you are blind? What silly notions. Come back to the rest."

Grimore retraced retraced his steps. Jannine followed meekly after and was very much surprised at the great havoc the shell had created near the plantation and so wild had been her haste to escape the shell she had not noticed where she was running and was caught by the branch

of the falling tree which knocked her down. No one was injured however.

"You can do a thing like that once but no more" the overseer said. During your working hours keep away from the road way and see that you remain here and pay attention to your work. If you can't obey orders I shall have to tie you to a tree and give you a good lashing. Do you hear me?"

"Yes" Jannine answered. "And I'll remain very quiet now." In at last she understood it was the strict rule to remain at her work not to leave the spot when the work was to be done. It fit. Now a number of soldiers came with a number of horses to start removing the tree. The overseers had departed because they feared another shell. It was finally decided to remove the slaves to safer quarters for fear of shell fire and so this was done and therefore Jannine could bury herself in any way she wanted to. Grimore had explained all that in the morning.

So when Jannine saw all the other slaves going to their quarters after the excitement caused by the shell and after the overseers went to their own places she felt sure she was able to do as she pleased. His thought suited her to a perfect T. because there was something in her mind that she had an overpowering desire to try but she felt sure she could not do it without help. So she placed herself in the middle of the road way close by the plantation in order that the boy scout she wanted to see might not escape her.

And sure enough after a short wait a few rebel boy scouts came trotting down the road one leading a pair of horses by the bridle, for they were just returning from some trip. When they were near enough Jannine went up to one of them and said:

"Boy scout no 1."

The lad opened his eyes as wide as they would go and said very crossly:

"Whats that you calling me you little brat?"

"I would like to ask you

something very important only its nothing bad that'll make you mad at me." Jannine added gently. because she noticed the boy scout seemed a little angry as if she had said something naughty to him.

All right slave. But first I should like to know about that "Boy scout number one" the boy answered still crossly.

"Oh thats what I always have to call you" Jannine declared. Mr. Gaininger told me to."

At that both the boy scouts fairly screamed with laughter and so terribly loud that Jannine looked at them in surprise for she had not seen anything funny.

"And my name is not "Little brat" either" the slave child said in her turn a little angry. "My name is Jannine."

"So it might be. But our generals have ordered us to call all child slaves "little brats" the boy scout declared.

Oh they did then that also must be my name "Jannine" said obediently. For she had now believed that everything must go just as all the Y. C. L. am delinian generals say. So now I have five names.

she said with a sigh
 "But what is it that the little
 slave wanted to ask?" the boy went
 said.

"I'd like to see a signal station
 so I could see even so far."

"There's one way over yonder"

said the boy.
 "Show me how to reach it will
 you?"

"Here's the way you go" said he,
 and he directed her as far as
 he was able pointing in several
 directions with his hand. Jannie
 looked toward where he pointed and
 then stood on a stump but she
 was too small to see so far. She
 really did not look in the right
 direction.

"There over yonder. There's one
 on that hill there. Way up there
 you can peer out and see what's
 down below" said the lad. And he
 pointed in that direction. Jannie
 looked where he indicated and
 this news made her feel happier
 for she thought she could at
 last have the look she had
 so longed for. But with a gesture
 of disappointment she drew in
 her head again at away at
 once.

"It's too far to go way up there" Jannie
 said pitifully. But if I go some-
 where else boy what is there
 to see from there?

"Just the same thing" he answered.

But where do you go to find the nearest
 signal station to see far far across the valley?"
 "For that you have to climb that high signal
 station on top of that hill as I told you.
 That one over there with the gilt flag
 pole above its platform. From up there
 you can see even so far."

Now Jannie jumped down quickly
 from the stump ran out of the child
 slave camp and started toward the high
 hill. But the affair did not turn out
 as she thought it would. As she had
 seen the signal tower from the road
 it had seemed as if she would only
 have to cross a field to find it right
 in front of her. But poor Jannie
 walked down the whole length of
 the long Company street without
 even coming to the signal station.
 And she surely could not find the
 tower anywhere else.

Down one Company Street after an-
 other she walked on and on with
 soldiers looking curiously at her but
 still there was no signal station.
 A great many soldiers passed her
 but they either were surly or seemed
 to be in so much of a hurry
 that Jannie was positive they would
 have no time to direct her. If
 she really had asked however she
 would have got herself into serious
 trouble. Just then she noticed a
 sweet faced lad standing beside
 his horse near a tent. Jannie
 ran to him.

"Where's the signal station with the

high golden flag pole on top of it?" she asked.

"I'm not allowed to tell no one" said the boy.

"But who'll tell me where it is?"

"No one."

"Don't you know of any signal station with a high tower?"

"Surely."

"Come on then and show it to me."

The boyscouts usually are not allowed to show such a tower to strangers. If you want me to lead you to one first tell me who you are and why you want to do this."

This she did not like to do. Thinking to bribe the boy she felt around in one of her pockets and drew out a small wondrous book on the cover of which a pretty wreath of red roses was painted. First she gazed at it a little while for really she had no desire to sacrifice it. Minnie had given it to her the evening before. But oh to look down upon the distant camp of the Christian armies.

"I'll give you this if you'll show me" Gannie said holding out the book. "Would you like me to give you this?" The boy shook his head.

"What do you want then?" Gannie asked as she put the little book gladly in her pocket.

"I want to know you first." But why should I tell you who I am? Anyway you are a boy and I am a girl."

"Yes but aren't you a slave?"

"I do not deny it, but just the same you should do me the favor when I offer you something for it."

"Tell me why then. What do you want to do up there?" the boy asked.

"To see down every where."

"I haven't the nerve to take you but I will on one condition."

"What is that?"

"Pretend you're my slave."

"Come on then."

So the two wandered down the company street and on the way Gannie asked her companion why he was wearing a uniform like the soldiers. She wondered if boys fought in the battles too. He told her he was a boyscout but that he did not fight in the battles. Suddenly in a large clear empty space they were standing before a very tall signal station with a wide platform on top. The lad halted and said: "Here you are."

But how can I climb up?"
 Jannie asked when she observed the queer construction of the structure.

"Climb that long ladder of course" was the answer.

"But how can I climb?"

"Don't know."

"Do you think you think I could signal here the way they do when they call for an officer?"

"Don't you do it?"

"Why?"

"You'll get discouraged."

"Why?"

"Don't know."

"What do you know?" thought Jannie to herself. Then she noticed a rope hanging down from above and not at all thinking of the consequences she pulled at with all her might.

"You must wait down here for me while I'm up on the platform. I don't know the way back to St. Clare's plantation any more and you'll have to show it me."

"I dare to? Not on your life, slavery. I to only if I choose to so."

"I'll give you something if you do."

"Yes? What will you give me if I do?"

"What must I give you?"
 "Money."

"How much do I have to?"

"Fifty five Pazagas."

"Fifty five what?"

"Pazagas."

"But what is that? I never heard of that before."

"Why its money, Glandelinian money."

"But I haven't got it. I have a little which some one gave me but not that kind you say."

"Then find your own way back. I'll write you the directions and if you follow them correctly you won't get lost."

Just then some officers in greatly decorated uniforms rode up. They halted the horses and looked at the children first in surprise and then in some anger.

He shouted at them:

"What are you doing here you two. How dare you pull that rope. Can't you kids read on that board what stands above your heads. For those who wish to climb the ladder signal an officer first?"

The boy scout pointed at Jannie.

"To climb to the top of

the signal station is just what I want to do" Gannie said.

"What? — Why in Neptune do you want to go up there and what business have you up there?" asked the Glandelinian officer. And by gad are you not a slave?

"Yes sir" "Well did your master send you for any purpose?"

"No" the child said. "I only wish to go up to the top so I could see down."

"Say to whom do you belong? I'll see that you're sent back. I'll report you to your master for playing tricks like that. And if you do it again you won't get off so easily next time."

With these words the officer blew a whistle to summon some soldiers. But Gannie held fast to the horses' reins and said in a most pleading voice —

"Oh please let me just this time."

The other officer looked down and saw Gannie's eyes fixed on that of his comrade so pitifully, that he said:

"Oh have a heart. Lieutenant Petre. Set her

climb up just this once. It won't hurt and our general need not know about it."

"What?" said his comrade. "How can this child climb up that 250 foot ladder. Nothing doing. She'll make a misstep and fall to her death. And then her owner will make us pay for the loss."

"But lieutenant Petre, why not go up with her?"

"Well all right if she wants to go up so badly, as all that Captain well alright" And he dismounted and said to her.

"Come on."

The boy scout sat on a stump before the signal tower, and when asked said he did not wish to go along with them. The officer had Gannie tied to his back for he would not risk her to climb herself and then started scaling the long ladder that reached all the way to the top. They kept going higher until fifteen minutes later they were at the top. A soldier who had accompanied them untied Gannie and then the officer lifted Gannie up to the little window in the wall surrounding

the platform which was a shield against gunfire.

"Now you can see far down below and away into the distance", he said.

Jannie looked down upon a sea of tents and observed far away to the west long queerly constructed houses and tents of a dull gray color and a little stream below. Then she looked eastward and saw far across the stream another sea of tents of varied striped colors with strangely colored flags unlike those of those of the camp she was in fluttering in the air.

In one way it was an excellent view but she felt sure she had not seen the Christian camp and therefore she drew her head quickly back again and said much disappointed:

"I do not see what I came up for. And it's not exactly like what I expected to see."

"That is just what I thought" said the officer. "Yet what can a little slave like you know about views. Well we have to be going down now but see that you

never come near a signal station again. It really is not allowed and I really took chances bringing you up here."

He sat Jannie down on the floor of the platform, she was again strapped to his back and he again went down the ladder until he reached the ground, and she was released from his back. Not far from where the ladder touched the ground there was a small group of child scouts who had watched the climb and the descent.

Behind the tower near them stood magnificent houses, before which a fair faced boy was standing and looking intently at her.

Never as long as she had been a slave had Jannie saw boy-scouts like this group and they seemed to be looking at her as if they wished the little slave to know she must never go up the ladder of the signal station again or mix herself up in the affair of the signal corps.

Jannie stood stock still and looked surprisedly at them for in all her days of slavery she had never seen such unusually handsome boy-scouts and there were eight of them.

Just like the Christian army there were in the Glanlinian child scouts whole troops of them, who either had left home merely to see the war and for the sake of a adventure or who were elder child slaves forced into the service against their will. And when ever slaves grew old enough the officers had no trouble in fetching to the army a half dozen selected ones every day of the week. The officers saw Jannies surprise and he said:

"Come on, those scouts won't hurt you while I'm here though they're angry because you went up. But if you are not afraid go over and talk to them if you want to."

Jannie slowly walked over to the group of child scouts and fairly squealed with happy excitement over their appearance.

"Oh the cute little boy-scouts. What cunning uniforms they wear!" she cried again and again. She stood still and gazed intently as to be sure not to miss a single one of their uniforms.

"Do you know any of them?" asked one of the officers who smiled to see Jannie gazing at them so.

"No, but they are beautiful boys" Jannie said. She was so excited she could scarcely believe they were really boys.

"Yes of course. They are very beautiful boys" said the officer looking at them keenly. They look strange to me for boys and more so suspicious too. You can tell it too by their appearance too. But who ever they are it is not any of my affair."

He was glad of a chance to pass up the matter without doing the strange boys harm. Jannie was very happy to gaze at them. Why she had never seen such beautiful boys. And not thinking them scouts she thought there would be lots of room for the boys in St. Claire's plantation. And wouldn't Mummy be amazed and delighted when they would come.

"Don't you wish they were slaves too and could come as your companions your very own?" asked the Lieutenant.

All of them in my camp for keeps?" Jannie said. She was so excited she

could scarcely believe her good fortune.

"I'll allow them to accompany you as an escort. But they are not slaves," the captain himself said. "They will go along with you if you find the way for them."

"But how can I take them when I do not know the way back to my master's place?" Gammie asked.

The boy scout who brought you here will show you where to go," the officer said. "Who is your master?"

"Mr Augustina St Clare. He owns a great plantation. It is a place in north east of Manley's camp."

She needed not tell the officer that on both the Captain and the lieutenant knew every child slave plantation in the Glendelinian camp. Besides Augustina St Clare was an old friend of the captain.

"Oh I know," said the captain. "But whom shall I introduce these boy scouts to? Shall you? You don't belong to

Augustina St Clare do you?" "Yes. But Monnie will be so delighted when the beautiful boy scouts come to pay her a visit."

The officer was going to ride away but Gammie just could not tear herself away from the interesting scene before her.

"If you would only asked them to come along with me. Do you think you could?"

"Just wait a second and ask them," said the officer in boots toots hoots shoots foots. He rode over to them - spoke to them for several moments and then returning to Gammie said:

"They'll be glad to go along with her."

Gammie's eyes shone with happiness. She beckoned to them to follow her and then coming up to the

lad who was still sitting on the stump she said -

"Which is the way to Mr St Clare's plantation?"

"Don't know" was the answer.

Then Gammie began to describe for him as well as she could the many huts what grows there the formation of his house the windows and the steps but the lad shook her head at her all her talking.

He knew nothing about what she was saying.

"You see Gannie went on describing from the road near the plantation you see a large red painted house and the roof appears like this -

With a stick she picked up she drew designs of the roof as well as she knew how and after he gave one good look the lad sprang to his feet. He only needed directions of that kind to find his way. He ordered a horse mounted it and slowly rode off with Gannie and the others following. He would have liked to invite Gannie to ride with him but because she was a child slave and he was a scout it was not allowed and under penalty.

Gannie kept running straight ahead after him and the eight other scouts right after her on horse back and within half an hour they were in the plantation and stood before her hut.

As soon as Gannie was in front of her hut, one of the overseers appeared and called out impatiently.

Hurry up Gannie to St. Claires house. Hurry up.

Gannie went over to the place as fast as she could raced up the steps and went in and the overseer closed the door. He had not noticed the nine lads were who were standing outside.

"Quick Gannie for Jupiters sake" the overseer kept begging her. Right in the receiving room. He wants to see you. Mr. Gringore looks like like a lion suffering from hydrophobia. Whatever made little Gannie run away like that?

Gannie walked into the receiving room. Gringore was standing by a window and as she entered he did not move. The overseer said nothing and there was an unpleasant silence. James directed her to a chair. The moment she was seated the head overseer began to speak, as he now turned around. His face was very stern and his voice very solemn. Gannie Sillian Francis she said: "I will have you attended to afterward, but

Just now I will only say that you have done us a very serious injustice and really ought to be severely punished for leaving the plantation without telling the overseers and asking my (position) permission and keeping out late in the evening. You the first slave that ever did such a mean thing to us."

"You Glandelinians are dirty dogs" said a voice as if in answer.

At that the head overseer grew angry indeed.

"What, Jammie" she cried, and his voice kept rising higher "you dare say such words to me after all your bad behavior. You had better look out I warn you."

I didn't say "Jammie began.

What do you Glandelinians think you are cats. You say M-e-o-w M-e-o-w and nothing else."

The other overseer looked serious indeed.

"What will do" Gringore tried to say but he had lost his voice in his excitement and anger.

Get up and leave this house" he cried after a moment.

Very much scared Jammie arose up from her chair and once more tried to explain.

I didn't say anything. The Glandelinians call us Christian dogs but they themselves are only pussy cats."

"But Jammie" the other overseer said rather severely "really when you see how cross you are making Mr. Gringore why do you keep on answering him that way so often?"

"But I'm not doing it" Jammie was at last able to say loudly enough to be heard.

"It must be some Christian spy."

"What's that? What are you saying Christian dogs spy- ing in upon us." cried

the overseer. "James" turn- ing to his assistant help

Get your men to search this house and capture the spy. We must get rid of them. And keep all the slaves under close guard."

And James shook head long into the hallway and started calling for the others to help him secure the spy which

to him, were the most awful men in all creation. One of the other overseers was standing outside the door of his own room, but as Janner called him, he came to his assistance. He had his suspicions however that it had been a child spy, for while he had been standing near his window he had suddenly perceived a fair faced boy peering in at him cautiously and had been expecting the scene that was to come. When it arrived he was ready to lend a hand in the frenzied search.

While the search was on Jannie ran out and went to Mummy.

"You must help us," Mummy said to one of the fair faced boy scouts. "You'll have to find a hiding place for Jannie where Mr. Grimgoe won't see her after working hours. For he'll blame the coming of the spy on her and will put the punishment on her. But I want to keep her out of his way whenever working hours are over as he cannot do anything

to her then. Where can you hide her?"

"I'll tend to that all morn," the boy scout said good naturedly. "I'll make a fine bed for her in another place and put her in a place that this terrible Grimgoe will never discover. Trust that to me."

One of the other child slaves kept giggling a little every now and then as he went on with his work, for he thought "There's going to be trouble with that spy as sure as you're born." Which did not displease this lad for he liked to see Mr. Grimgoe get excited.

After some time when it was close to evening an officer in a gray uniform came up to the plantation and asked Mummy - "Was a spy been seen here?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said.

The special punishment Grimgoe intended for Jannie was forgotten that day. And that evening Grimgoe felt too worn out by the excitement of the search and by the moods of anger and rage which Jannie

without meaning to had caused him. He retired in silence and Gammie followed the boy scout contentedly because she knew she would be safe from Mr Gringore's anger. He waited for her all this while while she was finishing her work, and now quickly and quietly he disappeared with her.

An unusual amount of excitement in St. Claire's plant -

Gringore had hardly opened the front door the following morning for the special inspector of child slaves and let him into the main reception room when again the door bell rang but with such a noise and vehemence that the overseer almost fell down the stairs in his hurry to answer it.

"It must be Mr St. Claire for he's the only one who rings like that," thought Gringore. "He must have come back from Manley's lines ahead of time."

He flung the door open. A tall surly faced Glandelinian boy scout with a handsome uniform on stood before him.

"I want to know if the Vivian Girls were here?" the boy asked.

"The Vivian Girls? What do you mean?" the overseer asked excitedly and why did you ring as if you were going to break in? and why do you think they're here?"

"I was sent by Manley to shadow them. They are seven in number and are princesses of Abbrumia."

"Why do you mean these dirty little Christian spies, daughters of the Emperor who is known as general Verran? And my soldier boy Don't you know that this is a very strange place to be looking for them. And what's the reason you want to see them for anyway?"

"They were spying. They came here with Jammie yesterday evening. I followed them" the boy scout explained.

"Why had you must be out of your mind. What makes you think the Verran girl spies were here?"

"I trailed or shadowed them here from Manley's lines and then they went over to a certain signal station where they met Jammie and who brought them here - that makes proof for certain."

"Just to show what an awful mistake you're making there are no uniformed girls within this camp and to prove it I'll show you around. One of the slaves is pretty but she's not able to walk without crutches. Come I'll

show you through the camp if you do not believe it."

But the boy scout was not in the least discouraged. He did not move from the spot and he said calmly: "Just the same I saw them follow Jammie here. I'll tell what they looked like. They were dressed like us boy scouts but so good looking as to be easily suspected. They each had golden hair and their eyes are blue and they cannot talk the way we do."

"Ho!" thought Grangore and chuckled to himself. "So these Verran girls have been up to more mischief and Jammie also was with them." Then he invited the boy scout inside and said:

"I believe you are right. Follow me but wait outside the hall door until I come back again. If I question Jammie you must not say anything about it right away. The other slaves must not hear of it."

The crossed went into where the inspector was waiting.

"Here's a uniformed lad

here who was sent by Gen. Manley to locate the "Virnam Girl spies?" Grim-gore said gravely.

The inspector was much surprised to have such an unusual thing happen.

Tell him to come right in, he said. "You don't mind Mr. Grim-gore if he wants to give me the message in person?"

The boy scout had already entered and just as he was told to he began to give a description of the way those he had been sent to shadow were dressed. In order not to interrupt the lad Grim-gore had gone to call Jannie to question her.

While he was doing so in his room he also had her busy at different tasks in his private room. Suddenly he pricked up his ears.

Did those strange sounds come in from the outside. But they seemed to be so close to him and inside the house too. How could the sound of strange children talk so loudly

in commanding tones possibly be coming from the receiving room and still they really seemed.

He paced across the hall till he reached the receiving room and then open the door.

Would you believe it - there in the middle of the receiving room were eight beautiful children too pretty to be really boys and yet they were dressed as boys scouts of the Glandelinian army. And three of them had the inspector tied covered with pistoles another was tying him to a chair while the others were ransacking the room evidently looking for something.

The inspector evidently was trying to speak but those who covered him were threatening to shoot if he even made the slightest sound. Jannie and another girl slave were looking on with curious incident interest.

"Why don't you stop them? Stop them right away!" The overseer called to them. But the little slaves did not think it safe to interfere. So the overseer ran straight into the room. But suddenly he felt something touch him on the right side. He looked that way

One of the pretty boys was standing beside him, jabbing a pistol into his side. The overseer jumped high into the air as he had not done in a lifetime and screamed at the top of his voice.

"Gungore, Gungore. Every body spies, spies."

All at once the whole eight turned abruptly upon him, tied him to the inspector and then disappeared through the open windows. At this moment Gungore, having heard the call, came in. Jannie and the other girl were standing outside by the half-opened door and they were bent double with laughter at the appearance of the two men tied together on one little chair.

As Gungore untied them he said to the others who came in.

"Catch those spies if you can. They went out by the windows."

"Yes." And away with them all if you do capture them. Get rid of them on the spot. The other overseer called to them.

The men rushed out to obey the command willingly.

One of them drew Jannie and her companion away from the opened door with him. When he had them outside.

he said quite sternly, "I suspect you might have a hand in this. If it is so you'd better look out."

Then he closed the front door on them. Everything was quiet in the building while the whole plantation was being overhauled by the searchers and this time Mr Gungore remained with a party of soldiers in the building to make sure another invasion of spy boys should be made. He also planned to investigate the matter of the unseen entrance of these spies as soon as the work hours of the slaves was over and to punish the guilty ones in a way known to the wags of the wicked Glandelinians only.

Before long there was a knock on the door and one of the house slaves appeared with the news that a large party of boys, with persons were standing by the entrance and who they said wished to see Mr Gungore's special slave Minnie in person.

"To see me," said Minnie, turning very pale and frightened at him, not knowing what for. Please hide me at once as I do not wish to see any Glandelinian boys.

However Mr Gungore gave orders that they were to be admitted, and the house slave brought in sixteen boys, and went away again hurriedly.

"I think you'd better speak to them and find out why they want to see you for" said Mr Gringore. "yet you should have finished your work before this and then you'd have a longer time to see them"

Yet Minnie cast a fear-some look at this strange troop of boyscouts. They seemed majestic, dignified and girlish in appearance. And for the life of her she could not guess their mission or the intention of their coming.

For a full minute she remained in her chair without moving.

"Oh Mr Gringore" she sighed "if I might just receive them in my room privately so I could know what they want then I would not be afraid. and I'd be able to go right on with my work."

"In one way you might as well do as you wish" the chief overseer said - in another way you ought to interview them here.

The reason you wish to interview them in private that being some what afraid you are guilty of

guilty of something any way -

This speech was never finished. One of the windows was not fastened tightly and at this moment it was quietly shoved open and one two three little ragged looking girls jumped into the room and then four more and then even more. And they formed a circle around Gringore and the boyscouts as quick as cats at the motion of cats and in a moment the whole room were full of the little ragged girls. The boys then suddenly drew pistols said something to one of the girls in the circle and she stepped out. Then at a signal from her four others leaped at Gringore so suddenly that he fell to the floor with a crash. They pulled off his boots and flinging nothing in them threw them into a corner. They then pulled off his trousers, searched him and the room too for what they were after. Minnie was as terrified but said nothing and the confusion was fearful.

One of the other overseers stood by the open doorway too nervous to interfere with out help as those boys and girls were armed and he was not. In a moment he stood there speechless with horror and then he began to howl at the top of his voice for all the other overseers.

He could not even pluck up courage to enter the room because he feared all those boys and girls would spring upon him at once and kill him.

His repeated calls for help caused them all to jump out of the windows and also brought some of the overseers who had armed themselves.

But the children were gone. The overseers helped Gringore to his feet and he put on his trousers and boots.

Later on when Mr Gringore was some what rested from his excitement of the morning he called his overseer James to his room in order to talk over thoroughly the disgraceful things that had happened. And so

it was found out that the trip Jannie had made toward the signal station on the day before was the probable cause of the two raids by the Christian child scouts. The head of the overseers sat there his fingers so gripped that his face was white and for a time he was not able to think of any words that would express his feelings. He then ordered James out of his room and then he sent for Jannie who came a minute after. When turning to her while she stood near him and could not see what wrong she had done to him or the others.

"Jannie" he began in a very stern voice "There is one good punishment which would be severe enough for you because you are becoming a wild and independent girl and helping the Christian dogs. Your purpose I discover to mount that signal station was to see a way from up there to run away to the national lines. But I'll try and see if a good punishment by torture will cause you to become so tame

and submissive that you may never have nerve enough to try such tricks on us again." However Gammie listened quietly and in surprise to this judgement for she had never experienced such a thing as a fearful punishment by torture.

She had seen many child slaves severely punished in every way possible but no one had done it to her. Besides she was a little vixen when aroused and she really thought within herself "Just let them punish me if they dare and I will run away and betray the whole place to the nationals. But the overseer Garner said warningly -

"No, no, Mr Gringore we must wait until St Mr St Claire comes back. He telegraphed he was coming very soon. And then I'll tell him everything and he'll decide what must be done to Gammie."

Mr Gringore really could not object to Mr Augustus St Claire as the chief one of the judges in Gammie's case and all the more because he was going to return from Manila

lines very soon. So he arose and said very sternly -

"Very well I am willing. But I also shall say a few words to Mr St Claire. And with that he strode angrily out of the room."

There now followed two days of peace and quiet but Mr Gringore could not hardly recover from his excitement. He kept thinking always that he had been deceived in Gammie. And also he felt as everything had gone wrong since Gammie came to the plantation, he hated Eldon for bringing her even though he paid nothing for her and now that she was here things would always go wrong.

Yet Mimmie was very happy. She never felt dull any longer for Gammie made the working hours most amusing affairs. She could not really learn to do her work properly and always got something so badly mixed that the overseers stormed. And just as one of the overseers would be in the act of explaining what form of work she should do and to make this clear would

show her how Jannie would suddenly do the opposite. The directions of any one of the overseers awakened all sorts of strange notions in Jannie's small brain, but no idea of the work she was doing.

And in the later hours of the afternoon Jannie would sit for a while beside Minnie and tell her so much about the freedom within the Christian lines and the happy life there that she would become terribly sad and have an overpowering desire to run away and would end by declaring - "I really must try pretty soon to go over there. I certainly shall try to run away to morrow."

But when Jannie felt this way Minnie would quiet her by warning her about the punishment for running away and by saying that it was better for her to wait until Uncle Mr. St. Claire came back. Then he would see what was to be done about the matter. Maybe he'd sell her to a Christian general.

One thought that made her a little happy was that she kept secretly in her mind some thing that made her quite willing to give up her own peculiar ways and to be contented no matter what may happen. This was the thought that every added day that she remained on St. Claire's plantation there would be double the chance to run away successfully if she took the advantage.

On every day also there were rumors of the national raiders right, who captured a camp and took the slaves to the Christian lines. And any time these raiders might come there and she hoped so too, for they were never unsuccessful in the raids at any point.

Every day after dinner Jannie would sit all by herself when off from work for hours in her hut since in this plantation they did not permit her to run out of doors as she had used to on the other plantation belonging to the man she thought was Marley.

She understood this rule now and never dared to break it nor did she dare to speak to any of the

fellow child slaves during working and meal hours and at bed time for the overseers had strictly made it a severe and harsh penalty to do so and she did not even dream of having a chat with any of the Glan delirian boy and girl Scouts.

She always avoided these now if she could because if they did speak to her it was either in a mocking tone or insults and slurs and were forever deriding her. And Jammie saw clearly what they were up to and knew that they hated and derided her.

So Jammie would sit every day in the miserable hut spending her time off from work thinking how free she ought to be of how she would love to be adopted by some body who lived on a green mountain meadow and of seeing how all the beautiful flowers gleaming in the summer sun light.

She would picture herself playing with the free children and be in an army camp where there are good Christian soldiers

and not nasty old Glan delirians. And then Jammie would often feel as if she could not bear to be a slave any longer and had not Minnie said any one could run away if they desired to.

Then it came to pass that one beautiful day Jammie gave in to her desire of running away. So that evening after supper when it was quite dark she hurriedly packed up some food into an old pillow case put on some clothes which she unseen had taken from the main house put on a big hat formerly belonging to a woman and started forth.

But she had got no further than the road when her plan for escape was wrecked. She came upon Mr. Gringore on horse back who was just returning from a horse back ride. This man stopped and gazed at Jammie in amazement from head to toe. Mainly his look seemed to dwell on the clothes she had on when it is strictly forbidden for slaves to put on clothing except a scarf around their loins.

and then he gapped
 "Why are you dressed up
 like that? (and what do you
 mean by it anyway. I haven't
) and the other overseers strict-
 ly forbidden you to ever go
 outside the plantation camp
 again? Yet here you are
 trying to sneak away a
 second time and looking
 like a living bundle of
 rags."

"I wasn't going outside the
 camp. I was only going
 to the Christians." Gammie
 answered in a frightened
 way.

"Eh? What? Going to the
 Christian dogs? Going to the
 Christian dogs if you please?"
 Gringore's face turned white
 in his excitement "Run-
 ning away from the plan-
 tation? What frightful
 things would happen to
 you if Mr St. Claire
 should find it out. Try-
 ing to run away right
 from his plantation? You'd
 better see he doesn't
 learn about it. He'd have
 you whipped to death.
 And pray tell me what is
 there that you do not
 like in this plantation.
 Are you treated better
 as a slave in this

plantation than you can ever
 expect as a little slave. In
 other places you'd have the
 life worked out of you. And
 at this plantation is there
 anything you lack. Do we
 work you long hours make
 you get up early and whip
 you for every mistake like
 they do at other places.
 And did you ever in your
 life as a slave have as
 nice a sleeping quarters
 or such good wholesome
 food to eat or such good
 treatment as here? Tell
 me that?"

"No." Gammie answered.
 "And yet you act as if I do not
 know a thing about it." the chief
 overseer went on in an ex-
 cited tone "There is nothing
 that has not been given to
 you even though you are a
 slave. You are not abused or
 ill fed or lack any pleasures
 like slaves at other places
 are and yet you wish to
 run away. I cannot imagine
 such an ungrateful little
 girl. You are so well off
 you don't know your own
 good luck. And what would
 happen to you pray if
 the soldiers saw you run
 away. They'd burn you at
 the stake."

But poor Jannue could no longer hold back her great desire to be free and her loneliness for her father and mother. She burst out

"I just want to be a free kid. And I hear every one say that if I keep on being a slave any longer something dreadful will happen to me. And if I stay away from my father and mother any more they will go on grieving for me. And every one says our Blessed Lord is expecting me to come to Him. And the whole world is being torn by a dreadful war because I'm a slave and others are slaves. And Glandelinia will get a whipping if we are not free. And here you never see any one laugh or smile. And if the Christians should attack the Glandelinian camp they would fight ever so much harder because so many millions of children are still slaves and not allow them to go home where it is good for them to be." "Merciful heavens. The child slave has lost her mind!" Mr Gringore cried out. He

urged his horse down the road in terror and panic and in so doing almost rode one of the soldiers down who was crossing the road just then.

"Carry the unfortunate child back to her quarters" he called to the soldier as he halted his horse.

"Yes, yes all right. But next time look where you're going" the soldier answered.

With flaming eyes Jannue never moved from where she stood beside the road and she was shaking all over with nervous excitement.

"What are you doing out here this time slavy?" the soldier asked with a scowl. But however when he looked more closely at little Jannue who was standing very still and saw her look so piteous he stroked or patted her gently on the head and said-

"Oh bah. The little slavy must not feel so bad as all that or take things so seriously to heart. And anyway all of us Glandelinians are not so bad. Just be cheerful. That's the way to do and bye and bye all will come out all right. And didn't your master just this minute almost ride me down with

with his horse and I'm not down hearted about it. And any way you couldn't run away if you tried as they'd trail you down by blood hounds or ankships of which Manley has many. Well you are still on the same spot I see I'm sorry but I have to take you back in, at least he said so."

At that Jannie walked back into the plantation but slowly and wearily and not at all as she generally did. I thought he really was a Glandelynean soldier he was one of the few who were not bad and fierce like the others and really fought more for his country than for the continuation of child slavery. And there fore it made him very unhappy to watch her. He followed along behind and spoke encouraging words -

"You must not care so much about it. Your God will help you if you ask Him so don't be unhappy about it. I don't like to be in the army but I have to, and maybe get killed in battle too. But we must all be brave no matter what happens. And maybe some day you'll be made a

regular girl girl scout for you have been like a little soldier ever since you have been here while every one of us knows that many other little girl and boy slaves of your very age weep many times a day even while at work. Your fellow slaves must be having their moon ham meal by now. After a bit you'll feel better and your little girl friend will do something for you when Mr Gringore is not around to see."

Jannie nodded her head a little but so slowly and sadly that it went straight to the soldier's heart. He looked at her with much sympathy as she slunk off to her shal & shack.

At supper that evening Mr Gringore did not say a word as he waited on the long table at which the slaves ate. But he kept casting strangely keen glances at Jannie as if she was really losing her mind and as if he feared she might at any moment do something quite unexpected or make another attempt to run away.

For her part however Jammie sat still at the table as quiet as a mouse and never made a move. However she did not eat or drink anything. An hour after supper when the inspector came up the road to see Mr Gringore the overseer beckoned to him to go into his house with him. And there he told him how greatly he had the suspicion that the frequent change of masters for Jammie the change of scenes and the new manner of living as a slave had made the child become mentally unbalanced. He told him of Jammie trying to desert to the Christian lines and he repeated all the strange words of Jammie as far as he could remember.

But the inspector thought different, he had no heart for any slave. He therefore said that he was well aware one way that the overseer was too easy with the slaves that Jammie was high spirited strong willed and yet a little odd and yet she was not feeble minded and certainly was in her right mind. He felt

sure that little by little with the right kind of severity the overseer could restore her to a proper frame of mind and this was what she had in view all along. He thought her case was worse just now because Mr Gringore had not been stern enough with her and that she was taking advantage of him.

After this talk Mr Gringore felt much calmer and excused his assistant to go on his inspection. But he did not know what to do for he knew that from harsh treatment and heavy work one fourth of all child slaves all over were half wits or totally insane. Later that afternoon he suddenly remembered the queer clothes Jammie had worn when she was trying to run away and he made up his mind to remove these so that if she ever did run away she would have to do it almost totally naked and then she would not be able to go far. He talked this over with his other overseers and when he found out they agreed with him

and thought it wiser not to allow her any clothes, linen or hat, the chief overseer while she was at work went up to Jammie's hut in order to look over her small possessions and see which of her clothes should be kept and which should be disposed of. But he was out again in a very few minutes carrying something in his hands and looking very much disgusted. He went to his highest overseer.

"Can you guess what I have found in Jammie's shack James?" he cried loud enough for every one to hear. "Such a thing as I never expected to see in all my life. In Jammie's shack - can you see her clothes closet in the bottom of this closet James can you guess what I found. It's crazy black covered book. Yes James she has the nerve to keep a Catholic Bible hidden in her closet. A big thrashy bible stowed away. If Mr. St. Claire should see this you'd think from his anger a tornado swept

the whole plantation."

With that Mr. Gringore called to one of the elder slaves who was at work on the edge of the field.

"Hoblock take this bible and burn it will you and also the old clothes that's in Jammie's hut. Be sure everything's destroyed."

"No no" Jammie screamed. "I must keep the old clothes and the bible is my own property. If you take it it is stealing."

Jammie tried to rush after Hoblock but Gringore held her in a firm grip.

"You stay here and act sensible," said Gringore. "I'm not doing this for mean ness but for you. If St. Claire finds this out he'll kill you so save you. I'll have to destroy it," he added as he hung on to Jammie. In one way however he done wrong, wrong and in another he was right. If St. Claire found it in her possession he'd have been like a rattlesnake to her and Gringore knew it and if there was a place to hide it he would gladly do so instead of destroying

it. But there was no means of concealing it. Seeing that it was useless Janneth threw herself down on the ground and began to weep. Her wailing grew louder and more bitter and she kept crying over and over in her grief.

"Now I won't have any good book to read. It was mine and now it's gone. I hate the Glandelians and I will surely run away if I die for it." and Janneth sobbed as if her little heart would break. Mr. Gringore ran from the plantation. Mamma was so scared.

"Please Janneth dear don't cry so wildly." she begged and listen to me. I will here I promise as many books as I can find which I'll give you when no one sees me or even more of them and they'll be good books too while yours would have got you into serious trouble. It is against the law for us slaves anyway to have anything religious among us. But you'll get another bible some day. Just don't cry so, Janneth."

It was a very long time before Janneth could hold back her sobs. But all the while she understood that Mamma was trying to comfort her and therefore it was a great help to her or she would never have stopped crying. And poor Janneth had to be told quite often about her getting her a new bible and asked Mamma again and again while her speech was still interrupted by sobbing. "Surely you'll get me the new bible as soon as you can?"

Each time Mamma answered. "I don't cross my heart, I will and more than one too if only you won't be sad any longer."

Janneth's eyes were still red from weeping when she was again at supper and when she thought of her lost bible she would start sobbing anew. But this time she held on to herself for she knew that one must be very quiet at the supper table. Now while she was trying to eat and when no one was looking observed her looking

his way he could have been seen to act in the strangest manner. He would point first at the table and then with one finger try to describe something in box like form. And then he would nod and wink as if he wanted to say:

"Don't you care Gammie, I saw what it was and was looking out for every thing."

Later on when Gammie went to her hut and was going to creep into bed, why under her straw mattress lay the bible. She pulled it out and glanced over it delightfully looking through it even more in a fit of joy wrapped it up in a handkerchief and thrust it out of sight far back in her closet.

It was noblack who had hidden the little bible under the mattress. Instead of destroying it as he had been commanded he had after all saved it for Gammie to her great delight and that is what he was trying to tell her during

supper to cheer her up. He had heard Gammie's cries of grief and so he had gone off to one side side of the plantation started a bon fire threw some rubbish on it and then when no one was watching hid the book under the mattress. He did not even burn the old clothes but hid them also.

The child slave master
 is told of strange happen-
 ing while he had
 been away

Two days after the past
 happenings there was
 great excitement in
 St. Claire's plantation.
 and in his own house-
 hold. All the overseers
 were racing up and down
 the stairs and back
 and forth while the
 slaves outside were work-
 ing faster than ever
 for the master, the child
 slave owner had just
 returned from Manley's
 lines. Gringore and James
 were bringing in one
 bundle after another
 from the well filled
 wagon for Mr.
 Augustinia St. Claire always
 brought provisions home
 with him.

First of all he went
 into the plantation
 to make his rounds
 for this was the late
 afternoon hour when
 the work was being
 done at its best. The
 overseers welcomed him
 with great respect for
 thought they really did
 not like him because
 he was very severe
 and savage they were
 forced to respect him or

suffer the consequence. He
 only greeted them coldly
 as something far beneath
 his notice, but he was
 much more attentive to James
 and Gringore. When seeing
 Jannie he looked her over
 from top to bottom told her
 to stand straight and said:
 "So you are the new
 kid eh? Come stand in front
 of me close to me you
 hear and not so far off.
 Now tell me one thing are
 you a good worker. And
 are you and your fellow
 slaves good and well
 behaving. You don't quarrel
 and get cross with the over-
 seers do you?"

No, the overseers are
 always good to be" Jannie
 answered hesitatingly
 for she at a glance saw
 she would not like
 this man. He was tall
 had a brutal face and
 was fairly erupting
 tobacco juice from his
 mouth with great force
 and noise. He was a
 powerfully built man
 had enormous hands
 and almost had the
 rediculous face of the
 hunch back of Notre Dame
 himself. Minnie spoke up -

"And Jannie hasn't even once tried to save the over-seers Mr St Claire" he added quickly.

"That's good for her but bad for you" said St Claire. "When I want you to speak I'll ask you to you crippled as 'them' to Gringore. I must get a bite to eat for I haven't had a thing all day. I'm hungry and fix my supper. I'll come out here again and see how things are."

Mr St Claire then went into the dining room where Mr Gringore was looking over the table which was laid for his supper. However when he had been seated Gringore appeared to be a living image of bad tidings and as he took his place across from him the child slave master turned to him and said:

"Why Mr Gringore what ails you? What's troubling you. You surely have an alarming look on your face to welcome me at supper with."

"What can be the matter? The slaves seems in the

best of health and have brought in a good harvest."

Mr Gringore answered very seriously.

Mr St Claire. "all the slaves are that way too. They are catching it too. We have been dreadfully dreadfully chap cheated."

"In what way?" Mr St Claire asked quietly taking a draught of strong coffee and biting into a piece of bread like a hog.

"Why we decided as you know to have an extra slave to help Minnie along with her work. And I surely knew how set you were on having only well refined slaves in your plantation and there fore I decided on a young slave belonging to a general. And I fully expected to see such a slave as I have heard so often about a little girl you know born brought from a high class Gladelman general who has his slaves well trained."

"Still I suppose" Mr St Claire could not help saying - "even slaves belonging

to a Glandelinian general
are not a way worth what
they are said to be or they
would not cause you any
trouble."

"Oh you know what?
mean sir" Mr Gringore
continued. "One of these
slaves that care for
another not so strong
as yourself herself."

"But what would you
do with Jannie in the
meantime?"

Please Mr St. Claire this
is not a thing to joke
about. Indeed the matter
is much more serious
to me than you can
even imagine. I and
all the others have been
terribly, really terribly
imposed upon."

"But what is so terrible
after all? The child slaves
look all right to me."
Mr St. Claire said de-
cidedly.

"There's just one thing
I simply must tell you
sir. You've no idea the
sort of Christian spies
this child has filled
your very house with
while you were away.
I'll leave that for the
inspector to tell you."

With Christian spies? Why
what do you mean by that?"

"I am not able to explain
it that's all. None of the acts
can be explained unless
you believe that she secretly
is in league with the little
Christian spies known as
the Virgin Girls."

Until this moment Mr St.
Claire had not paid much
attention to the chief overseers
words but if Jannie was
bringing dangerous Christian
spies within his own plant-
ation that was another mat-
ter. That might be very
serious for him, for he could
be blamed for the
invasion of spies. He looked
quite closely at Mr Gringore
to make sure that he
was not joking. The door
was opened just then
and the overseer himself
appeared.

"Ah here comes Mr. Wood
to tell us all about it."

Mr St. Claire greeted the
new arrival. "Come in
won't you please and
sit down by me," and
he stretched out a hand
of welcome. The in-
spector will drink a
cup of black coffee with
me. Mr Gringore sit down

sir and make yourself quite
 at home. And now tell me
 please what is said to be
 wrong with the new child
 slave who is brought here
 by Deldon to be Mildred's
 companion and special
 slave. What is all this
 I hear about spy kids
 from the Christian lines
 being brought into the house
 and what sort of a girl
 is she? Is she really
 a slave or one of the
 Vivian Girls cleverly dis-
 guised?

His overseer student was
 a man who could never
 give a direct answer
 to a simple question. First
 he had to tell Mr St
 Claire that he was very
 glad to see him back
 and to say that he had
 come with the purpose
 to bid him welcome.

But Mr St Claire in a surly
 tone and with a scowl
 urged him to stick to the
 point and therefore
 the inspector began -

"I'm telling you sir what
 I think of the character
 of this young child slave
 I shall and will have
 to say once and for
 all that she is a new

January 4 1927

slave brought here by Deldon
 much against Mr Gringores
 will. And as she was not
 fully brought up properly by
 her former masters there-
 fore shall have to say first
 of all especially that even
 if one the one hand she
 shows through ignorance
 that her instructions is
 of no avail -

Mr St Claire shook his
 head in mild despair
 — either caused by lack of
 mental growth caused per-
 haps by the fact that her
 years of living as a child
 slave was begun some-
 what late, or by her desire
 to be a free child and be-
 longing to her father and
 mother, or perhaps it is
 better to say caused by the
 more or less quiet life which
 she led when belonging
 to general Izner Mylette -
 "I wonder if the inspector
 has gone 'crazy' thought

"Mr St Claire
 — an unusually quiet life
 for a slave, sir, which I
 do not think could be said
 was bad for the child but
 which on the contrary could
 be without the slightest
 doubt in certain ways
 have many points that

that are good for a child with a father and mother and for the child if she does not carry on too long in this kind of a life it may even be said -

"But my dear fellow" Mr St Claire at last interrupted him "you are taking really taking an unusual amount of trouble you are making a whole story in answer to a question. Won't you mind only telling me - this was the child frightened you by bringing Christian spies into my plantation. And do you think she is worthy to be a slave in my plantation and that her society is any good for her fellow slaves here?"

"Far be it from me to tell anything about a child I do not know" the inspector began again - "for although on the one hand she proves that she does not know much about the nature of Christian spies and that she does not know of their results within an easy lines, and

of the consequence among child slaves that she does not know much about society among child slaves a lack of knowledge due to the more or simple life that the little slave led up to the moment that she was brought here by Zeldan -

"Excuse me Mr Inspector -" which new fact made a great change in the development of this only half grown and at least not yet full educated child slave and yet to be sure on the other hand one must not accuse the child without witnesses or deny the decided talents of the little slave who if she is rightly brought up as a slave and rightly fed - "Excuse me Mr Inspector please. But I have no desire whatever to disturb you further - I must pay a short visit to my overseers at once."

The master of the child slave plantation fairly ran out of the door and did not return. He went out of the building entirely across a part of the fields and then walked up to one of the

overseers and said:
 "Listen Jake - run and get
 me - wait a minute - let
 me see - run and get me
 quickly - Mr St Clare
 really couldn't think of
 anything he wanted and
 yet if the story is true
 he decided to punish
 Jannie in a way she would
 not forget in a hurry -
 oh yes run and get
 me a long whip -
 "One of rawhide?" Jake
 asked.

"Oh yes indeed as strong
 as you can get it"
 Jake vanished.

"And now I wish" Mr
 St Clare said - tell me
 as straight as a piece of
 wood what sort of girl
 scouts my new child
 slave has brought into
 my place. And tell me
 too why Mr Gringore
 should think that some
 times Jannie plans to
 run away to the Christ
 land lines.

It was easy for him to
 do this for the fright
 ened overseer had spoken
 to him of Jannie's odd
 sayings all of which
 made every overseer
 very suspicious. First

he told St Clare the story
 of the attack on the inspector
 by strange boy scouts and then
 he went on to explain the
 odd sayings which had so
 puzzled Mr Gringore.

This made Mr St Clare
 very suspicious himself though
 he fought hard to keep from
 laughing.

"Then you don't think I
 should send the youngsters
 back to where she came
 from you're not tired of her?"
 he asked.

"Oh my no" the overseer
 begged him. "Don't do that
 now sir. Why since Jannie
 came here there seems
 to be something funny
 happening every day and
 it gives us such a good
 time. And Jannie tells
 us such lots of things."
 All right Frank. And then
 Jake back again so soon.
 Well did you get me
 the whip in the proper
 form?" Mr St Clare asked
 as Jake offered him the
 whip.

"We got the best one I
 could find" Jake answered.
 "I had to go to Surland
 plantation to get it."
 "Surely you didn't go way
 down there yourself for it."

said James, almost laughing.

"Of course I did. I had to as we're all out of whips of the right kind and it's as good as anything. Only I had to go so far for it because this was the only place. And a strange officer with the black hair wants to know if you have any slaves for sale."

"Well that was a quick trip for an old whip," laughed Mr St. Claire and who may the black haired officer be?"

He was passing me by on horseback but he stopped and said - "As you're a ~~white~~ with you who's going to suffer punishment? For whom are you getting the whip? For Mr St. Claire I said. And then he laughed right out and sent you his greetings and said he hoped you had some little slaves for sale."

"You don't say? I wonder who wanted to buy the slaves from me. How did the officer look?"

He has a wide laugh a thick set of decorations on his uniform and

a large wide blue gray hat rimmed with black and there's a picture of a horse on the top."

"That's general Manley that's general Johnston Jackson Manley" both overseers said in the same breath. Mr St. Claire though he was laughing in secret when he thought of surprised the general would be at this new way of getting a whip brought in.

That same evening when he was sitting in the library talking over all sorts of matters about the slaves Mr St. Claire told Mr Granger that the little new slave was to remain in the place. He thought the child was high spirited in every way but that every one just the same was very fond of her and that the overseers liked her better than any one else. This he thought suspicious and did not like it neither her.

"And so I wish" Mr St. Claire added "to have this slave watched closely where ever she is and if she acts as before be as severe with her as you can as I do not allow any one

particular slave to the
made a pet of on my
plantation. Don't think of
her strange oddities as
insanity. They are only
deliberate acts of rebellion.
She is wild desires the
company of the Christians
instead of ours and she
is also proud and con-
ceited and is said to
be in league in some
secret plot with the
Viriam Girls, so watch
her closely. Besides
Mr Grun Gore if you can-
not manage the child
slave, or cannot get along
with her in any way
there is every hope of
your having good help
in the near future. Some
of Manley's leading boy
scouts are coming to
watch the actions of all
my slaves to see who
are implicated in the
plot of bringing the
Viriam Girls here to my
plantation. They are
well known to you as
well as to me and
you remember that
they are also to man-
age any child slave
no matter
how odd she or he may

be do you not?"
Oh yes I know that well
enough, the chief overseer
replied. But some how her
face did not look cheerful
at this promise of help.
Mr St Claire could take at
this time only a short vac-
ation and after two days
his special duty called
him back to General Man-
ley's lines. And when the
overseers insisted that
they did not like to see
him go away so soon he
cheered them by promish-
ing that the special
boy scouts would soon arrive
and was expected a few
hours later. And Mr St Claire
had no soon departed when
a messenger came with
a note from Manley's
lines which said that
the boy scouts have
already been sent on
the way. The note
gave the exact hour
of their arrival so that
a party of elders
slaves could be sent
to receive them.
Most of the overseers
were overjoyed at this
news and for an
hour they talked so

much and so long about the mission of these boy scouts that Gammie forgetting herself said loudly that she hoped they were the Viriam Girls in disguise. These words of Gammie brought a very back look from Gringore but the child paid no heed to it for by this time she had grown used to receiving such glances and took them as a matter of course.

But once Gammie was started on her way back to the hut the overseer called her into his own quarters and told her quite clearly and very severely that she must never speak of the Viriam Girls again and that if they do come to the camp a camp again and she knows them to have them seized right away. "You understand do you?" Mr Gringore asked as Gammie looked at him in a most funny way. But she gave the child such an angry look that she did not dare to ask questions although she did not understand what he meant.

The visit of the child scouts.

A few hours had passed and a certain amount of preparations were going on in the St. Claire Plantation. In fact there was a rush to do that it was plain the persons they expected played a more important part in their thoughts than the arrival of the boy scouts. You could see that whoever they were were both respected and feared by all if not loved.

The woman cook and the chef and his cooks and kitchen hands had attired themselves in their best and put new caps on their heads. The overseer had arranged the child slaves in a long line and placed them all according to their sizes so that the great General could inspect them carefully no matter where he might view them from his horse. Mr Gringore standing very stiff and straight walked through the fields with his main overseers examining every thing as if to show that his own rule was by no means at an end even if the superior

generals of all the Glan-
linian armies was com-
ing. And then there came
the loud noise made by
the galloping of horses
the clanking of sabre
scabbards which stopped
before the entrance to the
plantation and Mr Gum-
gone went flying to the
gate to admit them.

Slowly and with dignity
the chef followed him,
for he knew that he also
must be present to wel-
come the generals when
he had time or not.

Gammie alone had been
ordered to stay in the main
house and to wait there
until she was sent for
because Manley would
first go to inspect the
line of slaves and then
wished to speak to her
about her meeting with
the Viriam girls in dis-
guise.

So Gammie sat down in
a corner and thought over
her meeting with the
Viriam girls. But it was
hardly any time at all
before one of the kitchen
hands opened the door
and said mis-
sily -
"Off with you to the main."

Gate. General Manley wants
to see you right away.

Gammie had been unable to
ask Mr Gungore again what
she was to do in case the
Viriam girls again appear in
disguise. She thought perhaps
Mr Gungore had made a
mistake since always before
she had never heard the
Viriam girls mentioned be-
fore. So she settled the matter
to her own satisfaction. When
she reached the gate the
generals had rode away leav-
ing twenty boyscots within
one who called out to Gammie
in a more cheery voice than
she expected.

"Ah there's the little child
slave whom we have heard
so much about. Come over
here to us and let us
have a good look at you
and we wish to talk to
you about something very
important."

Gammie did as she was
told and in her clear voice
she said quite distinctly:

"Oh I know you want to
know something about
small Christian spies."

"Small Christian spies?
You mean the Viriam
Girls?" laughed one of
the scouts. "Oh one of

my And did your mother
tell you that I have you ever
heard of the Vivian Girls.
Is that what they say about
them where you came from?
Or is that what you've heard
where you first was a little
slave.

"Oh no. nobody knows
about the Vivian Girls in
my camp." Gammie answer-
ed seriously.

"Well there might be such
persons here and there
might not" the boy
said looking shyly at
his companions and
then to her surprise he
patted Gammie's cheek
affectionately. "But don't
you mind about them
and then said this after-
noon. We are come to
investigate about them.

My name is Marco Schoe-
field Pennod In anleys
chief boy scout. And you
can remember to call
me that can't you?"

"I surely can" Gammie assured
the nice looking boy scout.
"That's what I always like
to call you."

"That is as it should be but
don't call me that here" the
boy said nodding his head
and smiling.

January 9, 1912

Then the boy scout looked at
Gammie very closely and from
time to time would nod her
head again. And Gammie kept
looking steadily into his eyes
were too kind looking to be
that of a Glam delinquent boy
scout and the boy's face
appeared so friendly that
it made the child slave
feel she could trust him.
All of the appearances of the
boy scout and his companions
in fact pleased Gammie so
much that she simply
had to remain standing
there and stare at them. They
had such pretty gray uni-
forms and wore such lovely
black and white flumes
in their hats and two
broad black ribbons fluttered
away from their hats
and kept moving here
and there in the gentle
breeze that was blowing
and Gammie thought that
specially charming.

"And what's your name
little slavy?" another of
the boy scouts asked.
"My real name is only
Francis Sillian. But be-
cause I'm to be called
Gammie. I always always
am with - and right
there. I am here suddenly

stopped for some how or other she felt somewhat guilty for she suddenly felt that she did not always answer when her masters had unexpectedly called her Annie. And here was Mr Gringore coming toward the gate at this very minute.

"General Manley boy scouts I am sure will justify her former masters in choosing a name which can at least be spoken without ones feeling ashamed even if just before the other child slaves and their masters."

"My dear Gringore" replied the eldest of the boy scouts "If a child slaves answers to his or proper her name and is called Annie then thats what we scouts will call her. We need no dictations from common everseers. The place for a strong man like you is in the army and not driving slaves. Thats all there is to that."

It was more than annoying to Mr Gringore to have (Glandelinian boy scouts) constantly address her by name simply without putting Mr before it. But there was

no help about the matter at all. The (Glandelinian) boy scouts had a habit of talking this way to persons they considered beneath their notice and they stuck to this habit no matter how the man might feel about it. What was more all boy scouts whether on the Christian or the rebel side had all their senses were wide awake and knew what was going on within a vast camp the minute they stepped inside of one especially a child slave plantation.

On this day of the arrival of these boy scouts when Minnie herself was at work on the edge of this plantation the leading boy scout stood close beside her and watched her for several minutes. Soon however he walked away again to where the other lads were awaiting him.

"They certainly make the slaves work hard whether they are crippled or not!" said he in answer to their inquiring looks.

So he went up to Mr Gringore and asked "Where does this little Annie girl keep herself

after working hours and what is she up to that Manley sends us here to investigate I'd like to know.

Why she sits or sleeps in her old hut which time she might find something useful to do if she has the least desire for work. But your generals really ought to know what dreadful treasonable acts the little slave plans at such times and often goes ahead and does them — things really that an ordinary man or a disloyal soldier would hang for and which one can scarcely speak of in camp.

Just what I would be compelled to do myself if I had to be bottled up the way all the little slaves do. Oh I'm quite sure I would. And then you would observe how much of my treasonable actions could be mentioned to the generals. Can I take the child and question her in strict privacy where there's no one else around?

"But that's just what you will not be able to do you'll see" cried Mr

Gringore holding up his hands in horror. "You'll not be able to get a word out of the child. In all this time she has not revealed anything of what caused the recent excitement here. You really can't get any information from the slave. You ask Mr St. Claire if you can. If that good fellow did not have to go back to Manley's business he'd have given her up to a new master long ago."

"Indeed that's very strange. The child does not look like one who would betray those fighting to free her from slavery," the leading boy scout said under his breath. Then he added aloud, "Set me interview her any way. She can at least answer simple questions."

Mr Gringore had it in mind to say something more but the lad had already turned his attention to the child. He was very much surprised to hear about Jamie's stubborn defiance against orders to her to tell about all the excitement. He thought

he would look into the matter without saying a word to the owner for he knew St Claire and did not like him. So he motioned Jannie to follow on to lead him and his scouts to her hut which she did and the boys opened wide their eyes when they saw the empty unwholesome interior of the hut. But at the first question put to her the child at once screamed loudly.

With glowing eyes she looked at the boy scouts and then her eyes filled with hot tears and she began to sob.

The boy scouts looked closely at the little girl. Then the leading scout took Jannie's hand in hers. "Come, come little slave" he said in the nicest way, "you must not really cry so. I suppose my question made you think of something, but see here there is a real good purpose to my question and if you understand I'll tell it to you if you answer my questions. And there are lots of important things I'd like to ask too. When you answer my question we can explain them to each other later. And now we must have a little talk together so be brave wipe away your tears and stand right before me where

I can see you more clearly. That's good. Now we are happy again."

But it was quite a while before Jannie could quite stop sobbing. The leader of the boy scouts waited a few minutes for her to recover saying now and then to encourage the child -

"Here. Everything will be all right and we're just as happy as ever we were."

When at last he saw that Jannie was comforted he said - "Now little girl, there's something I want to know. Do you know who the child scouts were who tried to raid Mr St Claire's house yesterday."

Or do you understand things about these spies?"

"Oh no" Jannie said with a sigh "but I knew from the start that they were up to something. But I do not want to learn it."

"What do you mean Jannie by saying that you know from the start they were up to something, but that you did not want to learn it?"

"Child slaves are not allowed to mix in the work of boy and girl scouts. We can't learn to do it. It's too dangerous for them."

"Why what a notion. And where did you learn this strange and unusual fact?"

"Mr Gringoe told me so. And I guess he knows for he always watches

everything I do and he can never miss a thing and I can never get any news its too hard, and any way I would never tell on the Christians as they are fighting for my freedom."

"Well Mr Gringore must be a very strange man I must say. But look here Jannie you must believe everything that Gringore tells you. You must just try for yourself and you'll be free some day. Surely you can't have put your mind on what your instinct was saying and looked carefully at the scouts while they were raiding the plantation."

"That doesn't do any good" Jannie said in a voice of one who gives in to fate.

"Set me tell you something" said the boyscouts leader. "You have not learned to recognize Christian boy or girlscouts Jannie just because you believed what the overseen said and for one reason I am more than glad of it. But

suppose you now believe what I will tell you. Really and truly you can learn to recognize spies in almost no time just as others slaves do who are like you and not like Gringore a slave driver."

"Oh goody"

"And then just think of what will happen when you can recognize boy and girl scouts of the enemy you saw the raid and we ourselves know something about it too. Well the minute you can recognize foreign scouts your freedom will soon come and you will have parents of your very own providing you learn every thing about them just as if some one told you a story you'll know all about what they are doing and the strange things that usually happen to them. You surely would like that wouldn't you now Jannie?"

The little slave had listened to the boyscout with the closest attention. And then she drew a deep breath and said with

"I wish I could read disguises of spies right this minute."

"It will come to you and I can see that it will be a very short time at that. But we must go and see what the slaves are doing. Come we will go along with you. I don't want to raise suspicions."

The boy scout took Gammie's hand in his and went toward the fields—

There had been one afternoon I must remind the reader when Gammie was overcome with the temptation to run away. On that day Mr Gringore had scolded her so terribly on the company street that she was scared of him ever since. Well since that exciting day a change had taken place in Gammie and yet she still wished to run away though she knew it was a good thing that Mr St Claire did not know a thing about it. And also she had been strictly made to understand that it

was the penalty of death by burning at the stake to run away that she could not go into the road when ever she felt like it as even seldom had promised her but that she must remain in St Claire's plantation for ever and ever so long, perhaps for always. She had also been made to think that when Mr St Claire came home he would punish her severely for trying to run away and Gammie feared that Mimmie and the friendly boy scouts would feel the same way about it.

So Gammie could tell no one that she was heart-broken but because the strange boy scouts had been so good to her that she could not bear to make them cross the way she had Mr Gringore. So it was that Gammie grew heavier in heart with each new day and even at times felt tired of life. She even lost her appetite for food and she was growing more wan and white. She often lay awake at

night for hours because that she was by herself and all had grown still around her she began to see living pictures of her former master's mountain pasture and the sunlight on it and the flowers and finally when she did fall asleep there would first come to her in dreams the plantation of "Gen Manley" and the distant noisy mountains beyond.

Then she would dream of her father and mother and the home she had left behind. At such a time she would awake in the early morning prepared to dash joyfully into her mother's arms only to discover that she was in her unwholesome hut in St. Clares Plantation so far away from her father and mother and to remember that she was a slave and that she could not go home.

Then Fannie would often bury her face in the pillow and cry for a very long time but so gently that

nobody heard her. However the pining sorrow of the child did not escape the eyes of the leading boy-scout who with his nineteen companions were still remaining. The boys had waited for three days to see if a change for the better would come and Fannie would overcome their her sorrow.

But as Fannie did not change and as her sadness increased and the boys often noticed early in the morning that Fannie had been weeping he finally went with the child after working hours were over looked at her very kindly and said-

"Be not afraid. Please tell me what is the matter dear. I dare you something wrong, or trouble with the other slaves or overseers?" Fannie did not think it of any use to tell these boys of her longing and yet she was afraid that if she did it would seem rebellious to these nice boy-scouts and of mak-

ing them suspicious and less friendly so she answered -

"I have nothing to say. Surely you have not? Could you confide the secret of your sorrow to your fellow slaves. Could you tell Minnie about it? Wonder?" asked the boy.

"Oh no, it would do no good to tell a living soul," Jammie said hastily and then she looked so unhappy that the boys felt pity for her. The leader got up, walked outside, looked around cautiously in every direction, returned, shut the door and resumed his seat.

"System dear" he said "I'll take the chances and tell you something as no Glandelinian is around. When everyone has a sorrow that we do not feel it safe to share with any one we tell it to the God of Christ, I am and we ask him to help us for life is all powerful and can take away everything

January 16 1927

that makes us sorrowful. You know that Jammie, don't you. Do you not pray every night to the dear God in Heaven and ask him to do for you what you desire and to thank him for all the blessings you receive and beg him to set you free some day.

"Oh no we never are allowed to do that," the child answered. "We are too closely watched." "You say you are not allowed to pray, dear? Why that seems strange. Maybe you don't know how to pray?"

"Oh yes indeed I do. I pray a little whenever the night guards are not watching me but since I prayed last it has been a long, long time so long that I have almost forgotten it. I also have a little bible but I have to hide it, or they'll take it away from me."

"See Jammie that's what makes you sad because you are afraid of the Glandelinians and because if they do not pray, I can't you know that

God could save you and that he can send many other friends to help you. Just think how good it feels when your heart is heavy and sad to know you can go at any moment to God and have the chance to tell him your trouble and then to ask him to help you when no one else can. And I tell you Jannu, I can always aid us in any kind of trouble and give us things to make us happy again. A look of joy mingled with a little suspicion flashed into Jannu's eyes.

"I believe you are Christ I am boy scouts in other uniforms" she said "Do you know I have orders to betray you?" "How do you know we are?" said the boy. "No Glandelinian would talk the way you do, and be so friendly to us."

"But suppose we were would you betray us?"

"Yes indeed I will not. I'd rather go with you." "But you'll get into

trouble won't you?" "I'll pretend I didn't know you. I can tell you everything about this plantation just everything." "There is nothing that we do not know about it already I assure. But now we must be going. But can we see you again tomorrow?"

"Of course you can" the little slave said. "I won't say a word to no one." The child scout scouts left the place and when they were gone Jannu knelt down, folded her little hands and started praying asking God to make her free from slavery and she asked him to help her and let her go home to her parents.

It was just at the next morning since that hour of prayer when one of the men on the watch asked to see Mr. Gungore as he had something very important to say to him. He was asked to come to his room and the moment he entered Mr. Gungore said:

Well sir make it snappy.
 I'm in a hurry and have no
 time to waste."
 And he pushed a chair toward
 his visitor.
 "Sit down please and tell
 me your message. I do not
 think serious I hope."
 "It is quite so dear sir,"
 the watchman began. "Do
 you know that I have
 observed that the strange-
 st things have been occu-
 rring a thing that no
 one could have possibly
 seen in anything that
 ever happened before it
 for from all that I could
 tell what has just oc-
 curred appears to be absol-
 utely impossible and yet
 it has happened in the
 strangest way although
 it seems exactly opposite
 to anything I had a
 right to expect."
 "You don't mean to say
 the Viriam girls have
 been in the plantation
 again and that they
 themselves have inter-
 viewed the child slave
 Mr. Watchman?" Mr.
 Grimgore broke in.
 "This man of the watch
 stared at the overseer it
 all greatly astonished

that he had guessed his
 errand.

"Why this is very strange
 indeed," he resumed after
 a while "not only that
 Jannet did not even make
 an effort to betray them
 in spite of your clear
 explanations about them,
 and the trouble you took
 to warn her of the con-
 sequence if she refused
 to obey but also that
 only a few hours ago
 and in no time at all
 after I had decided to
 watch the proceedings
 and to give up what
 could not be done and
 without explaining to
 the other guard thorough-
 ly about the little spies
 so to speak."

She purposely entertained
 them you say?" Grim-
 gore asked.
 "Why yes. She interviewed
 the Viriam girls for over
 two hours and told them
 things with a correctness
 which I have found in
 few child slaves. But a
 fact that is almost as
 strange to me dear sir
 is that you knew straight
 off the truth of my
 most queer message."

many wonderful things can occur during this life of ours." Mr. Gynore said with a pleased smile "many different things can occur at the same time, and neither of these can do any harm Mr. Watchman. Just let's be cautious and keep our eye on these child slaves and hope for a chance to capture the child spies quickly enough."

He walked to the door with his visitor and then went quickly to the hut to see what Gannie would be doing now. Sure enough, he got the surprise of his life. Gannie was kneeling with his hands clasped in prayer and you could see the great astonishment and the growing excitement that was on his face when he looked into that small window and realized that she was praying.

He did not interrupt her as was expected but he smiled strangely and he said as he walked away "Old Mr. St. Claire is

going to have trouble with this slave as sure as you are born."

That night after working hours after supper as she went back to the hut Gannie found that boyscout alone waiting for her and to her surprise he was looking over the bible. And when she looked at him with a question in her eyes he asked:

"Is this the bible you said is yours?"

"Yes" she answered "the book belongs to me."

"Are you from the Christian liner?"

"Yes I am. I wish I could take you with me when I return."

"I overen and even I can take me home?" Gannie asked her cheeks red with happiness.

"Of course if possible" he assured her "if I have the chance tomorrow you and I will run away to the Christian liner. But even then you are not going home not for many days to come Gannie" he said. "The authorities will have to find out first

whether your parents are still living and when we do run away to the Christian lines you'll just have to stay close by me, so you won't be lost."

Jammie had to think all about this before she could ever go to sleep that night in her hut. She loved nothing better than to think of the chance of escaping to freedom with a Christian boy scout.

These thoughts filled Jammie with delight because she felt sure it would be an early chance for her to see her parents again. The thought seemed more beautiful and real to her when she made herself see visions of it and things were very clear to her.

But best of all the child liked to dream about playing in the beautiful green meadow as her parents contentedly watched her. In indeed she would be happy to be with her parents and to walk with

them through the beautiful fields which would be her delight. But right now she felt like running away herself rather than to remain here a slave and which life was making her very thin. It seemed the sun no longer shone for her and to her everything seemed gray and misty.

Idly however could be the day when her father would be coming from the house with outspread arms and running to welcome his returning child who was being brought safely home to him at last.

This was the thought that Jammie loved best. She thought of this a long time and that night she dreamed it and many other beautiful things and soon morning came and the time was at hand when she expected the day to call for her.

Jannies sorrow and
longing increase.
(January 18 1927)

Every afternoon during the whole of their mysterious visit when the child slaves were eating their scant lunch and Mr Gringone was at his own dinner the strange boy scout would watch them for a minute. But before ten minutes were passed he would when not seen sneak near Jannies hut and call her into it to chat with her and to entertain her.

The boy scout had some pretty little maps which he took the nerve to show to Jannie and almost before you knew it the child had learned how to understand them but could not make them.

And because despite her age Jannie could read she was sometimes asked to read some of the things out of the bible to the boy. She loved to do this because the oftener she went over the chapters the dearer they grew to her. Still she never looked

entirely happy and her eyes never shone as gaily as they had formerly done. Yet it was the last day that this boy scout was to spend within the Gland-elunian camp for he knew he was being shadowed. Therefore that afternoon he had called Jannie to come with him into her hut for it was the hour when everything was clear. Then he said —

"Now come my dear and tell me why you are not happy. Is it the same old trouble that is bothering you?"

"Yes" said Jannie with a nod.

"Did you ask God to help you?"

"Yes" And are you still praying every morning and evening that all will turn out all right and that God will give you the happiness you are looking for?"

"Oh yes but then I feel as if it is of no use to pray any longer."

"What, that you say

74
Jammie? Why what in
the world are you trying
to tell me? Surely you
are not becoming dis-
couraged? Really you do
not think it is of no
use to pray?
"Yes I feel as if it is
of no use that I fear
the dear God does not
pay any attention to me.
and the Gleaners
tell me" Jammie went
on "that God never
listens to the prayers
of child slaves even
though they keep on pray-
ing all the time. And
I'm certainly did not
listen to me"

"Indeed how can you be
so sure of that Jammie?"

"Because I made the
same prayer every day
and the dear God does
not answer me"

"That can never happen
Jammie and you must
not believe it can. Don't
believe what the
wicked Gleaners
tell you. And don't you
see God is a loving
Father to us all when
more so to little
slaves and He always
knows what is best

for us. even when we our-
selves do not. Now if we
pray to Him for something
that is not good for us
He does not grant it no
badly how matter how
badly we want it. Or He
will delay the answer
for a time to try our faith
and if we keep praying
with all our heart and
don't lose hope and quit
and lose our trust in Him,
then He always gives us
something better than we
ask for"

"Why I never thought of
that at all" said Jammie.

"See Jammie? What you
might have wanted Him
to grant you was at
that moment either not
good for you or that you
failed in your trial. I'm
very sure that God heard
your prayer because He
hears those of child
slaves just the same
as other people and
can see and hear all
people at the same
time. That's why He is
God and not a human
creature like you or
me. And He always
knows perfectly what
is good for us all and

grants it when he
 knows best and he
 might have said to
 himself "I here I am
 a poor little child
 of course she must
 have what she asks for
 but not until it is
 good for her so she
 can make better
 use of it and secure
 more happiness from
 it. For if I give her
 what she wants right
 away and later when
 she finds out it would
 have been better for
 me not to do it then
 she will complain
 and say 'Oh I wish
 the dear God had
 not sent me what
 I asked Him for so
 quick' It is not nearly as
 as nice as I hoped
 it would be and
 while our blessed God
 was looking down from
 the sky to see if you
 really trusted Him
 and came every day
 to Him and never
 failed to look to Him
 when any thing went
 wrong - why you
 ran away without trusting

When such receipts are desired by firms and individuals making a number of parcels at one time a "Form Registered Book" will be used with such modifications as are necessary. Each sheet must have affixed postage stamps at the rate of one cent for each parcel listed thereon, which stamps shall be postmarked and the sheet returned to the sender. These sheets are to be filled out by the sender and a carbon copy must not be filed at the post office.

Parcel-Post Matter Can Not Be Registered.—Fourth-class or domestic parcel-post mail will not be registered, but may be insured against loss upon payment of a fee of three, five, ten or twenty-five cents for value not exceeding five, twenty-five, fifty or one hundred dollars, in addition to the postage, both to be prepaid with stamps affixed. (See Circular 113 for detailed information.)

Special Delivery.—A mailable parcel will be accorded the usual special-delivery service when a special-delivery stamp or ten cents in ordinary stamps are affixed thereto in addition to the parcel-post postage. When ordinary stamps are used the words "Special Delivery" must be placed on the wrapper.

Unmailable Matter—Packing of Liquids, Fragile and Perishable Articles.—For information regarding unmailable matter and the regulations as to packing of liquids, fragile and perishable articles, the use of boxes, crates, etc., in the shipment outside of mail bags of butter, eggs, fruits, vegetables, dressed poultry and other articles; also the preparation of articles which, unless properly protected, are liable to injure another or damage the mails. (See Circular 112.)

Insurance and C. O. D. Service.—Fourth-class or domestic parcel-post mail (but no other) may be insured against loss or damage upon payment of a fee of three cents for value not exceeding \$5, five cents for value not exceeding \$25, ten cents for value not exceeding \$50, or twenty-five cents for value not exceeding \$100, in addition to the postage, both to be prepaid with stamps affixed. It may not be registered.

Such mail may be insured at the General Post Office or at any Parcel-Post Station.

Return Receipts for Insured Parcels may be obtained by indorsing the parcels "Return receipt desired."

Parcels of fourth-class or parcel-post matter may be sent "C. O. D." from one money-order post office to another upon payment of a fee of ten cents or twenty-five cents in addition to the postage, both to be prepaid with stamps affixed. The amount to be remitted to the sender must not exceed \$100. The remittance is made by post-office money order, the fee therefor being included in the amount collected from the addressee. A "C. O. D." tag furnished by the post office must be filled in by the sender and attached to the parcel. The "C. O. D." fee also covers insurance against loss, rifling or damage up to \$50 actual value when a ten-cent fee is paid and \$100 when a twenty-five cent fee is paid.

A Receipt is given to the sender of a "C. O. D." parcel at the time of mailing, but no return receipt is furnished, as the remittance shows that delivery has been made.

Examination of Contents of a "C. O. D." Parcel is not permitted until it has been received for and all charges paid. Indemnity for Lost, Rifled or Damaged "C. O. D." Parcels is paid for the actual value under the conditions governing the payment of indemnity for insured parcels.

For further particulars regarding insurance and collect-on-delivery service see Circular 113

HELP! IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

Drowning. 1. Loosen clothing, if any. 2. Empty lungs of water by laying body on its stomach and lifting by the middle so that the head hangs down. Jerk the body a few times. 3. Pull tongue forward, using handkerchief, or pin with string, if necessary. 4. Imitate motion of respiration by alternately compressing and expanding the lower ribs, about twenty times a minute. Alternately raising and lowering the arms from the sides up above the head will stimulate the action of the lungs. Let it be done gently but persistently. 5. Apply warmth and friction to extremities. 6. By holding tongue forward, closing the nostrils and pressing the "Adam's apple" back (so as to close entrance to stomach) direct inflation may be tried. Take a deep breath and breathe it forcibly into the mouth of patient, compress the chest to expel the air, and repeat the operation. 7. DON'T GIVE UP! People have been saved after hours of patient, vigorous effort. 8. When breathing begins get patient into a warm bed, give warm drinks, or spirits in teaspoonfuls, fresh air and quiet.

Burns and Scalds. Cover with cooking soda and lay wet cloths over it. Whites of eggs and olive oil. Olive or linseed oil, plain or mixed with chalk or whiting.

Lightning. Dash cold water over a person struck.

Sunstroke. Loosen clothing. Get patient into shade and apply ice-cold water to head.

Mad Dog or Snake Bite. Tie cord tight above the wound. Suck the wound and cauterize with caustic or white-hot iron at once, or cut out adjoining parts with a sharp knife.

Venomous Insects' Stings, etc. Apply weak ammonia, oil, salt water or iodine.

Fainting. Place flat on back; allow fresh air and sprinkle with water.

Electricity. Release from current not touching body or wire with hands, metal or a wet stick. Hands, body by its clothing, with rubber gloves and shoes if possible; if not, cover hands with dry woolen cloth and stand on dry boards. Then induce artificial respiration as in case of drowning. Rub limbs and massage body.

ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS.

First. Send for a Physician.

Second. INDUCE VOMITING, by tickling throat with feather or finger, drinking warm water or strong mustard and water. Swallow Sweet Oil or whites of Eggs.

Acids are antidotes for ALKALIES, and vice versa

SPECIAL POISONS AND ANTIDOTES

Acids. MURIATIC, OXALIC, ACETIC, SULPHURIC (Oil of Vitriol), NITRIC (Aqua Fortis) } Soap-suds, magnesia, Lime-water.

Prussic Acid. Ammonia in water. Dash water in face.

Carbolic Acid. Flour and water, mucilaginous drinks.

Alkalies. POTASH, LYE, HARTSHORN, AMMONIA. Vinegar or Lemon juice in water.

Arsenic, Rat Poison, Paris Green. Milk, raw Eggs, Sweet Oil, Limewater, Flour and water.

Bug Poison, Lead, Saltpetre, Corrosive Sublimate, Sugar of Lead, Blue Vitriol. Whites of Eggs, or Milk in large doses.

Chloroform, Chloral, Ether. Dash cold water on head and chest. Artificial respiration. Piece of ice in rectum.

Carbonate of Soda, Copperas, Cobalt. Soap-suds and mucilaginous drinks.

Iodine, Antimony, Tartar Emetic. Starch and water. Astringent infusions. Strong tea.

Mercury and its Salts. Whites of Eggs, Milk, Mucilages.

Nitrate of Silver, Lunar Caustic. Salt and water.

Antidotes for Phosphorus, Arsenic, etc. Mustard and water. Sulphuric acid. Strong tea.

Book 4

also knew what part of
the mountain could be used
by the army for good un-
assailable positions. He
found something unusually
good in all the rocks
and boulders trees and
brush on the summit
as for example the high
stone fences bordered
by thick long lines of
resinous pines and the
dark fir which made
good points of defense
for a vast Gland-
eliman army.

The thick curly moss
sprouting between the
roots of the old trees
made excellent
high and safe hiding
place for scouts as
well as in the del-
icate and high brush
and also a good spot
for the skirmish line.
And Gammie's master
had just as exact
a knowledge of the
life and habits of
all child slaves both
good and bad toilers
sick and well.

And he had a great
stock of most amusing
tales for the general
about the ways of the
little slave folk.

how they toiled and how they suffered. So time had passed as if by magic on these very excursions and often the general at dusk when shaking Jannies master by the hand he would say-

"My dear friend, I never say good bye to you but that I am a wiser general by having learned something new. But I'm warning you to move off the ridge in case of an assault by the nationals themselves"

But on many other days and generally on the very finest of all the general wished to go with Jannie. At such times the two often sat together on the beautiful spur of the mountain where they had been the first day after his arrival and there Jannie had often recited the verses of any hymn she happened to know and tell the general everything she was thinking about and a little while later had often been crouched behind them on a close watch with his regiment of boy and girl scouts

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But now something had to occur to break the two weeks visit on account of this unusual occurrence. He did not look by any means look as happy as he usually did. He told Gannies master that something was going on that called him back to his command and that he had to go back right away. Of course he did not like this at all for he had grown to be as fond of the mountain as if it were his own home.

This news as the reader might expect was unwelcome to Gannies master for he too had come to enjoy the general's company very much indeed and as for Gannie she had grown so accustomed to seeing her beloved friend every day that for the life of her she could not understand why their joy should have such a sudden end. She looked up at him in wonder thinking

she might be dreaming and that Adelle De Job make a mistake as to what made the noise. But it was just as general Bicknell said. It was evident that the noise warned him that there was something wrong in that direction and therefore he bade Gannies master if he were well and then asked if Gannie would not walk with him a short distance if she was sure she was not afraid of peril.

She tucked her hand in his and went down the road with him but still she just could not get it through her head that he was really going back to his command so soon. She still heard the noise which had grown doubly worse by now and feared that the Christians had attacked and started a battle.

After a while the general halted and said that Gannie had walked far enough now and for her own safety must return back to her masters plantation. He ran his hand once

or twice through the child's clogged hair and said

"And now I will have to leave you Jannie. How I wish I could take you to the camp with me and keep you always."

At these words the scene of child slaves in a Glandelinian army camp rose before her eyes. She saw the long rows of slave tents and houses and the many dusty company streets and the Glandelinian child slave drivers treating the children like dogs.

So she answered her guests a little timidly —

"But I'd rather have you come back and stay with us again."

"Now you speak of it" the general said pleasantly "I believe that would be much better"

He held out his hand to the child. Jannie placed hers in it and looked at her military friend who was soon to go away. The kindly eyes that were gazing down at her filled with tears. Then the general swung around and hurried off down the mountain road.

Jannie stood stock still. The fine eyes of the general and the tears that she had seen in them went straight

to her tender heart. Suddenly the child burst out into violent weeping and ran as fast as her legs would carry her after the disappearing general. She called to him as loudly as she could in the midst of her sobs —

"Oh general Bicknell. General Bicknell. Wait"

He stopped, turned around and waited for her. But now the child had caught up with him. The tears ran down her cheeks as she sobbed out —

"Oh surely I'll go along with you right away to the camp to live. And I'll stay with you as long as ever you want me. But first I must run fast and tell 'General Manley' about it"

But general Bicknell patted and stroked the little excited face.

"Oh, no you mustn't, Jannie dear" he said in his kindest tones. "Not right away anyway it's dangerous. You must remain here at your master's plantation so you won't scare us by running into danger in case there is a battle. But see here I want to ask you something. Suppose there is a big battle after all and I am wounded and have no one to nurse me back to health, will you come then and stay with me? Can I think then that there is one little

child slave who cares for me and is fond of me, even though I'm a Glan delinian general and lead armies that fight against Christians to keep up child slavery forever so long?"

"Oh yes, you can. If you are wounded in battle or are taken sick then I will surely come to you the very same day, even if I die at your side. And anyhow I love you almost as if you were my real father." Jammie sobbed forth.

Then once more the general pressed her hand and hurried away. But Jammie stood where she was and waved her hand again and again so long as there was the slightest speck of her disappearing friend to be seen in the distance.

When he had turned around for the last time to look at the sunny mountain where Jammie stood and waved at him he said softly to himself as he bowed his head and looked toward

the ground:—

"It is good for me to live up there on the heights of Mpoua where there is healing for the body and soul and where the joy of living is given back to one. She reminds me of the Vivian girls whom I've saved from the more wicked of my generals. I fight I defend my flag, but just the same I heartily wish all the child slaves were granted their freedom."

The plantation is
abandoned.

All around the plantation on or near the mountain meadow it looked as if a world of men in gray uniforms had been slain and wounded and the building had been wrecked as if a tornado had struck them. On the plantation the wreckage of splintered trees lay so deep especially around the house close to the woods that it looks as the child slave huts were buried so deeply that not a wall or roof was to be seen.

If Jannies master had remained there with his child slaves he would have probably been killed or he would have had to do the same thing that the soldiers did when they were wounded. As soon as he was shot down and wounded the Glancelinian soldier would crawl behind some big rock or tree to avoid the sharp fire from above which then made it seem impossible for an ant to crawl on the

ground and avoid being hit by the shot yet as seen in the previous chapter he and Jannie had seen enough of these horrors to remember their live long days.

At each moment during the second terrific charge of the Glancelinians Jannie from a real safe spot was yet forced to jump at each rolling crash of shells as they exploded and if she had not been with her master and fellow slaves under that big rocky shelf she and the rest would not need to be mentioned any further.

Once she jumped almost off her feet when seeing a line of men moving toward her shelter she suddenly saw them disappear in a long cloud of smoke and an officer in their lead sink down almost over his head in much ground.

Often one of the boys had to struggle to keep the other slaves from becoming panic stricken. Once a shell exploded close hurling

an eruption of dirt all over them and they had to struggle and work hard to dig themselves out. They fortunately had carried their working tools with them and when a near by explosion hurled debris upon them those not buried would push and scrape and dig the debris away until the others were freed.

Now was this an easy task for all the debris had to be dug all away.

For you see the big shells would hurl either soft or hard dirt upon them and clouds of it falling bodily upon their shelter would almost close them in and if they did not dig they would be completely wall in and smothered.

and then they would dig themselves through this mound of debris in a hurry.

Gannie rather liked the tremendous rack of this battle and took an excited interest in the great eruptions

April 5 1927

1

made by the exploding shells but the battle was over and yet Gannies master had taken the best precautions and when the conflict had entirely ceased he had left his place of shelter with the child slaves and together with them all moved into the camp of the sadly wrecked gland-Elunian armies.

Before the army was to make its retreat Gannies master took up his quarters in a large circular tent with his slaves.

Near this tent stood a large roomy building which had before the battle been a fine piece of property as might be seen still in many places though now the mansion had been so frequently hit by shell fire that it was now more or less in a state of ruin.

A brave Abieannian soldier had lived in it before the outbreak of the war. He had fought in the battles that took place with Manley and Robert or Idarson Vran.

and had done many great and courageous deeds and then before the Glendelphian armies encamped at Cedernine had returned with a great deal of hope of once more seeing his wife and children.

But fearing the coming of Manley's army, they had moved and he stayed only long enough until the van of Manley's army came into sight and then he disappeared and never was seen afterward.

Many days came and went before it was surely known the soldier had been pursued and shot down when he refused to stop.

And then while his army camped here Manley took possession of it as his headquarters.

But since that time it had stood empty most of the time for no one in sympathy with the National Cause could dare live in the place unless he or she knew there was no Glend-

delphian army in sight. Before Manley began this retreat Gannier's Master decided to look over the building. He entered the house the back way and came at once to a large open room.

One of its walls had been quite shattered by shell fire and the other half was gone. The winds blew and blustered through the room from all directions. Above this space a large bay window was still to be seen but its glass was broken and the matted ivy twined around it climbing up to the still solid roof was badly rent and torn.

This rear apartment was beautifully arched and it looked as if it had been a chapel once upon a time. From this an opening the door of which was lost led directly into a large hall. Here and there handsome tiles were still remaining in the floor but at some parts the floor was shattered by solid shot.

In this place too the walls were half fallen and badly shattered and great pieces of the roof were missing and to say more if two huge columns did not still hold up parts of the ceiling any one would have feared it would have fallen down at any moment upon their heads.

Then there were all kinds of corridors, now half open to all kinds of weather so that from one you could look straight at the sky from another at the meadows and the camp outside.

Besides in the front part of the house where the heavy oak door hung broken and loosely on its hinges there was a large room which was still in good condition. Its four walls were still upright its dark panels of wood and iron and brick unbroken and in one corner stood two monstrous stoves

that reached almost to the ceiling and on its white glazed tiles big blue strange looking pictures were painted.

There were pictures on the tiles of strange old castles set on heights flanked by tall trees and down below a squadron of knights on horseback. Then again there were scenes of a large peaceful lake fringed on the shore by wide spreading palm trees with a number of fishermen sitting on the bank and holding their rods far out over the water. All about the stove was built a bench so that any one of those that lived in the building might sit down and examine the pictures close at hand.

Jannie who was with her master fell in love with this spot at first sight. The very moment she entered the living room with her father master she had to run to the stove

sit on the bench and be-
 gin to gaze at the pictures.
 But when she had slip-
 ped along on the bench
 untill she was in
 behind the first stove
 something new happened
 to attract her whole
 attention. In the fairly
 large space between
 the stove and the
 wall four boards had
 been set up as if to
 form a bin for apples.
 But there were no
 apples in the bin. In
 their place stood a
 number of beds once
 occupied by children
 each unmistakably
 put to gether just like
 Gannie's bed up on
 the mountain plant-
 ation with linen sheets
 and pillows to cover
 it. Gannie looked and
 cried aloud—
 "Oh Master here is
 a good bed and it is
 certainly beautiful.
 There is two. One for
 me and one for
 you. But is it here
 we are going to
 sleep to night?
 We must remain
 in our tent as it
 would not be safe

to sleep in this place"
 he said. But we'll find
 some wonders in this
 building if we'll hunt
 for it.
 Gannie hopped across
 the broad room after
 her Master who was
 on the other side open-
 ing a door that led
 into a small cabinet
 where there was another
 bed. But then there was
 another door on beyond.
 Gannie quickly pulled
 this open and then stood
 still in her amazement
 for she was looking
 into a kind of kitchen
 the most enormous
 one she had ever dream-
 ed of.
 But every where in
 the walls there were
 holes made by can-
 non shot where the
 wind blew in, and
 this room looked
 out on the most ruined
 part of the house
 where the debris lay
 thickly and where
 cannon balls lay
 about yet this man-
 sion place used Gann-
 nie very much
 but she was disappoint-
 ed to know she could not

live in it. The appearance of the ruined mansion pleased Jammie very much and by the following day a few days before the retreat of the Glan delinian army began when Adele & the Fob came to see how they were getting along she examined all the nooks and corners so completely that she felt quite at home there and could show Adele & Fob everything and also she would not let him rest one moment until he had seen every last one of the wonderful things which the ruins there by contained.

Jammie slept like a top in the big tent however. But when the morning dawned she imagined she was walking up on the mountain and that she must go out with the other slaves to work and to also find out why everything was so quiet in the forest so she would think it might be

because there is no wind. So at first she had looked around her for a long time before she could even get it into her head where she was and then when she did suddenly remember she would feel a choking sensation and her little heart would be heavy because she was not in her former plantation home on the mountain plantation and then she would hear her master outside talking with some Glan delinian officers and perhaps the officers were saying -

"It's a fine proposition in one way but you are charging too high. Jammie is not worth the price. You've spoiled your slaves by treating them too fine. Come to reason with the price right away or give up your intention of selling them."

But that was mere fancy for they were talking about the bloody battle just passed.

Then she would decide that she was indeed in a Glan delinian camp and that she was in a tent after all. Then she would spring gaily out of the cot and hurry at the first possible moment to the slaves quarters. But after she had scarcely taken a step outside the tent she finally said one morning to her master -

"I must be sure to go and call on Mildred today. I must not leave her alone so long -"

Her master however did not agree to this.

"Let's not talk about going to day or to tomorrow either, I on that matter," he said.

"The Nationals have wrecked our whole army and the Imperial Ridge is in possession of the Christians and it is said they are dropping shells down upon some portion of the army this very minute. I'll bet myself

says that Munley is hardly strong enough to force his way through the Abbeian - in an line and big forest fires are raging not far away. Such a little creature as you Jannie would be caught in the path of the fire storm the first and so bad burned up that your body would never be found. You must be patient until General Manley makes his retreat and then you'll have a chance to see her as easy as anything."

To sit and wait like that made Jannie very wretched but nevertheless her days were so filled up with work that the three days flew by one after the other without her realizing the fact. Each of those three days Jannie now spent helping soldiers at their work and she learned very quickly what was given her to do. She hardly ever saw Adele or Eob in this part of camp for

he was absent a good deal when Jannie took up courage to ask one of the soldiers he had little to say except -

"There's no boy scout in this part of the camp by that name"

But Jannie often thought to herself -

"I have seen him here twice But I suppose he's busy some where and he can't get back here"

It was surprising though how often Adele & I could find his way to that part of the camp and call on Jannie the moment the hours for drill were over along about dark.

After a few days while the army was beginning its retreat the sun came out again from behind the great smoke clouds and shone down upon the battle scarred earth. It would remain only a short while and would then disappear behind other more numerous smoke clouds which rolled

upward like very attractive thunderheads and it seemed as if the sun would go away as if it did not care for the sights left by the battle. In the evening on the other hand the moon rose very bright and big to shine the whole night long on the big forest fires and battle debris and the next morning when the army was again on the march the sun would fail to shine and one whole mountain side from top to bottom would be one (whole) vast inferno of smoke and fire.

On one such morning when the army continued its retreat Adele & I started off from the camp to scout as he had done the day before thinking to have the chance to view the pursuing Christian army and then something happened that he least expected.

I rode outside the camp for about half a mile when he saw riding swiftly toward him seven

little girls in purple uniforms girls could of a very dignified position wear. Their almost supernatural features were enough to dazzle any one, but Adele De Foe had heard about them and therefore did not wish to have any meeting with them.

He quickly wheeled his horse and despite their sharp commands to him to halt dashed away. They rode hard after him at a terrific gallop that surprised and alarmed him.

He did not want to draw unless they did and glancing back to see if they were going to fire he observed they were right upon his very heels having surfer horses than he.

Just at this moment on reaching a sharp descent his horse tripped and took a bad tumble throwing its rider head long and the next minute both he and the horse were rolling heels

over head down the slope like two logs. In great surprise the lad managed to stop himself and regain his footing and then he arose and looked up the slope to make sure that there was no chance for his fair little pursuers to follow down the hill after him. And he quickly found out the truth. They were within thirty yards of him having followed as he rolled down the hill.

To outrun them on foot seemed impossible. But he thought of a plan. No matter how pretty they were he knew they were his foes bent on capturing him and to parley with them would be of no use. He would shoot toward them but not aim right as he did not wish to hit them.

His plan suited Adele De Foe to a T. He knew this was the way things had to be so that he could insure his safety.

no matter how much he felt he could have loved these beautiful girls he must resist them just the same for he could scarcely expect them to be any thing but foes.

He hastily stepped behind a tree and fired apparently toward the girls who halted. He saw them quickly dismount and step behind other trees but they nevertheless seemed hesitant to fire. He fired several shots and then he received an answer for their pistols spattered and bullets thudded against the tree.

He hugged the tree tightly slipped into his pistols another six cartridges and awaited developments.

He noticed now as long as he did not fire any more neither did they. He sat down by the tree and watched to see what they would do next. He was then surprised

and alarmed to observe that they were working from tree to tree in a manner as to be able to cover him from the rear and flank firing steadily as they did so and the way the bullets sang so close he knew they meant to keep him in cover.

He stood up close against the tree and aimed at the nearest tree from whence came a puff of smoke fired back and said to himself -

We got to get out of this snap somehow!

He was determined to get one of the horses and race away but how to do it without exposing himself to their fire was a very difficult problem. It was some few minutes before he discovered a plan. Growing close to him was a small evergreen tree. He cut it from the roots with his knife apparently unseen by them and then standing himself with it started to move away.

from the tree. I'd get to the distance of about ten feet when one of his assailants suddenly chirped forth seemingly in an agreeable tone of voice.

"That's nice. Be a good boy and get back to your tree. We saw what you were doing."

"Adele De" Job with an imprecation crawled back to the tree again but they did not hinder him to his surprise yet he was determined to escape but how.

They were closing in on him more and more for they were tenacious in their purpose to capture him.

Yet he did not really want to shoot them though he knew he could.

However keeping as low as he could he crawled away from the tree again for a close by was a field of grass as high as a man and if he could but only reach it he felt sure he could outwit them.

It was only thirty yards away and he took as many minutes to reach it but they again had been watching his every move and four of them rushed from their hiding places to intercept him as they meant to capture him and as they were his enemies he laid low until they were a few paces from him and then grabbing a hand full of dust he hurled it into their faces with force filling their noses mouths and eyes.

Then while they howled he started through the grass like a shot while the other three seeing what he had done to the others fired shot after shot at him.

Faster and faster he ran like a deer. The dust he had thrown into their eyes was of the finest material and therefore it only blinded the four girls temporarily and did no injury save allow the boy to make good his escape while they tried to rid their eyes of the dust. When he

When he came within sight of the Glandevian camp which he reached in his swift flight and came to the road that leads into the main camp Adee De Dob held to his course without stopping since he feared the seven princesses might still be after him and would sure come up and overtake him if he should come to a sudden halt so he stuck to the path until he reached a strip of level ground and there of course he encountered the first line of Glandevian pickets and knew he was safe.

After passing these he stopped and looked about him. The long round about distance he had taken in his mad flight from the Vorian girls had carried him quite a ways beyond his own part of the camp. He figured out that he would be late in reaching that part in any way because the adventure had

made him go far out of his way and it would take him more than an hour and a half to get back to his regiment. As he needed to hurry on the return trip he told one of the pickets what had happened to him and asked him to loan him his horse which the soldier promptly did.

Then he had urged the horse off at full speed. He came into his part of the camp just as Janne had got back to her master from work with the soldier and was sitting down with her master to dinner the army having halted until pontoon bridges were constructed across a dangerous stream. Adee De Dob went over to see them and because he had one idea fixed in his mind so hard that he could not think of anything else he began to speak right away. "They almost captured me," he went on.

the moment he had
halted before them.

"Capture who? What did
they capture De Job? What
is a very war like
statement?" said man-
ley's master.

"The abbie apmian prin-
cesses almost got me"
replied De Job.

"Oh I know!" cried
Jannie excitedly for
she at once under-
stood what Adele De
Job was trying to
say. He means the
Vivian girls were
chasing him. But
why didn't you remain
inside the camp?
You poor dumbbell! It
was just as easy
for you to stay in
as it is to go out."

A little frown was
on Jannie's face and
her voice was sudden-
ly disapproving for
she did not think it
was right to go out
side the camp when
she thought he could
stay in as well
as not.

"Went too far from
the lines I tell you
I thought of any
danger" answered

and then it was too
late to avoid a meeting
with them and they hazed
me good and hard."

"To tell the truth you kn-
ow you are not really
in the service of the
Glancelinian army but
secretly for the national
therefore for running
from them without
reason that is like de-
serting." Jannie's master
said "you were foolish
for running from them
and they are such
good crack shots that
they could have shot
you down the first dash
you made did you know
that?"

In sudden terror Adele
De Job looked around
him. For now no one
in the wide world ocar-
ed him quite as much
as the Vivian girls.
and besides and an
assistant to me like
yourself out to be
twice as as named to
run away from them
without reason first."
The man went on
they are the best little
girls on earth."
While De Job hung
his head and felt

like crying
 "What would you think?"
 Jannie's master asked
 if your scouts would
 mutiny mutiny refuse to
 follow you any longer
 and do what they ought
 to do? What would you
 do in that case general
 boyscouts?"

"I'd have them court mar-
 shalled" answered the
 boy scout
 "and suppose your best
 friends would have done
 and ran off at your app-
 roach just like you
 did from the seven prince-
 sses? What would you
 say to that?"

"I'd say it'd served me
 right"

"Well then let me
 tell you something
 sonny. The very next
 time you go flying from
 the Vivian Girls you can
 come right over and
 report it to me and I'll
 take it for granted
 your a foe of the nation
 als and get what is
 coming to you"

Then Adele De Fol
 ade well knew what Jan-
 nies master meant
 when he said he was
 a fool to run away

from the Vivian Girls. He
 was a little frightened the
 words of of the words of Jan-
 nies master and secretly
 he looked in every direc-
 tion to see if he could find
 any trace of the Vivian Girls
 within the rebel lines at
 such a time.

But no where did they
 seem to be and the next
 words of Jannie's master
 were very encouraging -

"Come to dinner now and
 in with us before the
 army begins its march
 again. Then Jannie can
 go along with you. Then
 when the army halts
 this evening you will
 find supper waiting for
 you"

This news made Adele -
 De Fol quite joyful for
 his face twisted into a
 shy grin. He obeyed with-
 out delay and sat down
 beside Jannie. But Jan-
 nie had already had
 enough to eat and could-
 not swallow another
 bite. She was so de-
 lighted at the thought
 of going along with
 Adele De Fol. She push-
 ed the big potato and
 the toasted cheese
 that still stood on her

own plate over to Adele De Job whose dish had already been filled by her master. So he had a perfect mountain of food in front of him and he certainly was not backward in eating.

Gammie ran to a prison wagon and got a little red cloak Mildred had sent her

and so she was ready all wrapped nicely up in it and with its hood over her head to continue on the journey with the movement of the army. She walked by Adele De Job's side or stood beside him and no sooner had he thrust the last mouthful into his mouth than she said:—

"Let's come on now. The army is starting to advance. Don't you hear the commands?"

The army was now on the march and so off they started. The very first thing Adele De Job had to hear all the latest news about the

other child slaves when they had been compelled to leave their old plantation home because of the battle neither of them would eat a blessed thing. The whole day they had just been quiet and had not uttered not a sound and when she had asked her master what was the matter he told her that the slaves felt exactly the same as she did in St. Claire's plantation because they had never been off the mountain pastures before in all their lives. And Gammie added—

"You just can't imagine what an awful feeling that is De Job."

Adele De Job did not have a thing to say until they had crossed the pontoon bridge. He seemed so busy thinking of something or other that he hardly heard what Gammie was chatting about. But just as they reached the opposite shore De Job still stood still and said rather shyly—
"Well then I'd sooner take a chance to meet the Union Girls than in any other

their enmity and get what is coming to me."

Jammie said she thought he was right and did what she could to encourage him in his good resolution.

They found that the army was having some difficulty in crossing other portions of the stream and at this moment Jammie's master rode up and said that she and the rest of the slaves would have to spend the rest of the day on this part of the river shore because it was evident from rumors overheard that some portion of a Christian force was trying to intercept the retreat of the glaudelunian army and then too there was danger of another battle.

That was a new idea for Jammie she always pictured a glaudelunian army continually on the march from the start and that nothing whatever could check its movement. She ran straight

to the banks of the river. But two officers quickly rode up sternly ordering her back yet as she was astonished at the sight she went meered & extending all along the banks of the river for a great distance and wrapped up in gray long coats was a long line of men and on the opposite shore another but in far anders whif ooms. The moment she was chased back by the officers a dele we 7 of stood -

"God be praised and thanked that they were not firing when you ran over there" all through the recent battle just passed Adele we 7 of had a secret fear about which he had told no one a fear that he could not get rid off especially when the hottest part of the battle swept past the plantation many of his fellow slaves had told him about the abbre armu arm gam-

ing a foot hold on the summit of the ridge first and of the fierce fire which they swept the sides of the ridge as the Glandermans swept up in their vain effort to take it and of course a deluge of fire could not be persuaded that the fiercest of the battle had raged around the plantation and he wondered if she had escaped before the danger was too near.

And even after the battle was over and as it was long after since he had seen her he had been still afraid that something may have happened to her. But now to see her so near peril again stunned him and running up to her he had said rather nervously "are you not afraid those soldiers across the river will kill you Gannie?"

"Oh my no" the child said. "I even did not know they were formed up in line like

that they are not shooting at each other though. I guess they are only reviewing each other that's all."

But Gannie I advise you that it is safer for you to remain here until the army can advance again? Will you not stay by me now? De Job asked eagerly.

I promise I will. And yet I like to see a good battle I was just thinking this morning that I would like to be a girl scout when I grow older. But I won't go near a battle line any way if it is so dangerous.

Gannie spoke as she did because she had noticed from the tone of Adelle's voice that her boy friend was worried. And her words did comfort the lad who had had quite a shock when he had seen Gannie go so near a line of men forming for battle. He still looked at Gannie in some surprise and then said-

You are foolish of thinking of being a girl scout in this army. Did you think you would be free by doing so?" "maybe so. But in the Glandelinian army they put many child slaves in that service whether they want to be or not. Did you imagine that it was a sin for any one to be a girl or boy scout in the Glandelinian army?" "But you see Jannie" the boy scout said "I'm put in the army as a boy scout by your master so as to serve him for a purpose for which I am not allowed to reveal to any one and I am so glad of it because I am secretly serving the Christians instead of the nation which made me a slave because your master wishes to get all the information he can."

"But Adele De Fob" Jannie went on to say "you are placing yourself in more danger than I'll ever be in. You are just

secretly a Christian spy and that's a funny way to be a boy scout. I must say. And don't you suppose I know it is Jannie? But you see it is the only way to do the work and I've been a child slave for so many years that with Abbe's cause being with God's I've a right to be one in secret. They are fighting for your freedom as well as mine." Adele De Fob looked around cautiously to see whether any of the soldiers had overheard the conversation or not. But no one was close enough to hear. The nearest of the Glandelinians was a hundred paces away, and they were paying more attention to the action going on at the river than they were to the two children. "Oh cried Jannie" "I only asked my master when I had the chance to allow me to become a girl scout. I know the general would

would not have refused me
 Why there are lots of child
 slaves my age that are for-
 ced into the service and
 if I was one I could help
 you a good deal often
 I cannot sleep thinking
 of it. Could you get my
 master to make me a
 girl scout?

I can try. But the rest
 is up to him. But there
 is warm risky work in
 being a scout and no
 chance to lie on a good
 bed with a big fat pillow
 which you have. Its no
 job for any one to hold
 their head high about."

Again the lad looked
 around cautiously to see
 if any soldiers were
 watching them.

But we won't talk
 about that any more"
 he said. "I have so much
 to thank God for that other
 slaves do not have. I have
 the nice regiment of
 boy and girl scouts that
 go out on scout duty
 every day and there
 you to come and see me.
 I wonder if you'll go
 out a ways and tell
 me what the army
 is doing Gannie?"
 Gannie ran some distance

Gannie ran toward the river
 and as near as she dared
 and soon came back with
 the information that the
 van of the army was
 beginning to cross the pon-
 toon bridges. Then she told
 of the various regiments
 moving forward for by
 this time she knew them
 all well and enjoyed wat-
 ching them as they march-
 ed across the bridge. It had
 been many days since
 she had seen manleys
 army marching.

Adale De Job stood listen-
 ing to her with folded
 hands and there was now
 an amused smile on
 his face which had at
 first looked so troubled.
 He seemed to think
 that some good fortune
 had happened to him.
 Suddenly Gannie looked
 at him.

"De Job are you happy
 again?" she asked.
 "You have done me
 much good Gannie. I've
 been getting more in-
 spiration every time
 I see you. What else
 did you see?"
 The child went on
 with the information
 and while she was

speaking Adele De Job paid the best of attention. and when she told of seeing the nationals going away which made Adele De Job understand they were retreating, the lad felt easier and a look of joy and satisfaction came into his face. Jannine was happy to watch the change come into the boys eyes. suddenly she remembered how the sun shone the day she returned home and she cried out happily-

"Oh De Job I have already learned how one feels when he is set free by the Christians and when he is being sent home"

There was no answer at least not in words but Jannine could tell that the lad had understood perfectly what she said for the look that she loved to see stayed in the boys face.

After a short silence the child said again - "now I hear the commands and the army is preparing to move and therefore I must

go back to my master But I am glad to know that you are serving the Christians in secret. Would you mind going with me a short distance"

Adele De Job took Jannine's hand in hers and held it fast

"yes I'm certainly happy about it" he smiled. "Even if I must serve as a gladiator in a boy scout to do so I know I'm doing my duty for the other cause and therefore I am content you see until one has been through it himself no one knows how miserable it is to be a slave and to work for days and days without a moments rest and get no thanks for it never allowed to hear a word from another child's lips never to see a smiling face any where then it is that such gloomy thoughts pop into your head and you often feel as if abandoned by God Himself that the light of day would never come again and as if you could not stand it another minute But

when you speak to me in such a friendly way then it is as if a light shines into your heart and all the darkness is driven away."

Just at this moment the army started to move and then Gannie ran toward where her master and his slaves were.

Adele De Fob followed after her for now it was growing late. It was already night and the moon outside was up in the sky but it did not shine as brightly as the glow of big forest fires far in the distance.

They soon reached her master as quickly as if they were two birds hurtling through the air.

Later on at night the army was on the retreat for fear and Gannie was lying inside the covered wagon with some of the other slaves on a fine high bale of hay and as she lay she thought of Adele De Fob again. She remembered how he had been a scout from a slave. She

imagined imagined again all that had been said and saw the happy hopeful fight her own words had kindled in the boy's face and she could not help thinking that if she could secretly help Adele De Fob some way and keep helping it up every day then she would always feel more cheerful. But Gannie knew that a full week or two must now pass before the Glandorian army would halt in its retreat and before she could go anywhere to accomplish what she was planning. What could be done? It seemed so perplexing to Gannie that she kept thinking harder and harder how it might be so managed that she could help De Fob every day.

The way of help suddenly came to her and indeed she was so happily excited about it that it seemed as if she could not wait until daylight came so that she could carry out her plan all at once. She sat up straight

in bed because she had been so busy thinking she had forgotten to say her evening prayers to God and she knew that she should not let that slip by even once no matter what happened. When she had ended her prayer for herself and the success of the Christians in their cause she fell back on her soft hay and slept soundly and peacefully until broad daylight.

April 17 1927.

The retreat continues.

On the following morning while the army was still moving swiftly forward on its retreat a dele De Jof brought his boy and girl scout Regiments to the proper place at just the right time. He brought them with him and placed them between a division of Scoodlers and Wurnsies for that was where all Glandelin-Lan boy and girl scouts belonged except those of other sections of the army.

When these child scouts halted for lunch time then they would sit by the side of a road plant their feet firmly on the ground in front of them and spread out on their knees the food they had brought and proceeded to eat.

They did not have long to do this however for it was only when the army halted for a few minutes and then they'd have to spring back into their places as soon

as the army started again, far in the distance great unusually large smoke clouds rose from distant forested land as if the world was coming to an end, and Gammie had heard her master say "General Manley hopes the severe forest fires covers his retreat untill nightfall".

When the time came during the evening when the army halted for the night and Adele De Fol had finished his own work he went the moment he was off duty across to Gammie's place to pay a visit to her.

Thus at this evening when after the monstrous army had settled down in their hastily prepared camps and entered the tent where the child slaves were kept Gammie ran to meet him for he was just the one whom she had been waiting for.

"De Fol I wish to tell you something" she called to him.

"Out with it" he said.

"You've got to learn code letters right away."

"But I have been doing it" declared De Fol.

"Yes but sort of in a way" But I don't mean that kind of code reading" Gammie said excitedly "I mean so that you can make out and read one yourself."

"But it will be of no use" the boy answered.

"Pshaw you only believe that you can learn, but you can and I know it."

Gammie said firmly "My master said that he does not believe that I cannot learn unless he is feeble minded. I don't believe it either."

"My master knows you can learn anything and he told me so."

"Adele De Fol was greatly astonished at this news but did not believe her yet."

"I'll teach you to read any code if you'll only let me know how to do it fine as my master learned me after he first bought me and I can do it fine" Gammie went on to say "you

just have to learn from me first and then after ward you can read any kind of code that is given to you, no matter what make it is."

"I'll bet you a dollar that I can't, and there's no sense to it" growled Adele.

The way that Adele the job just would not try to do anything that was proper and right when she wanted him so made Janrie very angry. Her eyes flashed as she stood in front of the boy and said in a threatening manner - "All right then you poor boob I can then tell you fast enough what's going to happen to you if you be so faithless in yourself and won't learn! Did I not hear your general himself tell you three times that you'd have to go to a Glandelinian boy scout school and learn all sorts of things you did not want to because then you're in the service of the Glandelinian army for fun and I know the school that all

boy scout leaders go to and the girls too."

"Aw how did you ever find that out?" "Well how did you ever find that out" you say. Well I did that was near St. Claire's child slave plantation. While we were working Mildred showed me the great big military school where all the boy and girl scouts go to. I've seen them myself and don't must ake the believe that they have only a girl or boy teacher like I can be to you no sir hundreds of military officers are always walking into the house ever so many many together and they're all dressed like generals and they have large gray hats on their heads as big and tall as that - Janrie demonstrated the height and width of the hats by first spreading her hands apart and then holding out her hand quite a way up from the floor a sort of shiver run up the boys back and

them down again.
 "and then you have
 to go in there among
 all those officers. Gannie
 went on to say eagerly
 "and when it comes your
 turn you will not be
 able to read anything
 of any kind of code
 at all and make
 mistakes in spelling
 them out. Then you
 just wait and see
 how those officers will
 laugh at you. They say
 say it's even worse
 than when General
 DuBaum mangled
 laughs at you and
 also scolds and you
 ought to see how it
 feels when he gets
 started."

"Oh I'll learn it then."
 Adele De Job said, half
 whimpering and half
 angry.

Gannie grew soft and
 gentle at once.

"Now you're a nice
 boy," she said happi-
 ly. "We'll begin this
 minute." She hurried
 Adele De Job over
 to the table and got
 out all the necessary
 tools. In the big
 bundle that Mildred

had sent there was a
 small book of codes that
 pleased Gannie immensely.
 When she had been think-
 ing over things in bed
 the night before it sud-
 denly occurred to her she
 might use this book to
 teach Adele De Job. It
 was however a book of
 Glandelinian codes.

Then they both sat down
 at the table their heads
 bent over the little book
 and the lesson hour
 began. Adele De Job
 was made to spell
 out the first part of
 the code again and
 again. Gannie
 wished him to know
 the disguised sentence
 nicely and without
 any blundering. At
 last however, she said
 to him -

"You don't know it
 still but I'll read it
 over to you a number
 of times. After you
 know how to run
 them you can spell
 and make it out
 better. Just take a look
 at it."

Adele De Job looked over
 a fake cipher note
 or dispatch.

"I won't be able to do it"
said Adele De Job sulkily.

"Won't be able to do what?"
Gannie asked him.

"Won't be able to make
out this cipher dispatch"
the boy answered.

"Then you won't be
able to serve the
nationals if you don't
learn these things, and
you'll never remain
a Glandelinian boy-
scout either." Gannie
told him.

At that Adele De Job
again set to work
and repeated the
letters steadily until
Gannie said -

"You do not yet know
it yet? You must not
be trying to learn!"

But because she had
seen that the lad was
interested in the
strange puzzle she
decided to read
ahead a portion
on the full of it for
his benefit. It
was a dispatch an
old one written by
Manley himself
to Federal during
an early part of
the war captured
by Gannie's master.

"You wait and I'll read it"
she continued. "Then you'll
see how it reads"
and then she began to
spell it out in a clear
distinct voice - the cipher
dispatch being as follows -

Delight Junction
November 25th 1913.
Sicet Gen'l Federal.

My DEJGH-ABC
was WJCHSM by the BSCS
III III 99 DS 1,000,000 BSM T SUD-
T NZ ND - NERP-ZMD
It will be GHCLCDEFOD as
they N J M N X Federal MTT-
SHLE a GUDT. When it
DTKL MRO I will YODC-
A S S - QUACK - N ILL
do you DLTN the IIDT-
FOREVER I do and when is
the JS DTR GOTT NDL M?
HOB ER is your PEE EEL?
J J Manley"

Here Gannie stopped a
while for Adele De
Job had become as still
as a mouse and she
had to see what was
the matter.
All the puzzling letters
had taken such a hold
on his imagination
that he was too much
interested and dumb-
founded to move a

a muscle as he was staring at Gammie his face and eyes showed his astonishment. That too surprised her and knowing the difficulty of the cipher dispatch she said to encourage him

"Don't give up Adele De Job. If you'll only come in every time you have the chance and learn as well as you have to day then after a while you'll learn these things by heart and then you'll be able to accomplish everything and nothing bad will happen. But you'll have to come every day now and not lose one even if the army does continue to advance it won't do you any harm."

Adele De Job promised to do it for his desire to know these things made him quite willing no matter how difficult it would be. Then he started for his own part of the camp. In the days that followed when even the army halted in its retreat to threaten to make a stand he did exactly as Gammie told him to

and every after noon or morning or evening which ever may be the case he studied other codes and letters so eagerly that he soon knew how to read and make one. During that time Gammie's master would often sit in the tent and listen to the letters while he contentedly smoked his cigar. But do what he would he could not keep the corners of his mouth from twitching sometimes he had such a great desire to laugh.

Yet as a reward for his great struggles Adele De Job was usually asked to stay for meals with them and he always felt that this was more than paid him for the awful efforts that he had had to make to learn the codes.

So the first few days passed quickly by. Adele De Job was very regular in his attendance and soon began to make real progress with his letters. His worse moments were when he was fighting a cipher code.

First she read the rime
code to him and it went
as follows -

"One day I lost A B and C -
Through this I had to fail
The army was stung by a bee.
Yesterday I took a Christian to jail."

I won't do no such a thing"
said Adele De Fob sulkily.
"Won't what?" Jannie
asked him.

"Won't take no Christian
to jail" the boy answered
"But you need not pay
any attention to those
letters as we are not
intending to send them
there" Jannie told him.

At that De Fob set
to work anew and repeat-
ed the four lines stead-
ily until Jannie said -
now you know
the first four lines.
But because she had
seen what an effect
the rime made on the
lad she decided to read
ahead a little for the
rimes that were to
follow.

"You wait and I'll
read you the other
rimes" she continued.
"Then you'll see what's

going to come next. And
when you've learned them
I'll explain their mean-
ing.
Then she read -

DEFG stands for I say 222.
The nationals have T R G.
If you've got H I J K
Some army will have D D D to stay

Now if at S and M you O O O hit
The nationals will D E G ld stick
There's something fine that D H S.
When you've captured N O P and Q

And if at R S T you find Salt
Whatever happens do not halt.
If you disturb your U and V.
The nationals will take you B to sea

"I'll bet the nationals will
never win this war" he
muttered.

Yet for the sake of
what he wished to
do he was learning
everything Jannie
tried to teach him just
the same. Yet from
the way things were
in other parts of the
drama of war it
seemed as if he
really did believe

that some day will really come when the nationals will be worsted in the war and this he did not want to see one little bit. On the following night when the army had again made its customary halt I arrived read -

Whatever the nationals do don't give up, Don't lose heart when I stick at it. I've seen the nationals take a good flop so there's the worry that's sure to trouble you.

Then Adele De Fol looked around him and said discouragingly -

"Aw the nationals will never win."

"Oh is that so?" I arrived asked. "Don't you know that a righteous cause never loses. It's as good as won already and when the Christians finally win the war you will have to say 'We are free at last'."

Adele De Fol was well acquainted with these predictions but he nevertheless believed that Abbreannia was

in the same position as a little boy who is going to be punished by his slave master who has a stick as big around as the trunk of a tree. But nevertheless he immediately bent over the rune and did his best not only to learn it, but to study out its meaning. Then after that he read

If you like 2-BC-11 and X you forget your place at the head of the line though you're a 1000 to the main dome, your hope to earn the code won't be met.

Adele De Fol looked quest ioningly in the direction of where he knew the Christians were following after many days retreating army arrived he demanded crossly.

"Do you think I still believe that the ash that the nationals are going to win?" "I say they are" said I arrived.

"Well let's not argue I know now the X rune and make out its meaning too with your help."

"That's good. And now as you've learned that rime and are not going to forget it we can learn the next verse right away before taps is sounded." Jammie proposed. Then to morrow evening we'll have only one verse left to learn."

Adelle De Fob did not see the sense of such hurrying. But Jammie had already begun to read-

If you can't have faith in our cause-
Then you'll fail to learn B D Y.
C F S M. Was to the cause.
Yet you'll be shamed till you cry.

When he heard this rime he almost laughed. But nevertheless he at once tackled this rime and did not let go of it until he knew it so well that he could close his eyes and still tell how it looked. The following day the army did not move off and therefore when the lad got to Jammie's tent he was feeling

a trifle puffed up for there was only one rime for him to work at Jammie read him the rime

Send the Abbieannians who are 3
to a hot place far beneath the sea
While they play to the music of the bee
We'll ring the merry laugh and he he.

Adelle De Fob said sneeringly
I don't suppose anybody
knows where that place
is."

"They do too De Fob Jammie answered confidently
"My master knows all about it. Just wait a minute and I'll ask him right away where that terrible place is. It's only in the other room."

Jammie had already sprang to her feet and was moving toward the door. Adelle De Fob was afraid her questions would bring the suspicion of the Glancelinians upon him. Therefore he was badly scared.
"Please wait won't you?" he howled in great alarm for in his imagination he saw a party

of Glandelinians coming
 in, and he almost
 felt them seize him and
 start to drag him and
 also Jannie off before
 general manley because
 they were suspicious
 he was a Christian boy
 spy in disguise. However
 his cry of alarm halted
 Jannie before she reach-
 ed the tent door.
 "Why what's the matter
 now?" she asked in
 amazement.

"Nothing's the matter"
 De Job stammered "Come
 back and learn me
 the rime. Don't ask him
 anything. The Gland-
 elinians are watching
 his every move."

But Jannie really
 wanted to know for her
 own information where
 the "hot place" was
 and so was going
 to ask her master
 about them anyway.

But B. C. Adele & De
 Job slob nob & De hub
 screamed at her so
 that she gave up her
 plan and came back.
 However he had
 to reward her for her
 kindness and there-

fore worked hard. She not
 only made him repeat
 the rimes over and over
 untill it stuck back fast
 in his mind so he
 could never forget it
 but she took up secret
 dispatches and mystic
 letters which her master
 had taught her. And on
 that afternoon Adele &
 De Job had learned so
 much that he could
 take a great step for-
 ward.

In this manner the
 lessons went on day
 after day when ever
 the army made a halt
 or a preparation for
 a stand. But the
 victorious nationals were
 pushing hard after
 the Glandelinians again
 and lately there had
 not been 24 hours
 without the evidence
 of a severe rearguard
 action of enormous
 proportions, so for
 almost a week since
 the battle of Cedernine
 Jannie had been
 unable to see any
 of the beautiful
 views she desired
 so much. That made
 her all the more eager

to gain her freedom and also to the point where Adele De Job could go with her and aid her in her escape, and so it came about that one evening when the army again had halted Adele De Job came running in to Jannie who was with her master saying,

"I can tell you some thing good."

What is it that you can tell Jannie? her master asked.

"Tell how far away the advancing Christian armies are to ours, and what they are intending to do" he answered.

"Why is that possible? Do you hear what he is saying Jannie?" her master asked.

Yes the little girl had heard De Job boast and was dumb with amazement wondering how it all happened.

"One of the officers sent me out to do scout duty and said I had to watch the movements of the Christians" Adele De Job went on to report.

Jannie would have run toward the rear of the camp to take a look herself for she was well pleased with Adele De Job's efforts and because she had yet never seen an advancing Christian army or knew what one looked like. But while Adele De Job sat down at a table to read of what he discovered Jannie's master called her back telling her the soldiers would not let her see the Christians. Then the two listened as the lad read and at the end of each sentence one or the other would say in surprise "Who would have thought it possible?" and Jannie found nothing to add to the discovery but she too listened with great interest as the lad read and explained everything to them. Finally Jannie's master said "De Job did you encounter any of the able army men or did they pass you by as they overruled do or did

you hide from them with
out blundering?

The boys only answer
was to furnish proof that
he accomplished all like
a man who reads six
columns of words one
right after the other with-
out stopping.

Gannie's master stood
up and stared at the
lad in silent amazement
as if he had never
seen his like at last
he said-

Adele De Eob an unusual
miracle has happened
to you although I almost
worked my head off
to teach you, you were
never able to get a com-
mon hand written letter
straight and now the
moment that I and
your teachers give you
up as a very bad job
much as we hate to
do so you come out
with a knowledge not
alone of reading code
letters but of make out
cipher dis patches cor-
rectly and clearly. Wo
in these days can
perform such miracles?

"Gannie" answered the
boy.

Gannie's master was
much taken aback by this
simple remark of Adele De
Eob and therefore he looked
at Gannie. But she was
sitting on a log looking
so innocent that there
seemed to be nothing unusual
about her so her master
went on to say-

"I have noticed other
changes in you Adele
De Eob you used to stay
away from Gannie a
week at a time yes
three weeks even. And
now you never absent.
Who has brought in
you this change for
the better?"

"Gannie" was the an-
swer.
The poor disguised Christ-
ian scout kept get-
ting more surprised
than ever he looked
from De Eob to Gannie
and from Gannie back
to De Eob.

The moment the
army was on the
advance once more
Gannie's master had
turned to his would
be slaves to tell them
what had happened
and how much good

Gannie was secretly doing for her cause a deal more. I of now worked on a code of or cipher dispatch whenever he had a chance to do so whether the army was advancing or camping. In so far he obeyed Gannie but not a moment further. For he had to also keep his eyes open never studied these secret things too much and neither Gannie or her master ever asked him to.

His regiment of boys and girl scouts never ceased to wonder that little De De had learned so well and after quite a few evenings after the studying was over and the boys and his scouts were talking one would say to another

"We just can't be surprised and joyful enough that our captain has learned to read strange codes and difficult dispatches in spite of everything now there's no telling what he may do."

Then another would answer —
"Oh yes it's nice of

him to have learned. But just the same I shall be glad when those who are constantly shadowing Gannie's master find out who he really is. I always feel suspicious of him. There I seem to be something about him and the way he is to his slaves that it makes him sorely watched by every one and I'm always keeping my eyes open as I'd like to see what it is. Therefore I shall be glad when General Manley sends his own best spies to watch his every move so that they can discover what his work really is. There's something left out which is seen in other slave owners and that is he uses his slaves as if they were his own children which none of the soldiers like. But no one can discover a thing about him or what he uses his slaves for and then he and our captain seemed to be talking all alone and also

that Gannie and there
for I see my respect
for him

One reason for their
suspicion was that
De Bob would not reveal
anything to them and
also he fixed up the
codes up a little so they
could not be translated
by the cleverest of scouts
and spies. When he saw
an officer coming he
simply destroyed it. He
thought it would be
dangerous even though
others believed it would
not really matter to any
officer whether he could
read one or not.

So it came about
that there was a strange
mystery in Bob
Gannie's master and
about De Bob and so
there was not many
days past when De Bob
also was secretly and
cautiously shadowed.

The army had now halted
near Starck and Collier
towns as the way the for-
est fires were advancing
there was danger of Gen.
Manley's army being
flanked by it. Gannie
saw many scouting par-
ties go out and wonder-
ed what was up. The
sky even overhead was
thick with smoke roll-
ed into all kinds of fan-
tastic shapes and far
in the distance even
Gannie could see long
walls of strange red
and it seemed to be
moving forward and
spreading the right
and left with amaz-
ing speed.

And another branch
of it was moving
up a portion of a valley.
The whole region was
covered in a strange
darkness. Far in
the distance it seemed
as if the forest were
melting away and
a whole mountain
top seemed to burst
into flame indeed
to Gannie it seemed

as if the end of the world had come many of the slaves were scared at this sight for the green leaves of the fir and pine trees had taken on a strange hue and the many flowers seemed drooping. Strong westerly breezes were blowing hot and sultry through the forest of fir and pine trees and shaking off leaving needles and the air was smelling strong of smoke. Birds of all kinds either of prey or others flapped their wings in the smoke laden air yet high above the world and all around the big camp which extended for many miles were the immense forests of pines dried up by the summer draught and Janne had heard that were whole corps of soldiers were out working hard and desperate to breach the fire. How indeed did Janne wish for the golden sun there

and yet she could not help but be intensely interested in the aspect of the great fire which as the army had halted in its advance she stretched herself at ease and kept watching it to her heart's content. Again Janne was viewing a tremendous forest fire when ever there was a terrific increase in the blaze she would run there and there and indeed she did not know which part of the forest fire was the most thrilling. At one time the fury of the wind tempted to tempt her to listen to its deep and mysterious notes as it roared most fiercely through the woods swaying the branches back and forth most fiercely and shaking the trees back and forth like the pandemonium of a clock. The fiercer the wind howled about with the fury of a hurricane.

them wildly and to see
 them to and fro and
 them blowing branches
 still and tearing big
 branches from the trees
 and showering the
 air with a thick cloud
 of leaves the wind
 seemed to howl in
 loud and wild delight
 and Gannie too would
 cry out in her excite-
 ment while she was
 being blown to and
 fro like a tender leaf.
 One thing that ex-
 cited her most and
 that was far in the
 distance she could
 first see specks of
 red small or big
 fly forward and drop
 and a few minutes
 after a new forest
 of fires were raging
 at every spot where
 she had seen the
 red spots drop.
 At another time she
 would run to a spot
 where a whole pano-
 rama of a view
 would be before her
 and placing herself
 in front of a tent
 on some bench
 she would sit down

and keep her eyes open
 every where as if she were
 hunting about in the un-
 usual view before her to
 find out how many more
 new fires would spring
 into being and was
 usually surprised to see
 more than she expected.
 Such fires excited her
 intensely at the instant
 flames and in leap-
 ing man and de-
 ing so
 Gannie was
 ingly at
 less com-
 on mo-
 and i
 for her
 young
 laden
 she
 from
 and
 very still
 distant
 really af-
 she re-
 for fire
 big and
 and on
 all and
 and young
 keep
 and the th

April 29 1927

stop this big fire. It's too far gone already."

"Then we'll all be sleeping under the sofa that has the beautiful green sod for a covering." Her master answered calmly.

While Jannet was wondering what he might have meant by being under the beautiful covering of sod and what that might be there suddenly came from the front the sound of a galloping horse and a loud whistling. Then a courier on horse back came in sight. At first Jannet did not know what it meant. But she started away and was quickly surrounded by her fellow slaves that ran up to meet her.

They must have felt as excited as Jannet did to see even so far off such a conflagration for they jumped up and down in their excitement and cried and yelled in their excitement and they crowded Jannet one way and another in their eagerness to get close to her

and tell her all about it. But the messenger mounting showed them aside right and left for he had a message to deliver to Jannet. When he had come close enough he handed her a little parchment letter.

"Here you are, Jannet," he said, handing Jannet to find out the rest for herself. She was very much surprised.

"Why did you find a letter for me in the forest fire?" she asked in her amazement.

"No Jannet," was his only answer.

"Well, where did you find it then?"
"In my knapsack," and he told the truth but not all of it. The evening before some military postman in the army had given him a courier's letter from another part of the camp. Jannet had put it into his knapsack but when he had put it in it had fallen on it and

so many of the soldiers went to check the fires he had put his dispatches in with it so be sure he had seen both Jannie and her masters when he had deliver. delivered a message to Manley. But not until he had finished delivering his dispatches that late morning and was hunting around for a cipher dispatch had he come upon the forgotten letter. doof.

Jannie read the address on the envelope very carefully. Then she ran back to her master and wild with joy held the letter out to him. "It's from St. Clares plantation," she cried happily "from Mildred. Shall I read it to you, right off, master?" Her master said he wanted to hear it and so, it seemed, did Adele. He sat for he had followed Jannie and settled himself to listen. He stood by a tree so he could have a firm support of his body and devote all his attention

to follow the reading of the letter.

It was quite a long letter and here is it.

July 22, 1913.
Glandelinum Camp.
Dear Miss Jannie

"We have just packed up everything and are going to start in two or three days as soon as it is convenient for me to go. But my master is not coming with me as he says he has sold me to your master. Just we have gone through Leadrick Junction.

Before the fighting with the Christian armies general Bicknell came to the plantation every day and the moment he was in the field he calls "All aboard for Jannie's home. You're owned by her master now." He just can't wait until we get off.

You can't imagine what a nice exciting time we had near the town of Leadrick Junction during the big fight with the Christian armies. But we do not wish to see another whole week before the big battle general Bicknell had been coming to see us almost every day. He told me he has to keep coming to my master's plantation so he could talk about the carrying bills and give us advice what to do when it comes.

Then he sits down on a stump near where I am working and tells me of each day he spent with you and your master on your plantation, and he talked of the strength of the Christian armies, the beauty of the scenery and the flowers.

where the battle was so rage and of the
marching of the Christian army toward the
junction. He said that everybody likes your
master and hope he escapes from the
honor of it and that when I come for you
I can enjoy the peaceful quiet up there
above the villages and streets of Glan
city where the pure air is. He often says
everybody will get well at your place
very quick.

Then he sits down on the edge of the field
and tells me of each day he spent with you and
your master on the mountains, and he talks
of the cliff flowers and mountain scenery and
of the peaceful quiet up there above all
the big camps and of how fresh the pure
air is everywhere you go.

And he himself is very much changed
from what he used to be and now he
appears quite comforted and happy again.
Oh how glad I shall be to see it all
myself to be with you even where ever
the army will move to and to go friends
with Adele & Joe and his boy and girl
scouts.

First I have to go to Lollyer town until
the forest fires are put out. That is what
the general orders. Then we are to go
back near Nalkingburg and when
everything is nice I shall be driven
to the point and finally be brought
to your master. Jack is also brought
and is coming along to stay with me. He
is looking forward to seeing you again.
But why do you think Mr Gringore
does not want to come. He has been
day my father much goes and
ask him. How about taking Mildred

to Jurnus. nearly Mr Gringore. If you
want to go riding with him do not
back up in saying so. But please thank
him politely and say that he does not
know the way.

But I know what the worst of all is
thinking about. That Becknell is let him
such a terrible story about the battle.
He said that the Christian column of
Cavalry was always increased
the Glanleiman army in the march
at unexpected places and there was
a great danger of his being captured
and that those who lay and were held
slaves. So not because quarters there
also was danger of falling into traps
and quickly. And the country was
so open that a Glanleiman army
may be captured at any point of
the line of march and that he
might be among those captured. He
also said he believed a well
drilled army might go through all
sorts of places but not a half trained
one. So I am sure that is what
is about danger of his life.

Mr Gringore, surprised about what
Becknell said and has not been
fond of going along with the army
since. So we are coming by ourselves
and Jack and I would like to go
but we are worried that we might be
travelling as far as Glanleiman with
us and then turn back again.

So I am sure that is what
is about danger of his life.

the soldiers & the natives do not
capture us. We will be shown the way
by spirit that will be sent by your
master that is if he finds the way and
the natives do not capture him.
God by Jannie dear. Oh I just
cant wait until I am brought to you.
Jack sends you a million good wishes.

Your true friend,
Mildred

When Adele & I heard
what the letter said she
congratulated Jannie and
then singing round
gave orders to his scouts
to march on. And he
was so joyful that he
singing his camp right
and left so wildly an
wildly that his followers
thought he lost his
mind. But they finally
flew to their respective
places at his command
and then went off
at double time.

Adele & I at last
were waving that
in the air as if she
was trying to tell
the world that
she was not
and the thought that

the coming of the two
new slaves to her
heart with joy. Jannie
also was so full of joy
and happiness the next
day she just had to go
down during the halt of
the army and pay the
other slaves a visit.
She was longing to tell
them everything who
was coming from St.
Clarens and especially
who was not coming.
These days and as
Jannie felt sure would
find her men of
the greatest importance
for she knew her
talent all the other slaves
so well that they always
showed deep interest
in anything that had
to do with Jannie. So
early the next morn-
ing Jannie having
a pass from her
master set out for
she could go alone
as the other slaves
were not far but it
was day the army was
hearing with some
than ever the sun
did not set so low
and the moon was
high in the sky
in million of

immense rolls and
cylinder shapes and
spread far over the sky
like black hurricane
clouds and it was
uncommonly dark and
quite windy. The wind
blew along behind
her and pushed her
on at a great rate.

The slaves had been rest-
ing from their toil and some
of the slaves had been
drafted to fight the fire.
But some of them were
at work polishing pieces
of artillery or at work
cleaning horses and
greasing wagon wheels
and yet there was a
look on the faces of a
few as if their thoughts
were not entirely hap-
py ones. That look had
been there since the
evening before and
all through the night
their thoughts had
always tormented them
and kept them awake.
For Alice had had
once come to them white
with rage and so far as
the slaves could make
out from his confused
statements this master
was under great sus-

suspicion and that secret
agents were soon to be
sent to steal the slaves
from him and if the
suspicions were confirmed
he was to be arrested.
Just what the meaning
of this was he did not
know but the slaves
could not stop think-
ing about it and that
is the reason their minds
got so troubled that they
could not sleep.

Then Jannet ran over
and called them over to
her. Jannet sat down on
a stump and began
to pour forth her story
with such eagerness
that she got more and
more excited by it.
But then all at once
she broke off in the
middle of a sentence
and asked a question.
"Why my dear friends
whatever is the matter?
Don't you like to hear
about this even a little
bit?"
"Of course I do, Jannet."
"I am glad because
you are going to en-
joy it so." They
answered and tried
to seem somewhat

happier
 then, my friends,
 why can't I see that you
 are worried about it? Are
 you afraid perhaps that
 Manley will frustrate my
 master and forbid her
 to come?

So tell the truth Jannine
 herself was slightly wor-
 ried on this account.

"Oh no it's nothing.
 I tell you" one of the
 boy slaves said to
 comfort her. I do not
 fear about you as long
 that I know you are
 by me still. This visit
 will be a good
 thing for you even
 if we do not have
 to the good luck to
 see the end of it."

I don't want any good
 thing that you won't
 see dear friends. Jan-
 nie said very decidedly.

In fact she spoke
 so firmly as if every
 thing was settled that
 a new fear came
 to rest in the minds
 of the slaves. They
 began to think the
 Glandermans being
 suspicious of her mas-
 ter would come and

take Jannine away and
 give her away to General
 Manley. So now that
 the Glandermans were
 suspicious of her master
 surely they would come
 and take her prisoner
 and carry her away
 with them.

This is what the child
 slaves feared most and
 yet they did not feel
 that they ought to men-
 tion the matter before
 Jannine. The child m-
 ight be so sorry for
 them that she would
 refuse to go away
 with them at the risk
 of any penalty and
 that must not be.
 She sought out a way
 to find a way out
 of the difficulty and
 they did not have
 to ponder long for
 there was one thing
 they wanted always.

I tell you what Jannine
 one of them said after
 a short pause. What
 will make us feel
 very much better and
 bring back our
 happy thoughts. Read
 us a few chapters
 out of your little bible

that you always carry
with you"

Jannie had come to know
her bible so well that she
found at once the place
where it tells of Jesus
blessing the little child-
ren, and when she had
finished one of them
said-

"Yes that is just what
I wanted to hear and it
did seem as if their hearts
were lighter for the
look of sorrow and anx-
iety had disappeared
from their faces. Jannie
glanced at them thought-
fully a moment before
she asked-

"But if he loved child-
ren so well why did
he allow us to be made
slaves?"

"Yes that's just what
the question is" said one
of the boys nodding
his head. But then I'm
sure it is not his
fault for on some day
every thing will be
healed and made whole
again. Our freedom will
come bye and bye."

"Yes that's just what
I believe" Jannie
said "and because

its God who promises
to make things whole you
can count on everything
turning out alright no
matter how dark the fut-
ure looks. Read it once
more to us Jannie so
we can learn the words
by heart and never for-
get them."

Jannie read the chapter
once twice three times for
the story of Jesus blessing
little children pleased
her very much.

When it grew dark and
Jannie again was strol-
ling along the hills
path toward her master's
house a great glow
glaring intensely ap-
peared along the hou-
zon. But above these
was a wide rift in
the smoke cloud and
the stars appeared
in the sky. They gleamed
and sparkled down at
her exactly as if each
one of them was bent to
send a ray of joy
and content to her
heart. And almost at
every instant Jannie
had to stop and look
up at them for they seemed
to be twinkling at her
more brightly from the

smokeless part of the sky
 so she called up to them
 "I just love to see you shine
 again you beautiful stars
 it is because God knows
 so well what is whole
 some and best for us
 that we can be so hap-
 py and that through his
 help I'll be free
 soon."

Then the stars blinked
 and twinkled and seem-
 ed to be winking at
 Jannie all the way
 to her tent and there
 she found her master
 standing looking
 at the red or glow in
 the sky for he said
 the forest fires had
 not given forth any
 glow so brightly of
 any forest fire he
 could remember
 and during this month
 of July not only were
 the days dark from so
 much smoke than
 he had seen them
 for many years but
 the distant horizon
 at night had been
 so red and made
 closer objects look
 so black and the
 rolling smoke of

such peculiar colors that
 those who would have
 witnessed it would have
 believed he was in
 Indian regions during
 the halt in the march-
 ing Jannie's master
 would often look at
 the skies in the even-
 ings to find the hor-
 izon line carrying in
 color and when he
 expected to see the
 sun rise in a glorious
 cloudless sky he would
 find the sky dark and
 cloudy with smoke
 and he would say
 repeatedly

"It is an uncommon
 forest fire indeed. It is
 a fire that is burn-
 ing all before it. Look
 out. We got on ground
 your scouts will be
 trapped one of these
 days."

When Adele De Sob
 heard that he only
 laughed and the look
 on his face said
 plainly enough
 "Idiot. I'd just like
 to know when that
 will happen"
 so this hot night
 sped by with us

May 9 1927

glaring forest fire lights and the day came sultry and still with a haze in the air that made every soldier nervous and which made every flower droop and almost choke every one. There was so much smoke in the sky and rising up in the distance that Jannie who had already finished her work about the master's tent came running outside to see what was the matter. She was intending to go quickly over to the rear group of fir and other trees to see if the fire was coming very close for not yet really realizing the danger the walls of great flames were at her. The most curious and splendid sight in the world for as they leaped high into the air like they glared as bright as the sun. Close to where she stood and in full bloom the quick flame what drooping was

a great bush of Centaurea and sure these kind of flowers were the most beautiful sights ever known especially when the sun shone through them. But just as soon as Jannie started to run toward these trees she suddenly screamed at the top of her lungs. Her master stepped out of his tent for he knew something unusual had happened.

"Oh Master the child cried beside herself with joy 'come and look - come here and look'."

Her master came at her call and his eyes followed the outstretched arm of the excited child.

A procession that was quite unusual even such as any gladiatorian army had never seen before was winding up a long plank road. I met came two covered wagons with water soaked canvas and on the rear of the leading wagon was a large mattress

on which a little girl was lying wrapped up in two white army sheets. Then came a white sheet hanging from the end of the wagon. Following was a coal black horse in which a stately officer was riding looking about him haughtily and yet with great interest and having a lively chat with another officer who rode at his side.

A little way behind there followed a smaller wagon. This wagon was empty save for the teamster who was driving it. There was last of all a porter push cart along a wheel chair because the crippled girl who really belonged in it could be transported in the wagon more safely and the wheel chair was piled so high with rugs and shawls that they reached high above his head. "Here they are" called

Jannie jumping up and down with happiness.

Indeed there was no longer any room for doubt as to who it was that Jannie stood and watched so eagerly nearer and nearer they came and then finally after what seemed years of impatient waiting they were there.

The drivers halted the wagons while two soldiers went up to one and soon had placed the mattress with the child on it to lie upon the ground.

Jannie ran quickly to it and the two children hugged one another joyfully. Then the stately man came up on his horse and dismounted. Jannie recognized him in turn and therefore ran up to him also and was greeted with a friendly handshake. And then the slave owner saw Jannies master who had stepped forward to bid him welcome. Then also there was no stiffness in the way they spoke to each other for because of Jannie.

they felt as if they had always been friends and no sooner had the words of welcome been spoken, however, when Mr. St. Claire said with great enthusiasm -

"My dear sir, what a beautiful gang of child slaves you have with you in manley's army. Who in the world would have imagined it? Many of the highest commissioned generals would envy you the possession of such nice little slaves. And see how Fannie is blooming like a June rosebud. I believe you treat your slaves better than I do."

And Mildred's master drew Fannie to him and stroked the child's red cheeks, and then he turned to his own slave.

"What a scene there is all about us. Glories of beauty added by the awe inspiring grandeur of distant forest fires."

"What do you say Mildred?" The cuppled child slave was looking around her as if she was enchanted for she had never imagined, never dreamed or believed of seeing anything like this in all her young life.

"How great and magnificent a scene the forest fires

are making" she cried again and again. I never imagined it. It is certainly fascinating. Oh master I'd like to stay here and watch it always as long as it does not come this way."

In the meantime Fannie's master had brought up the wheelchair, had some shawls out of one of the wagons and made a soft kind of seat with them. Then he went up to the child lying on the mattress.

"If we put the little girl into her chair now she probably will rest more easily" he said. The mattress is too low, and she must not lie down too long as it is not good for her comfort one bit.

He did not wait for anyone to help him but took the girl in his strong arms and placed her very gently in the chair on the right place where he prepared. Then he spread some thin blankets across her knees and wrapped up her feet in a sheet so comfortably as if he had done nothing all his life, but look after himself like a former master, and as if he could

as if he could not believe his eyes.

"My dear general" he exclaimed - "if I knew where you had learned to care for sick and wounded persons, I'd have all the Red Cross nurses sent to the same places for their hospital course. Who taught you how?"

Jannies master smiled a little. "It comes more from experience, I suppose than from study" he answered.

But in spite of the smile there was a trace of sadness in his eyes. I soon saw the many forgotten days of his past since the war, his mind again turned to the suffering face of a soldier who used to sit wrapped up in a chair just like Mildred and who was so badly crippled that he could not hardly move a muscle. The dream figure that came to his mind was his assistant general Rooney Graves whom he had found lying on the ground after the fierce battle at Delights Junction and under fire had carried on his back from the field. And from that time on the general wanted no one but his master as a nurse and never let him out of his sight until death at last put an end to his great suffering. The face of his sick friend again

appeared to Jannies master and seemed to tell him that it

was now his duty to nurse poor Mildred and to show her all the comforting care that he understood so well. Yet the sky stretched heavy with clouds of smoke away over the camp and the forest of pines and the lofty cliffs that rose high into the air heavy and humming. I thought it all was a menace both Jannies and Mildred could not tire of gazing at the facing fascinating view their hearts were so stirred by it immensely.

"Oh Jannies I wish I could go around with you so I could see the big fire" Mildred called out longingly. Up on the top porch of that building would be exactly the place or on that little slope under the big fir trees and then I could take in a full view of everything and see all that I've heard of so much but have never seen. To go into that house Jannies knew was not allowed. But just then she made a great effort and in a few minutes she had succeeded in wheeling the chair across the dry sward until it was on the summit of the little hill and beneath the firs. There she halted. Mildred had never before seen anything like the long walls of rolling

MAY 16 1927

YOU ARE RED

Smoke ascending to an
unestimated height first
spreading out above like
immense black wind
storm clouds with a
million cauliflower and
other curly formations
pierced very frequently
by sheets of flame
that made the clouds
seem of fire themselves.
The children could not
tire of this view and
their masters who too
had followed the children
and stood and gazed at
the smoke and fire in wonderment.

They hardly knew which to think more
awe-inspiring, the big volcanic billowing
clouds of smoke and fire or the stretching distance
summit so full of yet not fire touched sea
of foliage or the straight strong tree trunks
like pillars.

Even the mighty trunks
told their own story of
the long years of
years that they had
been standing up
there while down below
in the valley men
had come and gone
and everything had
changed though no
battle had yet marked
this spot and the trees
were as they were in
the beginning.
After a while Annie

slowly pushed the wheel
chair up to one of the slave
lents and opening wide of
the door so that Mildred
could see all of the interior.
Of course there really was
not much inside as the
other slaves were some
where else and busy in
the camp. I therefore mild-
red called with much
regret —

"Oh master of the army
would only remained
encamped so I could wait
for Annie's fellow slaves
and Adele & Joe. I can never see
them at all if the army will start as
soon as you say it will. And that would
be a shame."

"My dear Mary," said her former master.
"You are sold to this man now and therefore
let us enjoy the lovely
things to come and not
mind so much what
has not. He followed
after the chair which
Annie was pushing
along."

"Oh see that big cloud
of flame" Mildred and
Annie cried a moment
later and see the beau-
tiful flowers whole fields
of delicate red flowers
and then all the little
waving bluebells which
I could get out and

pick some of them before the fire comes
this way and destroy them

Jannie ran off at once and brought back
a large bunch of them

"Oh but they are nothing at all mildred"
she said as she laid the flowers in her
lap. "You ought to see the
flowers I've seen during the marching of
the army. When you go with us for a
time you'll sure see something. I tell
you I've seen in many
spots altogether where
there were ever so many
bushes of red centauries
and lots more bluebells
than there are here but
the soldiers cut them
all down the mean old
things and besides we've
passed places where so
many bright yellow wild roses were
so thick that the field looked as though
it was pure gold. And we passed flow-
ers with big leaves and a big round
too. I tell you. That's what my master
calls them and he is right. But I don't
say they are Sun-flowers. Oh and
we have passed places where we
saw the brown ones too - you know the
one I mean with little
round tops which smell
so good. But - the
turn cloud in her lips
"the soldiers destroyed
them all so I can't
show you. I don't
not let us make one
my about it - but I can

find in those places. When you once come
to a place like that you never want
to go away again to so a lovely. Yet the
soldiers with them all down as they say they
hate flowers.

As she went on to tell all about this
Jannie's eyes sparkled with longing
to see such beautiful flowers once more.
And Mildred caught the flame of her
friends excitement until in her own soft
blue eyes one could easily see reflected
every bit of Jannie's enthusiasm.

"Oh Master do you suppose I could go
up on some high hill to watch the
big fire? I think I could be
safely so high?" she asked and
asked eagerly. "O Jannie if I only
could go climbing on the mountains
with you wherever I wanted to go."

"I'll push you if you want me to"
Jannie said sweetly.

And to show how easy she could do it
she ran around with the chair so fast that
it almost got away from her and flew
down the side of the hill. But one
of the Gladiolus soldiers was
standing close enough to catch the
chair at just the right moment.

While they had been chatting under
the fir trees and watching the action
of the distant fires Jannie's master
had not been idle. Knowing the army
would not move for quite a while
he had taken a table and chair from
his own tent and placed them
outside in the lawn by the side
of the road and made everything
ready for them to eat their dinner

Mildred's former master was very enthusiastic about this queer sort of an outside dining room within a big camp up on a high rise of ground from which one could see far down into an valley and beyond the fire swept forested mountains into the blue distance.

A strong blustering wind which fanned the faces of the table companion and blue so smartingly and warm and whispered so (whisperingly) so charmingly in the fir forest that one might have thought it strange music especially ordered for the feast.

"I never had such an experience before," cried Mildred's former master. "It is just splendid and alive in spring and the distant forest fire is a sight. Ho - behold. But what do I see?" he added in a tone of the greatest surprise. "I really do believe Mildred that you have started on a second piece of bread and ham - sure enough she is starting on a second

ham what am I and what - oh Mr. St. Clare - it tasted so good? Is better than a whole stale army dinner in a mess hall." Mildred cried taking a big bite of the appetizing food. "Eat away all you can," Jannet's master said well pleased. "Our army like to a great deal to our appetite even for bad cooking."

So the happy meal went on in the semi darkness caused by the smoke of fires. Saint Clare and Jannet's master had liked each other from the very first and therefore they kept the talk going in a most lively manner. They seemed to have the same thoughts about military things and child slaves and the way the war was raging.

The reader would really have thought they had been close friends for years a long time had passed when suddenly St. Clare looked toward the east and said "I hope the army will be starting on its march soon. I hope may come upon us before we know it. It is time the scout army parties were coming back to report the direction the army can go safely."

May 24 1927

At these words a sad look stole over Mildred's face which before had been so merry and she begged eagerly - "Oh I hope the army will remain here for about three more hours. Why we have not even seen the big tent where Ganne and her fellow slaves live in and Ganne's bed and every thing I wish the day was three hundred hours longer."

"Well you don't want a long day do you?" her former master said. "Any how we can not help ourselves if the general's orders the armies to advance we all have to get along the best we can."

But Mildred could not resist the desire to see the tent and so they all got up from the meal table and Ganne's master stepped the whole group with steady hand to the entrance of the tent.

But when they were once inside a man in a white uniform

into his strong arm and carried her into the main interior of the tent. Mildred's former master walked all around looking carefully at the way it was furnished and he seemed to be very merry at sight of some of the objects inside the tent all of which were so clean and tidy and so well arranged.

"What's your wagon out there Ganne?" he asked and before any one realized what he was doing he had quickly strode over to where the wagon was standing. He walked over to the rear-chest, pulled inside and my how nice it smells inside. He said it must be a very healthful way to sleep while traveling."

By this time Ganne's master had come up too with Mildred still in his arms and Ganne followed right on his heels. They all grouped around Ganne's wagon

and examined the interior of the vehicle from the outside and observed that everything was neatly made up and Mildred's former master lost in pleasant thoughts and was gazing straight before him and taking deep breaths of the sweet odor of the hay inside. Indeed Mildred could not think of anything finer than Jannie's room-like wagon.

"What a jolly place you have inside your wagon Jannie" she exclaimed "from the back you can watch the army in motion look straight at the sky and every thing has such a nice smell and just hear the forest of fir trees rustling out there to the sweetest dearest wagon in all the world" Jannie's master cast a quick look at Mr St Claire.

"I have a fine idea" he said "if your former master will listen to it and not say no. I now would let him let this little girl ride in Jannie's wagon and send the

other wagons back. It might be just the thing for her to travel with Jannie. Why we could make an entirely separate cot soft as down from all the all the shawls and rugs that you've brought and no one need to worry about the care and watchfulness the little girl will get on and my dear will look after her ourselves."

Jannie and Mildred burst into a duet of happy shouts and surely you would have thought the two little girls were two birds just free from their cage. As Mr St Claire his face lighted up with pleasure.

"My dear Sir you are one of the most splendid fellows I have ever seen" he said "and what do you think I just had an idea I was thinking to myself you'd let it be better for Mildred to ride in this wagon and the finest thing for her to ride with Jannie."

But after she is sold, who will look out for her? (And what a care or a nuisance her care would be for the one that bought her.)

"Nonsense! No trouble at all," assured you. "And here you are suggesting it as a matter quite as if it were an every day matter. Oh how quite full she will be to you dear general. And I too thank you from the bottom of my heart."

In his excitement Mr St. Claire shook his friends hand like and again and both seemed more than delighted to see each other. Glad. Jacques' master became very busy at once. He carried Malibred back to her chamber in front of Jannet's tent and she lagged along after them feeling however that she could not jump high enough to show her joy at the unexpected turn of events. Then he picked up all the shawls and rugs lined with fur and piled them in his arms. Smiling with satisfaction he said—

"It is surely lucky that Mr St. Claire provided enough coverings in case Manly makes a desperate winter campaign. We shall need them all that day."

"Your Excellency," replied Mr St. Claire briskly. "I was thought from my experience that an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure. Many a little slave during the marches of big armies through mountainous countries through woods and swamps are lucky to escape the horrors of encumbrance. Bullets high winds hardships and big fires. And we do so far have such luck and are grateful for it. But still these wraps are going to be of good use to you, are they not?"

While the two were having this talk they had been on their way back to Jannet's wagon. A moment later they were spreading the shawls across a newly made bed of straw one at a time and finally they had placed so many of them on the couch that it looked like a small toy fortress.

"Now just let me see a single wisp of hay sticking through," Mr St. Claire said defiantly.

He pressed down again so hard with his hands on all sides of the bed that the soft mass of rugs made such a thick wall that not a piece of straw could be found sticking through it. Then being fully satisfied that the bed was just to his liking, Mr St. Claire then jumped out of the wagon and went over to see his two little slave friends. He found them sitting close together their faces were shining with joy and they were planning what they were going to do from morning till night all the time the army was to remain at this spot.

But how long would the army remain at this spot? That was now the burning question that must be asked of Jannet's master at once for it seemed he knew everything that Ingley planned to do. And as he happened to come along at just that moment the question was quickly put to him. He then said he thought that they ought to be able to tell in a few weeks whether the Glancle Indian army was going to move forward or not. And then the child slaves really did swear with delight for they had not even dared to hope for such a long time at this one spot.

Soon after this St. Claire's own news

were soon seen riding
up the trail but they were
soon sent back again for
there was no longer and
any need of their services.
When Mr. St. Claire was
on the point of mount-
ing his horse Mildred
called up to him joyfully.

"Oh Mr. St. Claire this is
no real goodbye for you'll
be coming I hope to visit
us every so often to see
what we are doing and
that's going to be great
fun isn't it Jannie?"

The joy that Jannie
felt that day had been
heaped up on her with
so generous hand that
she no longer knew
how to find no words
to say. So she said
yes by jumping as
high as she could
in the air.

When Mr. St. Claire
mounted his trust worthy
beast while Jannie's
master at once seized
the horses bridle rein
and started to lead
it carefully down
to the mouth of the
creek to Jannie's

him not to bother about
it, he said there was not
the slightest need of his
doing so. But Jannie
declared he could not
be satisfied unless he
kept him company at
least as far as company
went. Mr. St. Claire decided
now that he was to be
alone not to take led-
ging in his gun place
until that portion of
the army moved up
for it was too far to go
back there so soon.

He preferred to go
as far as Uncle Sam's
garden camp and there
he could wait until
the section which had
his stores should
come up.

Long before Jannie's
master had returned
while the boys came
marching along with
his child scouts then
the boy and girl scouts
saw Jannie and Mil-
dred they all looked
curiously in their direc-
tion until seeing them
also while he ordered
a halt. Though they
had been quite hostile
to Jannie they now
mildred and welcomed

in her direction and in an instant mildred together with Jannie was surrounded by the boy and girl scouts and every one of the scouts would keep crowding and shouting to be the first to greet the invalid.

So it happened that almost before she realized it Jannie herself had finally struck up the much longed for friendship with the better hearted of these scouts and while this was taking place however a dele De E of hung off to one side and cast occasional glances at the happy girl slaves.

As the children both called out to him a friendly "Good night De E of" he answered with a wave of his hand and then started down the road his followers after him. The last thing to come to the mind of all the things that mildred had seen that day

outside the camp when at last she was lying on the broad soft bed in the wagon she looked out the rear of the wagon right at the city of big tents the glare of the many camp fires the pacing guards and right into the heart of the twinkling stars and out onto carried away by their beauty.

"Oh Jannie look, it feels as if we were being driven straight to heaven and free from our wagon."

"Don't it? and mildred don't you know why the stars are so happy and seem to keep twinkling at the camp and every one so?"

"No Jannie dear. How should I know that? and what do you mean by that?" demanded mildred.

"Why the stars up there in the sky see how fiercely they burn and so raging for our freedom and for our home. They are so cruelly and so lovingly for us."

freedom of all little slaves - like us and with God taking care of all of us and watching over every one more of us need to worry or feel unsafe, because He knows more than we do how things will turn out and also knows every thing for the Christian armies will turn out for the best. And that makes me happy when the smoke of the forest fire clears away so the stars can appear in the sky and that they can't be prevented from twinkling at us so joyfully too. But you know Mildred we must never forget to pray and ask the Dear God to think of us while He is looking after every one so nicely. And then no matter where we be we can feel safely too and never need to be afraid of anything or of the wars of the world.

At that the two children popped up in bed again and said their prayers for the night. Then Jennie put her head on her little round arm and was asleep in a very few minutes. But Mildred lay away a very long time, because she had never in her life before seen or known anything so wonderful as a army major to sleep in under the starlight.

Bessie who had hardly seen the stars for she had never been outside the house at night and inside the thick shades had been pulled down long before the stars appeared. But now every time she stretched to the window she had to open them just one more to make sure the stars

bright stars were still there, thinking what her new and to see if they were really twinkling in that funny way that Jennie had always spoken of. And they always were, and were not hindered in their brightness one bit by the unusual and sharp of light caused by the forest fire in the far distance.

So Mildred just could not look long enough at their sparkling and gleaming until at last her eyes were closed and then even in her dream she was still seeing them like living stars that were so large and unusually brilliant that their bright cloudless night.

Further happenings
in General Munley's
army.

The sun was just rising
up behind the distant
forest wall and casting
its golden wall rays
upon the vast Gladi-
lian camp and down
over the valley. The
smoke clouds in the
west from the distant
forest fires looked brown
red yellow and cream
color and had their
same frothy thick
ness and massiveness
added with the cauliflower
and other fan-
tastic shapes.

Jamie's master had
been watching with quiet
eagerness, as he did every
morning, the hoped for
clearing away of the
smoke and the fog mist
from other smouldering
fires lit from the heights
and the valleys round
about him and the
whole country side come
forth from its twilight
shadows and awake
to a new day.

Especially in the east
the light clouds of early
morning were growing
clearer and brighter

until the rising sun had
quite appeared to bathe cliffs
and forests now enshroud-
ed in smoke of forest
fires in its golden glory.
Then after taking a good
look at the smoke of the
distant fires he walked
back to his tent and to
where his two little slave
girls lay.

Mildred had just opened
wide her eyes and was
staring in the greatest
amazement at the light
sunbeams that streamed
in through the entrance
of the big tent and
glan gleam on her own
cot. She had forgotten
where she was and
did not recognize the
strange scene about
her. But then she noticed
Jamie sleeping beside
her and heard the
kindly voice of her
new master asking:

"Did you sleep well
Mildred despite the
heat? You are not tired
are you?"

"No sir I am not
tired at all in fact I
had not moved once,
after I went to sleep."
His pleased hum
and he set to work

at once to cure for the invalid child stake so skillfully that the reader might have suspected that he was also a surgeon and had no other occupation in his life than to tend to the needs of sick and crippled slaves.

By this time Garrue was also awake and surprised to find that her master had got her little friend dressed and up in his arms and all ready to carry down stairs or outside rather and she surely had no desire to be left behind. So she hastily dressed herself and flew out of doors. But there she came to a sudden halt for she was surprised to see her master had been lying.

When the two slaves were asleep that night he had planned a way of bringing the broad wheel chair inside the tent. The entrance to the tent had been somewhat too narrow to allow the more easy admittance of the chair and so he had to work up

some other plan or scheme all at once a good idea came to him. He took his razor and cut good sized strips from the edge of the opening and so enlarged the entrance. The chair was wheeled in through this and then the strips were let down again but not sewed on.

Garrue appeared just as her master was placing Mildred in her chair. He had raised up the strips and fastened it to the canvas above and was going to wheel the child out of the tent into the morning sunshine. When he had done this he left the chair standing in the middle of a wide open space in the camp where there was something like a grassy lawn and then went back into the tent. Garrue ran to Mildred's side.

The wind that day was from the northeast and blew in cool breezes about the faces of the children and a heavy smell from the fire flew drifted down to them on each new gust.

of wind. Mildred filled
her lungs with it and
leaned back in her chair,
with a feeling of such
health and contentment
as she had never known
before.

Indeed all the time
that she had been a slave
she had never drawn
in deep breaths of such
fresh air under the
open sky and at this
moment the pure
breezes from the distant
mountains was blowing
long about her so cool
and refreshing that
every touch of it brought
new enjoyment
and above all else
there was the clear
sweet sunshine which
was so lovely and
warm upon her hands
and upon the daisies
at her feet. Mildred
had not imagined that
it could be like this
within a big grand
union camp.

"Oh Yarnie," with this
was a Christian camp
and that I could stay
up in these mountains
and with you here
and ever and ever
the wooded mountains

in her hair just one way
and then another so as
not to miss a bit of the
air and sunshine.

"Now you see it's just
as I said it was 'garnie
answered smiling some
time the army camps
in the nicest spot in
the afternoon."

At this moment her maid
came from the big tent
toward were all her little
slaves were grouped drag-
ging along with him
a small cart in which
were two buckets of nice
frothy milk as white
as snow. First he
handed a bowlful to
Mildred the other to
Garnie.

"I'm giving something
very good for a good
little girl for a slave
I know," he said nod-
ding at Mildred. "It's
good goat milk and
makes little children
all in strong. So
your good health, so
drink hearty."

Mildred had never
drank or drunk milk
dunk skunk spunk
goats milk before
so she had to milk
at it first a little bit.

But when she observed that it tasted so good that Fannie drank her big bowlful down without stopping for breath she waited no longer. She commenced to drink and drank until there was not a single drop left. For to tell the truth to it was so sweet and nourishing the reader would have thought there was sugar and cinnamon in it.

"So tomorrow you two will have two bowls apiece" said he and he smiled with pleasure to see how closely Mildred had followed Fannie's lead.

Adele De Fol now appeared with his troop of boy and girl scouts and while they all stood at attention Fannie's master took the lead off to one side so that he could hear the message that he had for him. For all the child scouts were real clandelinians and he did not want the scouts to hear what he said.

"Now you just lose your mind what I said it"

he warned Adele De Fol "From now on let Fannie go and do what ever she wants her own sense tells her where the best flowers are so if she wants to climb way up a high slope after them you follow along the flowery pastures she finds will be good for the boy and girl scouts too. Even if she starts to climb much higher than usual don't hold her back, do you hear."

She knows better than you do where to go and it won't hurt you any to do a little extra climbing once in your life. I want you then to draw a map of manleys positions and Fannie will help you. Why are you looking over your shoulder as if you wanted to kill someone? No one's going to detect you. Come be off with you. I'll tell you the day she goes with you and don't forget what I have said.

Adele De Fol always did just what Adele De Fol said.

told him so he began his march without delay. But it could be seen that he was thinking about something for he kept turning his head around and looking cautiously in every direction. The child scouts followed his lead and Gannie went along a little way with them. His suited Adele De Fob all right with "me" he called to her. "Your master says I'm to follow you where ever you go."

"No she can't do no such thing" said one of a few Glandelinian soldiers who happened to be passing by at the moment. "She is a child slave and can not be going along with any of you scouts" at hearing these words Gannie twisted her way out of the squads and ran back to Mildred. And then Adele De Fob shook his fists in such a fury of hate toward the departing soldiers that the nearest of

his child scouts sprang away from him while the rest looked at him in amazement. But then he wheeled ordered them forward at double time and then ran after them quickly and without stopping and without stopping kept on until he lost view of the soldiers for he was afraid that the Glandelinians might have seen his threatening gestures. And he was just as satisfied not to know what these Glandelinians might say about him shaking his fist at them.

Mildred and Gannie had so many plans for that day that they did not know where to start. Gannie suggested that they write a letter to St. Clare. His man had not been quite sure how Mildred would like to be with her new master or whether her new surroundings would really be good for her and so he had made the children promised to

write as often as they could and tell him everything that was going on in that way he could tell when ever everything is safe in that portion of Indian army camp and untill that time he could quietly remain where he was.

"Do we have to go inside the tent to write?" Mildred asked.

Indeed she was quite ready to send the report to Mr. St. Claire but she sure did not want to go in the tent for it was so lovely out of doors.

Gammie knew how that could be managed. She ran quickly into the tent and was soon back loaded down with some writing materials and a low four-legged chair.

Then she brought her reading book and her writing paper and set these on Mildred's lap so she could rest her hand upon them and she sat down on the stool by a small army bench and then they both began their story for

Mr. St. Claire But never needless Mildred could not write more than a few lines without laying down her pen and gazing with rapture about her. All the view about her was too lovely for words. The north east breezes were not quite so cool as they had been, and they fanned their faces gently and murmured in the tops of the trees of the forest of fir above them.

Countless thousands of gay little insects were humming and darting about in the pure air and a great stillness brooded over camp and the broad sunset fields beyond.

Far away tall cliffs of rock looked down big and immovable and though it was war time deep peace seem to rest on the valley below them. But there the camp of the watching Christian army could be easily observed. And only now and then was the stillness broken by the commands of sergeants and other

officers shouted to the soldiers being drilled and by the soft echoes repeated by the crags round about.

The beautiful morning passed away like a dream and the first thing the children knew Wendro was bringing their steaming bowls out to them for they said they must stay out in the car with the little girl as long as there was a ray of light left in the sky. So their dinner was got ready in front of the tent just as on the previous day. and eaten with enjoyment.

After the meal Gammie wheeled Mildred in her chair over near the forest of pines because they had decided to spend the afternoon in the pine shades and tell each other every thing that had happened since Gammie had left St. Clare plantation even though there had been nothing during that time at all out of the usual run of the mildred had all kinds of little things to tell about her new dress

who still remained on the St. Clare plantation and whom Gammie had come to know so well.

So the two children sat together under one of the big pine trees in the forest. The children as they talked were surprised not to hear any twittering from the branches above them but because of great forest fires and the noisy conflicts of the war there was no sign of birds or any kind of animals any where, and a deathly stillness reigned in the forest.

and again the time had fled quickly by and evening was there and the soldiers and army child slaves were returning to camp from work on field fortifications. The evening had come before they knew it and soon there was a rush of child scouts upon them with their leader close in front a frown on his brow and anger in his face.

Good night Dr. J. O. Gammie called to them when

June 23rd 1927

she observed that he had no time to stop.

Good night De Jol' mul-
led also shouted pleas-
antly. But as so many
Anceimians were pas-
sing by the boy did not
dare to return their greet-
ing and therefore with a
grunt of anger ordered
his scouts on down ahead
of him.

Now when Mildred saw
D'angan go into his tent
to get the goat milk which
had been brought in a
wagon earlier in the day
she at once was seized
with such a strong desire
to have the spicy milk
that she could scarcely
wait until it was brought
to her. She was as much
astonished as anybody at
her appetite.

"It certainly is strange
to me," she said, "ever
since the first year
I became a slave I
have been always
sick and grey when
I had to eat
everything I put in
my mouth. I tasted
like rotten oil. And
now it is all over
to wait until
my new master

June 23 1927

comes to give me the
milk. (In the Glancélinian army they call
it white wash for guttersnipes.)

"Yes indeed," I know what
that feeling is. I am
numbered sympathetically
for she who still remem-
bering the days in St
Clair's plantation when
everything stuck in her
throat and would refuse
to go down that is she
had all she could do
to make herself swal-
low anything she would
attempt to eat. But mil-
dred could not
understand what had
happened to her as long
as she had been a
child slave she had
hardly spent a single
day in the open air
until now and in air
as pure as that of this
mountainous country
near the stream.

When her new master
appeared with their
bawls Mildred lost
no time in seiz-
ing hers and thank-
ing him for it. Then
she drank the milk
down in long sips
swallowing and finished
ahead of D'angan.
"Could I have a little

more?" she asked holding her bowl to the general.

He first looked at her with a smile that showed that he was pleased then nodded, took Gammie's bowl, too, and went back into the tent. A little later he reappeared, and was bringing with each bowl something that looked like a buck cover which was however made of different material from the ordinary top. To tell the truth it had the appearance some what like bread.

That afternoon the general had taken a stroll with some soldiers over to a country town to a large cottage where a man had been seen churning yellow butter. Of course it was to be a raid but he had nevertheless brought back a fine round part of it. Then now he had taken two nice slices of bread and spread the sweet butter on top of them fine and thick. They were for the children's supper. The two little girls both took such big

bites into the delicious slices that the general stood and watched to see what was going to happen, he was so pleased. When Mildred was looking again up at the twinkling stars and the bright moon she could not keep awake but went right to sleep just as Gammie did. Her eyes closed almost immediately and a sound, healthful sleep overtook her such as she had never known before.

The next day passed in the same delightful way, and then the next one and finally there came a great surprise for the children.

So soldiers came riding down the road, dragging by the reins two asses and slung across their backs were two straw mattresses already arranged in army beds both covered over exactly alike with a white spread that was spotless and brand new. One of the soldiers also had a letter from

Mr St Claire to deliver
 It said in the letter that
 the beds were for Gammie,
 and Mildred, so they
 could get rid of the hay
 couches and from that time
 in a regular bed. Of the
 army advanced Gammie
 and Mildred could take
 them along with them.

Then Mr St Claire pra-
 ised the children for
 their nice long letters
 to him and begged
 them to keep writing
 him one every day so
 that he could enjoy
 all the fun they had, just
 as if he were there
 with them.

The general had gone
 into the house thrown
 Gammie's couch of hay
 over the road and
 put away her coverings.

Then he ordered some
 of his soldiers to
 carry the beds into
 the tent. Then he showed
 them close to gether
 so that from both
 pillows the view out-
 side might be
 the same, for he
 knew the joy the
 children took in the
 light that shone into

the opening of the tent
 morning and evening.

Meanwhile Mr St Claire
 stayed at his own part
 of the camp near Dead-
 neck Junction and was
 very much pleased
 with the good news
 that came to him day
 by day from the upper
 camp.

Mildred's delight in
 her new manner of
 life kept daily increas-
 ing and she could
 not speak highly
 enough of the kindness
 and loving care given
 her by her new mas-
 ter. She also wrote of
 how funny and gay Gammie
 was, a lot more so than
 she had ever been in his
 part of the camp and of
 how with the coming of
 each morning when
 Mildred woke her, her
 first thought was

"Praise be to God, I am
 still with my good master."
 Such news as this was
 delightful to Mr St Claire.
 He decided therefore that
 as everything was going
 on so well he would
 put off his intended
 visit to the northern
 camp a little longer.

And he did not feel sorry
in doing this because there
was no telling when the
army would move and be
sides the ride up the steep
trail and down again was
rather difficult for him.
Also Garmico's master
surely had taken quite
an unusual interest in
the recovery of his new
slave for not a day
had passed that he was
not thinking of some
new plans that might
help her to gain strength.

Every afternoon he now
went farther and farther
from the camp with a
party of soldiers and
from each trip he
brought back a small
parcel which sweetened
the air for a long
distance like spicy
pinks and thyme. And
when Adele De Sob-
ler and girl scouts
came into the camp
in the evening they
would all begin to
cry out and jump
out of the ranks and
lay to the crowd through
the tents of the camp
to the tent where

the bundle lay for they
recognized its scent and
were curious to know what
it was.

But Garmico's master had
placed a guard at the front
of his tent with strict
instructions for he did
not have no intention
to go out riding far be-
yond the camp to scale
some steep slopes to go
to a spot where rare
plants grew just so the
Glandelinian child scouts
could handle and ruin
them. No indeed. The
herbs one and all were
for medicine for Mildred
and were meant to
enrich her blood.

And it was easy to be-
seen how much good
this unusual care did little
Mildred because she
now looked her head
more actively than ever
and her eyes fairly
flashed fire.

And so it got to be
a week from the day
that Mildred first be-
longed to the general.
And for several days
past when even the
general carried her to
be placed in her chair.

he would be sure to ask
are you not my little
girl going to a try just once
to stand on your feet
for a moment?

But each time as mild
red did try to do as he
wished her to she would
cry out after a minutes
effort "Oh I can't do it no
longer. It hurts too much."
Then she would cling to
him for support but next
time the general would
beg her to try just a little
longer.

There had never been
so fine a summer for years.
Every day was warm and
sunny at times however
and the sun shining
unusually bright now moved
across a cloudless sky
and where ever they were
growing all the little flow-
ers opened their cups
wide so the sun could
observe their splendor
and sweet mess. And in
the late afternoon it cast
its purple and pink
lights across the rocky
sides of the distant
mountain peaks and
now covered lakes and
them sank into a flam-
ing sea of gold.

Jammie told her friend about
the beautiful sights she had
seen again and again during
the army's advance and
said she could see all of
this glory only if she was
up on a mountain slope
and she was never tired
of telling about places
on higher slopes where
there sometimes grew
large masses of various
flowers mingled with
yellow roses.
And she described
the blue bells she had
seen of which there
had been so many that
the soldiers themselves
thought the grass had
grown blue with them.
And then near by the
town of Leadrich Junction
before the battle raged
there had been
great bushes of brown
mace flowers that had
so sweet a smell one
wanted to stay on the
ground close to them
and never go away
again.

It was while Jammie
had been seated beneath
some big oaks talking
with Willard about
the flowers she had

soon during the various
 marches and halts of
 the army that she
 suddenly was overcome
 by such a longing
 to see one of these fields
 again she had to jump
 to her feet and run to
 the general who was
 in the tent drinking a
 cup of black coffee.
 "Oh general she called
 out before she had even
 reached his side 'won't
 you take us to some
 flower pasture tomorrow.
 I'm sure the soldiers
 won't mind. The scenery
 must be perfectly lovely
 up there now.'
 That is perfectly
 satisfactory to me," the
 general said with a
 nod. "But then in
 return for my favor the
 little girl must try
 her level best this
 very evening to stand
 on her feet just as
 long as she can."
 Shouting for joy Jammie
 sped back as fast as
 possible with her news
 for mother and the
 invalid pronounced
 faithfully to stand on
 her feet just as often

as the general wanted her
 to. In indeed she was very
 eager to take this trip to
 one of those flower pas-
 tures Jammie spoke about.
 The moment she saw
 Adele De Jot coming down
 the street company Jam-
 mie was so full of
 happiness that she called
 out to her -
 "Sister Adele De Jot
 we are coming with your
 regiment to-morrow
 to spend the whole day."
 These happened to be
 a party of Glan delian
 soldiers riding past at
 the time and one
 of them with a great
 bike that of an army
 was struck at Jammie
 saying -
 "no staves allowed to
 talk to boys and girls. But
 it is you that."
 But the agile child
 had seen this more
 moment in time and
 ran out of reach so
 that the whips blow
 fell on the empty
 air.
 Jammie only laughed
 and picking up a stone
 would have flung it
 at the soldier, had a

warning look from Adele
 as she changed her
 mind. The general who
 had seen this carry out
 of his tent and ordered
 the soldiers to move
 on but said to the one
 who had struck at Jam-
 mie -
 "I do not allow any-
 one to strike at my slaves
 under any conditions. They
 are mine and I alone
 have a right to punish
 them. Report to your
 commander as under
 arrest. The guard house
 is yours for 30 days"
 and the soldiers
 sullenly rode off to
 obey.

Jammie and Mildred
 went to bed that night
 filled with the greatest
 expectations. They were
 so occupied with their
 plans for the next
 day that they made
 up their minds to
 remain awake all
 night so they could
 keep on talking until
 it was time to get
 up. But hardly had
 their heads touched
 the pillow when their
 chatter ceased and

Mildred saw before her
 in a dream an endless field
 all sky blue. It was so
 thickly sown with just
 blue bells while Jammie
 heard some one from
 the christian camp dream
 to her
 "Come on! Come on!
 you're free!"

Something happens
that was never
expected.

It was very early in the morning, far before the time for the bugle to sound. The general was up long early and after putting on his uniform, came out of the tent and looked about him to see what kind of weather there was going to be.

He glanced toward where the high mountain peaks were and observed that they were bathed in a ruddy golden light. A warm wind was beginning to stir the branches of the trees in a distant forest. The sun was about to rise.

For a while the general stood and watched with earnest attention as first the lofty distant summit and then the far distant green hills caught the golden gleam. Soon the whole camp was bathed in the full glory of day. The sun had risen and so had the whole camp for bugles blared.

everywhere. The general ordered a covered wagon to be brought up and when it was done he unsaddled the team of horses and then ordered them to be brought in front of the tent so that it would be ready for the journey and then entered the tent to tell the children how beautiful the morning was and that it was time for them to get up.

Just then Adele De Fab came tramping down the road. For some reason or other his troop of child scouts did not follow him in the military manner as usual this time. Now were they so close behind beside or yet before him.

But when Adele De Fab had reached the depths of vexation and bitterness

For a week he had not had anyone all alone to himself as he once had because of his work. But he knew that the general was closely watched. By the time he arrived

in the morning to see that strange child slave had been always carried out in a chain and Jammie paying attention to her. He would notice the black looks of the soldiers at them and their master. While returning with his scouts on the evening the wheel chair with its occupant was still standing under the trees close beside the road and while Jammie was busy with her friend groups of Glandelinian officers would be talking about it and frowning fiercely at the children. She had not gone by and the camp since she was brought there and now to day with the aid of her master she was planning to go but with the covered wagon and the strange girl in it. Adele De Dab could see how it would turn out and what brought his secret rage to the boiling point was that he saw no opportunity

to warn the general his eyes now lighted on the covered wagon as it stood there with the proud team of horses and he looked closely at it as if thinking of some plan. He knew in secret the soldiers would do to the children all kinds of harm if they could and was plotting some new mischief for to day should they go outside the camp as they planned.

He looked quickly about him, harrang, ordered his scouts to go on ahead. Every thing was quiet, there was not a single person in sight in this part of the camp.

Then as cautious like a savage he crept up to the wagon wrote something on a piece of paper and placed it near where the general would easily find it. Now he had done it at last. as if borne along on wings Adele De Dab

Bob rushed off down the road and never once stopped for breath until he had reached a big tree behind which he could. For he did not in the least wish to have any of the soldiers spy him. But he did wish to see what the result would be and that thick bush at that distance away was well situated for this purpose. As he hid himself half hidden, Bob could look down the company street and still be able to duck out of sight in a hurry if any Glendelinian soldiers should appear. He peered down the company street and what a sight suddenly met his eyes. A party of Glendelinian horse men had galloped down the street so swiftly as to stampede the team of horses and they galloped away wildly dragging the wagon with them. The

frightened horses in their panic did not seem to care where they went and ran wildly toward the downward slope of the highest part of the camp and horses and wagon immediately disappeared over the edge of the ravine. Now those confounded Glendelinian troopers had started something suchy the general and the two children were not in the wagon. He had observed the wagon and horses rushing down to destruction constantly driven on by stronger forces. It turned one corner, scuttled after another, the horses having broken loose and rolling over and over. The wagon sprang high into the air and crashed down to earth again. It rolled over and over as it tumbled on to its ruin. Parts of it were already flying in all directions. Its covering, its side boards, its wheels were flying

through the air that
the latter rolling and
bouncing. Adele De Job
was unable to restrain
his rage at this sur-
prising sight and he
clicked his heels to-
gether jumped as high
as he could land-
ed his fists and
curled the Glanclimians
savagely. He uttered im-
precations against them
aloud and stamped
his feet in anger.
He danced around in
circles and pulled at
his arhaun.

But he always was
careful enough to re-
turn to the same spot
to take a new look
down that ravine and
then he had to cry
out afresh and jump
afresh from fury.
Adele De Job was
fairly out of his head
with anger at the
destruction of the wagon
for he felt sure only
bad results would
come of it but what
about the note - he
wondered it was the
clad not sign his
name to it for some

of the soldiers who fol-
lowed down after the wagon
had discovered the note on
a slope and one of them
had picked it up and
was reading it.
Now he was certain
also that the new slave
would be stolen away,
or if not would have
no means to go from
one place to another
for her wheel chain was
in the wagon.

Gammie would be left
alone again or would
also be taken away. He
would never see
her again. She always
had been on the
look out for him morn-
ing and evening
when he came along
but now he feared
everything would not
be as it used to.
And also Adele De Job
had yet time to con-
sider what would hap-
pen to the one who
wrote the note if
found out and he
also knew of the con-
sequences to follow.
So the Glanclimians
if suspicious would
do all possible to

to discover the maker of the note by using experts to trace the handwriting.

Garnie was the first to come out of the tent and run out into the company street (Beside) behind her came the general with mildred in his arms. Garnie appeared in all directions and then darted around to the other company street and then returned with a look of great amazement in her face. Just then the general came along for he too was looking for the wagon. "What's up?" he asked. "Did some one drive the wagon away?" "Why Jim looking for the wagon and horses every where Gen." the child answered still keeping up her search. "You told me the horses and wagon was standing by the side of the road." Meanwhile a long column of horsemen

raced by at a thunderous gallop the noise of the horses made the very ground tremble.

"General the cavalry must scare the horses and make them run away," cried Garnie, and her eyes blazed at the thought. "Oh if the horses have pulled the wagon toward that ravine in their desperate fright it will be a long time before the soldiers can bring it up and then too late for us to go at all."

"If the horses have dragged it down there it'll be no use to bring the wagon back up," said the general as he walked down the company street and looked down the ravine for it will be distributed to pieces. But its strange how it happened. He continued looking back at the course the team of horses must have taken around the company street in order to race down into the ravine.

Oh it is a shame" wailed
mildred. "now we can't
go to the flower fields
at all if we haven't
any wagon. Oh we'll
have to go back to the
tent if we have no
wagon." But the wicked
soldiers done it on
purpose.

But Gammie looked
up at the general trust-
fully.

General you'll find
some way so it won't
be as bad as mild-
red thinks won't you?
she asked pleadingly.
"And so we won't
miss our trip?"

"There is nothing
that is going to keep
us from our trip."
the general said.

"We'll go over to
the flower pastures
just as we decided
to. After wards we'll
see what can be
done."

The children shouted
for joy. He gave
orders to his aide
to send for another wagon,
and then went
into the tent brought

out a pile of army
blankets laid them be-
side the tent in the
sunniest spot that he
could find and set
mildred down on them.
Then he fetched the
mornings milk for the
children, ordered break-
fast special for his other
slaves and brought
two others, Mary and
Ethel to join company
with them.

Wonder why Adele
De Sob is such a long
time coming" the gen-
eral said to himself
for he had not heard
them pass. While
waiting for the wagon,
a troop of officers, led
by a general rode
up.

"Where are you taking
the slaves?" asked
the leading officer.
"Out to the pasture"
he answered. "I've secured
a pass yesterday even-
ing. Why?"

"Will you're unusually
good to your slaves
and we wonder why?
It ain't the custom
of us Colan de Linans
generals to all on

slaves to be treated as
 flowers. Of course if
 they privately belong
 to the master there is
 a different matter.
 "Well they belong priv-
 ately to me" said the
 general hotly. "And there
 for I do as I please
 about them." "I see. I
 see. I see. It is not
 our rights to meddle.
 But you and St. Claire
 and Gringore treat
 your slaves with such
 good care that all
 the army is getting
 very suspicious. I here
 for I thought it my
 best plan to ques-
 tion you. Will you
 let me see the
 pass?"

The general handed
 it to the officer
 who glanced over
 it and then with a
 glint of satisfac-
 tion handed it
 back.

"I signed my gen-
 eral's name he said
 so it passes you
 out are army soldiers
 going to accompany
 you." "Yes sir. I've ordered

a strong company of
 house men to come as
 an escort." The higher general was
 quiet for a full minute
 for he was thinking deeply.
 But finally he said:
 "I guess you are all
 right as far as I can
 see and may go where
 ever you like as long
 as you return two hours
 before evening retreat."
 is sounded." and salut-
 ing the officer and
 his column wheeled
 and rode off.
 "I see that I'm under
 suspicion and must
 be careful" said
 the general to him-
 self for the ques-
 tioning aroused him
 to awakening. Then
 as the wagon came
 he placed Mildred
 inside the wagon
 on top of the blankets
 of which he made
 a comfortable seat
 of ammie and the
 other two got on.
 Just as the cavalry
 troop rode up with
 a great clatter
 "Well let's start"
 he said. "The cavalry

will come with us
 one and be kind."

This arrangement did
 not exactly suit Gannie
 but nevertheless it could
 not be helped.

With one arm around
 little Mary's neck and
 the other around little
 Nell she sat in the
 center of the wagon
 while Mildred sat
 under the seat admiring
 Gannie's love for her
 companions.

And Mary and little
 Nell were so overjoyed
 to be with Gannie
 again that between them
 they almost squeezed
 her to death as proof
 of their affection.

It took three hours
 of lively riding to
 reach the pasture
 grounds and as the
 wagon was stopped,
 and three of the child-
 ren got out they
 saw the girl and boy
 scouts standing in
 small platoons here
 and there being
 drilled by their
 officers while Adele
 and I sat was stand-
 ing some way off

giving some instructions
 to his chief officers.

"Next time you do not
 wait for me you'll re-
 gret it you bob-cat!"
 the general hailed
 him. "What did you
 mean by not waiting
 for me?"

"The camp was not
 awake yet," answered
 Adele. "The bob-cat." At the
 sound of the general's voice
 the lad had saluted
 in a hurry.

"Did you see any
 sign of a wagon and
 team of horses?" the
 general asked again.
 "Yes they went down
 the ravine," Adele
 and I called back surely.

The general did not
 say any more. He
 spread his blankets
 on the sunny ground
 set Mildred down on
 them and asked her
 if she felt comfort-
 able.

"Just as cozy as I'd
 be in a chair can,"
 she said gratefully.
 "And here I am in
 the best place in the
 world. Oh Gannie it
 is so beautiful here
 she cried as she

glanced all around her and observed the view on splendor of the view unrolled before her. The general was now ready to return to the camp. He told the children to have a good time to get their remain within close view of the scouts and when it was noon Gammie could get out their dinner which was packed in the knapsack that he had left over in the shade. Adele & I would get their milk when they wanted it as much as they could drink. The general was now going back to the camp to see why the horses ran into the narrow with the wagon but he would come for them before "retreat" was sounded.

Overhead no matter which way they looked the sky was deep blue except in the direction of the forest fires, other wise not a single cloud was to be seen in

it any where. Far off to the north of them a great glacier sparkled as if with the light of a million gold and silver stars. Big birds of prey swept high above them in the haze and the breeze from the south west came from across the heights in comfortably warm breaths.

The children of course were as happy as they could ever be. From time to time either Mary or little Nell would come to sit down besides them for a while. Soft hearted Mary was their most frequent companion. She would rest her small head on Gammie's lap and stay in that position for some time. Mildred thus learned to know the gentleness of her companion so well that she could tell them apart from boys and girls quite easily despite their uniformed looks for she saw that each face differed from the others and each

child had his or her own peculiar ways. They had soon felt that they could trust in Mildred and so when off from home they would come up close and talk with her and show unfailing signs of friendship and affection. Three or four hours were already spent out here in this fashion.

And then Gannie decided that she would like to take a short trip to find the spot where the flowers may be growing, and if there were any to see if they were as lovely as at any other place she had seen.

Of course she knew when the afternoon came and the general was back they could take Mildred with them, but by that time the hour to return would come and it would be too late. Gannie's longing grew until she could no longer resist it. A little timidly she asked - "You would not mind much Mildred if I

should go away for just a little while and leave you here alone. I am so anxious to see where the flowers might be. But wait -"

Gannie had had a sudden thought. She darted off to where Mary sat and brought her to Mildred.

"Here," now you won't be left alone after all," she said. And she drew Mary up a little closer to Mildred. The little slave seemed to know what was wanted and sat down, and the invalid said very happily that Gannie could now go and look for the flowers as she was glad to be left alone with Mildred. That would be quite a new experience for her.

So Gannie ran off on her errand and Mildred began to talk with Mary and the younger child. The slave was so trustful that she nestled close to her new friend. It was plain to see how contented she was for

she gave herself up very peacefully to milddred's care. It seemed wonderfully good to milddred to be able to sit this way on a sloping pasture all alone except for the little slave that looked up at her so helplessly.

She felt a great desire to be free and to always be able to help some one else instead of always having to be a slave. And many thoughts which she had never had before came flooding into milddred's mind and with them a new desire to go on living in this world full of beautiful sunshine and to do things that would make others happy just as she was now gladdening little Mary. A strange joy entered her heart, and it suddenly seemed to her as if all the things she had ever known might be more beautiful and different from what she had

ever expected. And in her newly won feeling of happiness she was so contented that she threw her arms around little Mary's neck and cried.

"Oh little Mary how lovely it is around here. If I just never had to leave you again."

Meanwhile Gannie had found a spot where a big field of beautiful flowers bloomed. At the sight she cried out with joy. A whole plain extending for miles was covered with all kinds of flowers.

There were meadows covered with gleaming rock roses. She even saw swaying in the breeze thick clusters of purple blue bells. And a strong spicy smell could be observed in the air as if most precious cups of balsam had been poured out upon the ground. In places it was the small brown mace flowers that gave this perfume as they reared their round tops shyly among the yellow trefoil. Gannie stood

and gazed taking in deep draughts of the sweet air. Suddenly she turned and ran back to Mildred all out of breath with excitement.

"Oh you've just got to come" she called out even before she reached Mildred's side. "I have found them and they are so lovely and everything there is so beautiful and I know it won't be that way hours from now if the soldiers see it for they'll destroy the flowers. Don't you think perhaps several of the Boy Scouts could carry you?"

Mildred looked at her excited friend with no little surprise but she shook her head.

"What are you thinking of, Gammie? Of course they wouldn't. They'd rather touch a toad than us. But I do wish I could

go." Then Gammie looked around on every side trying to find

some way out of the difficulty and a new plan was slowly forming in her determined young mind.

Here a hundred feet away from the children where they were being drilled by their officers stood the boy and girl scouts many of them staring at them. They had been being drilled for hours but could not nevertheless keep from gazing fixedly at them as if they could not understand what they saw.

Had they not seen the team of horses destroy the wagon. And had they not by this hoped to see the slaves forced to remain in camp and that the accident to the wagon would keep them from going any where at all. And yet only a short time after they had seen the team and wagon go over the edge of the ravine the slaves had appeared there and were within

plain view of them. It
 couldn't have happened,
 and still it was true
 all right for there they
 were when ever they
 cared to look at them.
 And now one of the
 officers saw Gammie's
 eyes upturned to him.

"Come over here a
 minute Captain Pedros"
 she called very firmly.

"Are you calling to
 me?" he demanded.

"Yes, please tell Adele
 De Job I want to
 see him."

"Wont do it this
 is drill hour's" he
 yelled back.

"You must too, you
 have to" Gammie
 said threateningly not
 knowing the drill
 rules. I want Adele

De Job to help
 me. I can't do it

alone and some
 one's got to help.
 I hurry up and call
 him."

"We cant leave our
 post on drill hour's"
 was the surly an-
 swer.

"Call him" Gammie
 screamed wildly.

"Wont either you slave!"
 Then Gammie ran a little
 way toward Pedros and
 the scouts and confront-
 ed him with eyes aflame.
 She picked up a rock
 and cried -

"If you dont call Adele
 De Job for me this
 minute you Pedro
 I'll do something
 that you wont like
 at all. I'll hit you
 with this stone you
 just see if I dont
 and I can throw good
 and straight too."

"Do it you hat!" said
 the boy scout suddenly
 whipping out his
 pistol. "And I'll drill
 you where you are."

Gammie was taken
 aback by this for
 she suddenly realized
 the boy scout would
 surely do it.

But Adele De Job
 had heard the argu-
 ment and though
 she herself had
 done a deed which
 must be kept
 secret at any cost
 she nevertheless
 came to Gammie's
 rescue. Fortunately men

of these boy scouts knew anything about it and therefore could not tell any one about it. And yet Adele De Sol was more afraid about the consequences of that old note than any thing else. Every time he thought of the soldier that found the note he was seized with a great fear. Suppose manly or any of his generals found out who had wrote that note. The lad's blood ran cold to think of it. He commanded the scout to put away the pistol, and go to the rear and then went forward to meet Gammie.

"Jim coming but you must promise not to bother the scouts during drill hours." he said. "It's dangerous. I have scouts being soldiers also won't obey you." "All right then I won't do it again" she assured him.

But come with me. "But there's nothing to make me afraid of them. They hate me because I'm a slave." When they came to Mildred, Gammie first explained about the fields of flowers and then showed what she wanted him to do. She said - "I would like you to take Mildred by the right arm while I will the other. Do you understand?" "Yes" said the boy and he followed suggestions and the two of them managed to lift the girl to her feet and that they did all right but the hardest part of it was to come. Of course the invalid could not be expected to stand up by herself and it seemed utterly out of the question for them to hold her properly so that she could endeavor to walk along. And Gammie was too short and of

too light a weight to support the sick girl slave on her arm after thinking a moment he said -

"Just put your arm very firmly around my neck Mildred, yes like that, that's right. And you must take the job's arm. Then lean on it - hand so we can move you along!"

The young boy scout leader had never in his life given his arm to any girl before. Mildred took hold of it properly but he let it hang stiffly down by his side as if it was paralyzed. "Oh you are doing it the wrong way. The job, Gammie said disgustedly. "Please make a circle of your arm and then you can let her put her hand through it and press as hard as she wants to. What ever you do, don't let go and then we are already for the march!"

However nothing much came of this plan even though it was tried. Mildred was fairly heavy and the boy and girl was too unlike in size. She had to reach up on one side and down on the other and that made her support very uncertain. I just Mildred tried to advance first one foot and then the other but in an instant almost fell, for she felt she could not bear her weight on either and so drew them painfully back again.

Just put them down carefully but hand! Gammie suggested "and then I believe it won't hurt you half so much." "Are you sure?" Mildred asked timidly. But nevertheless she did as Gammie suggested and made a desperate effort to take a couple of steps along the ground. But this made her cry out with pain. After a moment

she raised the left foot
and set it down again

more gently.
"Why didn't feel that
half so badly?" she
said gaily.

"Try it again." Gammie
urged eagerly.

Mildred obeyed. When
she tried her foot twice.
And suddenly she scream-
ed-

"Oh Gammie look at me.
I am able to do it.

I am able to take one
step right after another.
Just look at me!"

Then Gammie started
to shout much more
loudly than her friend.

"Idonest is it really
true? Really can you
take steps like that?"

Why you can, you
are walking all
by your self, you're

walking. If the gen.
could only see you!"

Indeed it seemed
as if there was no
end to Gammie's great

joy so she sure
Mildred was leaning
her hand on both of

them. But with each
step she took she
gained a little.

more confidence there was
no question about it. Gammie
was almost bursting with
delight.

"Oh now we can go out
here every day before
the army advances again!"

she exclaimed. "And
walk where ever we
want to out here

and all the rest of
your life you can
go around like me

and be strong and
men. He showed in
a chair again. Oh

isn't that the very
nicest thing that could
have happened to us?"

Of course Mildred
said yes to that with
her whole heart. Surely

she thought to herself
that if this really
did happen there would

be no better luck
in all the world for
her than to have

regained her health
and be able to
walk about like every

one she saw and
not to be condemn-
ed to spend all

her life miserably
in a wheel chair.

Now my was a

long easy climbing
slope where immense
stretches and fields of
flowers grew and this
was not far away
either. They could
already see millions
of gold roses gleam-
ing in the sunlight.
But they were not
heading for this as
it would be too
much of an effort.
When they came
to the tufts of blue-
bells where the sunny
earth showed through
invisibly Mildred
asked -

"O you think it is
all right for us to
sit down here?"

"Yes that is just what
I want to do" an-
swered Gannie.

So the children
settled down among
the flowers and
Mildred was more
happy than any one
would ever suspect
for this was the
first time that
she had ever sat
on the bare ground
amid flowers. And
she found it warm

and dry which way she
looked. Mildred saw the
waving tops of blue-
bells, the glinting gold
roses, the red centauries,
pinks, sunflowers, black-
eyed susans and various
other flowers. And every-
where was the sweet
odor of the brown mace
flowers and spicy
prunellas. It was
lovely beyond all des-
cription.

Gannie too who was
seated beside her felt
that it never before
had she seen anything
so beautiful and
she really could not
herself have told why
there was so fierce
a joy in her heart
that she wanted to
cry it aloud to God.
And then suddenly
she remembered that
Mildred had been
made whole again
and that was the
greatest happiness
that could be added
to all this worldly
beauty. Mildred
had been very
ill, for she was

quite carried away with delight at the scene before her and even more at the thought of all the good that the future held for her now that she had passed through the remarkable experience of her cure. Indeed her heart was so full that there was hardly room in it for this new happiness and the sunshine and the sweet odor of the flowers were surely doing their own part in giving her an over powering sense of joy. So she too was speechless.

The wind blew very softly and gently from the south west and rustled overhead in the bushes and tree tops now and then. Gammie would bestir herself and go in search of some new spot for there always seemed to be a spot place more beautiful

than the last one where the flowers grew thicker where the air was sweeter as it was stirred about by the breezes. And every where she had to settle down for a moment. A day or two had gone back to his commands and so the hours fled away.

It was long past mid day when a company of officers came riding most swiftly up the flowery slope. But they were not the uniforms of the gladiolians and it was not their usual ground to be on. It was strange to the children to see them come up. Their troop looked more like an embassy from the style of their uniforms and an officer uniformed like a king was in the van. Gammie and Mildred lay low in an effort to hide. These officers had apparently come in search for some

thing important and
 despite all risks of
 their being there had
 been roaming around
 all day and any
 way these officers knew
 very well what time
 of the day it was.
 The moment the
 leading officer discover-
 ed the whereabouts
 of the two child-
 ren he signalled
 to the others and
 the whole troop
 trotted up.
 Adele & Bob and
 his scouts also had
 seen this troop. But
 the sight was so
 astonishing that
 Bob had to rub his
 eyes hard before
 he could believe
 what he saw for
 it seemed to them
 as if in a vision
 the soldiers were
 carrying the two
 children away. His
 troop moving for-
 ward now was
 making an awful
 hubbub that woke
 Bob from his
 dreams but even
 now when he
 was under awake

he could still see that
 cavalry squadron and
 in the sunshine the
 gleam of the scabbards.
 He quickly had a
 plan directing his
 troop to hid behind
 rocks and trees he
 then instructed them
 to open a heavy fire
 not purposely to hit
 the soldiers but give
 them an awful scare.
 This order was obeyed
 and the fusillade
 of pistol shots created
 a panic and
 the officers raced
 away like mad.
 Gannie and Mildred
 were astonished at
 this turn of events
 but glad also as
 they did not know
 the intentions of
 these soldiers. But
 at that moment
 also there came
 back to Adele &
 Bob the fear which
 he had quite for-
 gotten when in his
 dream the
 thoughts he again
 had visions of the
 rebel soldiers read-
 ing that mob. Even
 though Gannie knew

nothing about the note still adde De Fol wished a chance to tell her for he was greatly afraid that he or the gen. would not escape the consequences of its results so easily. He was now more cautious than ever and willing to be a guide on anything else and in an effort to get a chance to talk to her tried to do perfectly every thing that Gammie asked him to.

When therefore all three had come back to the lower passage Gammie fetched her dinner bag full of provisions and set about making good her promise. Gammie had noticed especially that morning what good the general had packed in the bag and she had been looking forward with apples to her army. Adelle De Fol share a generous portion of them now Gammie was taking piece after piece out of the bag and

stacking the food in three small heaps. And these piles were heaped higher and higher till at last she said to herself with satisfaction -

"And besides he can have all the food we leave when we're no longer hungry."

Then to each one she presented a little heap and sat down besides Mildred to eat her own portion. And the children through outly enjoyed their hearty meal after all the exercise they went through.

It turned out just as Gammie felt sure it would. Soon the two girls had eaten all they wanted and so much even that remained that Adelle De Fol was given what was left almost as much as his first share had been. And he ate it all silently and even without pausing for break down to the very last crumb crumbs. And yet as he accomplished this feat he did not feel any great contentment.

There was something within him that gnawed at his stomach - or was it his fear yet - so that he fairly choked over every mouthful of food.

It was so late when the children had ate their dinner that almost as soon as it was over the general was seen coming up the slope on horse back to get them. Gannie rushed to meet him, for she wanted to be the first to tell him the good news. But she got so excited trying to tell him the wonderful news that she could hardly put her thoughts into words. But he seemed to understand at once what she was striving to say and his face grew bright with joy. He hastened his steps and when he reached Mildred he said with a happy smile -

"So you got up your courage after all. And you won out at last

didn't you? That's fine!" Then he raised Mildred from the ground, put his left arm around her waist and gave her his right hand to take and lean on, and with the general's arm like a stout wall at her back she struck out with her feet more bravely and with more confidence than before.

Gannie hopped along beside her and cried with glee and the general looked as if he had met with an unexpected piece of good fortune. But all at once he lifted Mildred into his arms and said warmly

"We must be careful not to overdo it and besides it's time for us to be going back."

With that he started on his way, immediately for he felt certain that Mildred had gone through enough exercise for one day and was in need of rest.

Nov 12 1927

Sate that evening when Adele De Zolt and his small army of boy and girl scouts came into the main Glendale - Lam camp a large number of soldiers were standing together in a big crowd and showing each other aside so as to get a better view of an officers tent for the officers within were discussing something that a certain soldier had brought to one of them. Adele De Zolt went over to have a look too. He pushed and nudged his way right and left and finally managed to slip through. Then he found out what they were discussing. In front of the tent on both sides of the opening lay the wheels of the demolished wagon. "I was riding down the Company street when they were wheeling them to the tent," said one soldier standing at De Zolt's side. But - he was

itself is not the question, even though it leaves me how the team got panic stricken, ran off and smashed it up so. General Adele De Garbe himself said a cavalry squadron passed the horses so swiftly as to scare them so that they ran blindly over the edge of a ravine. remarked another.

It is a blessing to the writer of the note if he got away by now. The other soldier went on to say. I'd be in an awful hole. I think of it writing such a strange note to Gamble's master. That places him under greater suspicion than ever and he'll be shadowed more closely now. If Gen. John Manley hears about that strange accident and sees that note he'll get every army secret service man to find out how it happened and who was the writer of that note. You bet I'm glad

"I'm not the one who wrote the note or been up there at the time. Any one would be suspected who was up that way about that time."

A good many of the other soldiers said what they thought, but Adele De Eob had hands all could stand. He crept away from the soldiers as quietly and as meekly as he could and a moment later he was tearing at top speed down the company street with the purpose to warn Garrison's master. The conversation he had heard had surely given him an awful scare. For now he realized that at any moment secret service men might go through all parts of the camp to spy into the matter.

And then it would come out that he was the one who wrote the note and they would seize him

and the general and place them before the court marshal as Christian spies. Adele De Eob saw all this happening as in a vision and he grew so frightened that his hair stood on end.

He reached home in a state of despair. He would not answer to any one when he was spoken to and refused to eat his supper. As soon as he could he crawled under his blankets on the cot and began to mumble about it.

"I bet Adele De Eob got scolded by one of the officers again" one of his boy scouts said. "It's hurting his feeling and that's what makes him mumble so."

"We must keep him away from those grouchy officers" another boy added. "Then he won't get into trouble. Give him some good advice to-morrow."

When they retired for bed that night the two little girls looked up for a long time at the

moon and stars. Finally
Gammie said:

"I have been thinking all day long Mildred how fine it is that God sometimes delays His answer to our prayers, even when we pray so awfully hard and yet when He knows of something much better than what we ask for?"

"Why do you say that just now?" Mildred asked.

"Don't you see when I was down at St. Claire's I prayed for my freedom and also to come back here. Yet I thought that the dear God had not heard my prayers, because I begged so hard to go home right away and He wouldn't let me. But you know if He had granted my petition and I got my wish right away and gone straight back to Mammy's plantation you would never have been sold to my kind master and would not have got well."

Mildred grew thoughtful

as she heard these words. Why then Gammie she said after a while "I don't see why we should pray for anything at all, because our Blessed Lord knows what's best for us whether we ask or not and therefore He surely has something better in mind for us than what we ask Him for."

"Oh Mildred you should not talk that way it's not nice" Gammie cried almost angrily. "We must always pray to our Dear Blessed Lord at all times in words and actions and about every thing for He wishes to hear us say that we have not forgotten Him and our Him whatever good thing we have. And your slave companions down here told me that if we forget the dear Blessed Lord then He also will forget us. But then you understand if we do not receive right away what we ask for we must not stop praying and think that the dear God has not heard us

So we must turn to
him and continue praying
untill he grants us what
we pray for.

"Who told you all
that?" Mildred asking.

"Some of the slaves
explained it to me at
first and then things
turned out just as
they said and then I
knew they were right."
But I think Mildred.
I ammie went on to
said it fit, as she
sat up in it there
beeg bed, that for thing
to night were certainly
ought ought to thank
our Blessed Lord be-

cause he has given
us the happiness of
seeing you walk.

"You are right ammie
and I feel that way
too and I'm glad
you reminded me
of my duty for I
was so overjoyed
and excited over
my cure I had
almost forgotten
it."

Then the children
said their prayers
and each in her
own way thanked our

Blessed Lord for sending
such a wonderful blessing
to Mildred after she had
been sick such a long
time.

The next morning the
general said he thought
they ought to write
Mr St Clare and tell
him that they had
a great surprise in
store for him when
he came to visit them
again. But the children
had another plan in
mind for they wished
to give Mr St Clare
a great big shock.
The first thing they pro-
posed was that Mild-
red should learn to
walk much better
so that without am-
mie's support she
could go quite a
little way. But the
main thing was
not to let Mr St
Clare have the least
suspicion of what
was up. They would
let the general say
how long he thought
this would take and
in answer to their
questions he said he
believed that a week
was plenty of time.

so in their next letter
to St Cal Clare he was
urged to come to Manley
camp just a week
from that date But not
a word was said about
anything unusual.

The days that followed
were by far the most
lovely that either children
had ever observed but
now the army was
ever on the march.

Yet each morning at
the blast of the bugle
she awoke with a
loud voice in her heart
crying joyously -

O my Blessed God
has made me whole
again. I don't have to
sit in my wheel -
can any more I can
walk around by my
self like other people
do."

During the time the
army was the march
would follow her
exercises in walking
and each day it went
more easily and a
little better and she
could walk greater
distances and her
exercise made her
so hungry that the
gen. had to keep making

her bigger meals and
he was glad to see
how fast they disappeared.
He always brought a
large pot or can of foam
ing milk along with
the sandwiches and
filled one bowl after
another for Mildred.
And so the end of
the week came and
with it the day that
Mr St Clare had
set aside for his visit.

a day before his arrival and when the army encamped once more, Mr St Clare had sent a message which told exactly when he was coming. Adele De Foë brought this letter with him the next morning when he was on his way to another point with another note for some higher general.

The general and the two children had already come out of tent and little Mary and White Face were both standing outside with them shaking their heads happily in the cool morning air while the general wished them a pleasant trip with the marching army. The general felt much contentment as he studied in turn the fresh faces of the children and his two other clean and shining children slaves. Both must have given him pleasure for he was

smiling with satisfaction and then Adele De Foë

made his appearance. When he caught side of the little group he approached on the slowly and looked about him cautiously. He seemed fairly to crawl along as he delivered the letter and a separate piece of paper folded hastily to the general. But the moment he had surrendered it he jumped shyly backward as if something had frightened him and then he looked quickly around him as if he expected a hundred soldiers to jump at him. Then he gave a great leap and ran off down the company street.

General had been watching these actions with great surprise. "General" she said: why does Adele De Foë act that way as if every one was going to grab him. Don't you know, he sneers off with his head and shakes it every way and then

runs off as if the "bad angels" were after him."

"I suppose Adele De Job believes the soldiers are suspecting him of giving information to the Christians, and he knows the consequences if discovered."

The general answered.

"However it was only the first incline of the company street that Adele De Job ran up without stopping for breath. But the moment he was

out of sight of the general, children and soldiers below him, he stood still and turned his head fearfully in every direction. Suddenly

he jumped and looked behind him as much afraid as if some Glandelinian soldier had just grasped him by the back of the neck. For behind every bush

from every hedge now Adele De Job was now expecting to see a Glandelinian soldier rush

out at him. The longer he had this intense fear in his heart the worse he became. He did not have another moment's peace.

As she expected the visitors, Gammie knew that she should set the room in "manley's" big tent to rights for when St. Clare came. He must find everything in perfect order, or otherwise he would criticize her master about the way he trained his slaves. Mildred always took such an interest in Gammie's furious house-keeping that it was fun for her just to sit at one side and watch while the work was going on.

This caused the first hours of the morning to pass quickly by before the children realized it, and then it soon came the time for them to look forward to the arrival of Mr. St. Clare at any minute. There for the children came out of the tent again,

but this time dressed a little more properly as their master suggested, for the occasion, and therefore prepared to welcome there their expected guest properly. They sat down on the bench in front of the tent to await him. A little later their master came with little White Face and Dorothy to join them. He had been off for a ride with them and had returned with a great big bouquet of large roses and the flowers looked so lovely in the light of the clear morning sun that the children cried out with rapture when they saw them. Every now and then Fannie would jump up from the bench to run and see if she could catch sight of St. Clare and his party coming.

When she looked about the fourth time she observed it suddenly coming up the company street from below and just exactly as Fannie had expected them to come. First came the van of a body-

guard, then the snow white horse with St. Clare riding majestically, and last of all a troop of his child slaves accompanied by two overseers, for you may be sure the slave owner would never have started out for the plantation of Fannie's master without taking some of his more worthy slaves with him.

The column came nearer and nearer as it was approaching at a gallop. At last they were within 200 yards of their destination, then fifty, and as he continued on St. Clare was looking from his horse down at the children.

"Why what is that I see here? What in the world do I see Mildred? You're not using your outchies and where is your chair? I do not see you in it? Why how in the world can that be?" he cried out with evident surprise, and in a little no little alarm as he suddenly halted his horse and dismounted.

But even before he could reach or get to where the children were standing some of the other slaves were crying in the greatest excitement.

"Mildred, why mildred is it really you? Why your cheeks are as red and as round as apples. Why mildred I simply don't know you any longer."

And then about a score of them started to rush toward Mildred.

At this moment Jannine slipped unnoticed from her place on the bed bench. Mildred after some hesitation also stood up and together the children quite calmly started to walk toward them. For the first few moments St. Claire and even the child slaves stood stock still from sheer fright and astonishment. They all was afraid Jannine was doing something that might have serious and

terrible consequences and then what was it St. Claire and the slaves saw right before them. Mildred was advancing along erect and sure by Jannine's side both with faces beaming and with faces cheeks as red as fire.

Then St. Claire literally plunged forward to meet them. And he was laughing and talking in the same breath as he shook both children by the hand while some of the other children fairly hugged each other in their delight. Then some of them clasped Jannine and then again Mildred. All of them had happy hearts too full for words. Suddenly St. Claire looked up and his gaze rested on Jannine's master who was standing by the tent entrance and looking very happy as he watched the scene before him. Then St. Claire took Mildred

arm in his and walk-
ed with her tw and the
tent. And all the time
the other child slaves
were crying out with
joy that the miracle
had really happened
and here Mildred was
walking along beside
their master. St. Claire
himself stood aside
from Mildred and stret-
ched out his right
hand to the waiting
general.

"Your excellency, what
can we ever do to
show how grateful
we are? It is surely
only your work, and
every bit of it. Your
care and nursing -"

Added to the beautiful
weather the warm sun-
shine and Gods timely
Blessing" the general
interrupted with a
smile.

"Yes and the fine
pure milk" he always
brings me" Mildred
said in her turn
"Mr St. Claire you
should have been
here to see me then
and how I can drink
good milk and

to know how good it
taste."

I can see that by the
color in your cheeks
Mildred. The man said
laughing. No one on
my plantation would
hardly know you now,
for you have grown
plump and broad as
I never ever dreamed
you would, and you
are taller Mildred.
My can it really be
true? I simply don't
understand it and
cannot take my eyes
off you. I must send
a message right
away to one of my
friends begging him
to come. I will not
tell him why for its
to be the biggest
surprise and joy his
life will ever have.
He told sold her
to me after he
brought her from that
quilt St. Claire to
prevent her from
being retaken. My
dear general now
I can we have the
message sent at
once? Yet let the
man I would who

accompanied me depart
did you not?"

"Yes I have let them go"
he answered "But sir
if you are in a hurry
why not allow the
boys' court captain take
it down. He generally
has time to do any
thing I ask of him."
Mr St Clare how
ever insisted on having
the message sent
off at once for he
was not willing to
keep this happiness
from his friend even
a day if he could
help it. When Gammie's
masters went off a
short distance down
the road, and blew
as hard as he
could on a whistle,
he carried with
him and it was
so loud that they
could hear the sharp
notes coming back
from the hill top
above so far away
had the sharp sound
awakened the echoes.
Before very long
they could see
Adele & I & come
summing toward them.

He surely knew who
blew that whistle.

The poor chap was
still as white as if
he were ill for he
still thought the sold-
iers were going to
arrest him and that
Gammie's master was
calling him down
to his aid. But as
soon as he halted
before the general
the latter handed him
a piece of paper
on which St Clare
had written something
and here St Clare
explained to him
to whom he was
to deliver it, where
he was, and other
instructions and so
the lad went off
with the paper in
his hand being very
much relieved that
the soldiers were
not looking for
him or that Gammie's
master had not
whistled for him
because he was
in trouble and that
no Glancélinian
secret service men
had come to take him.

at last they were able to sit down in sober quiet together around the table inside of the tent and then Mr St Clare had to be told from the start how mildred's good luck had come to her. First he heard how Gammie's master had tried to encourage Mildred to stand on her feet a little each day and afterwards try her best to walk. Then he listened to the story of the runaway team and the plunge of the wagon into the ravine just as they were setting out for the country house. Then he learned of Mildred's great desire to see the fields of flowers of her first real attempt to walk, her success and of how one good luck had led to another. But surely it was a very long while before the child then had known it

their story to an end because every now and then St Clare would break out in amazement and exclaim full of praise and gratitude again: "I don't can it really be surely it is not a dream after all are we really all awake and sitting here in the tent. And is this little girl beside me this little spirit with the round flushed face the same pale weak crippled Mildred that used to be my slave?" As for Mildred and Gammie there was no end to their delight because the surprise which they had so carefully planned had turned out so well that Mr St Clare just could not recover from the shock of it.

During the last few days however General Adele De Garbe had been finishing the investigation of reports about

Gannies master, and
 like wise had been
 preparing a surprise
 without investigat-
 ing any further. He
 called for a troop
 of officers and headed
 for the Big Girl
 Knool road and travel-
 ed straight through
 to Idleburn manleys
 army. He left there
 as soon as he heard
 more details for
 he was growing terribly
 suspicious of Gannies
 master from whose
 camp he had heard
 many strange reports.
 And so it came
 that he arrived in the
 heart of this camp
 but a few hours
 after it had
 left his own plantation
 to go to see Mil-
 dred. The news of his trip
 to pay a visit to Mil-
 dred his former child
 slave suited his plans
 exactly for he thought
 this would bring
 more evidence against
 Gannies master. The
 moment after he
 had inter viewed Gen

Manley he set off again
 on horse back with his
 column of cavalry toward
 the child slave camp.
 But when he learned
 that there was a shorter
 road to the slave camp
 owned by Gannies mas-
 ter he rode on to
 that point because
 he felt sure that the
 climb up the mountain
 slope would be as
 much as he cared
 to let the horses un-
 der take.
 Now was general
 Adele De Garbe mis-
 taken in this for
 the steady climb
 for the horses up
 the long sloping
 trail seemed very
 long and tiresome.
 Even after the horses
 had been toiling up
 the steep mountain
 path for nearly
 two hours there
 still was no
 sign of Mayen-
 fields child slave
 camp in sight and
 yet he knew that
 he ought to come
 to the camp when
 he was third way

the distance to the
 plantation for his in-
 formants had given them
 come complete directions
 and it should be so.
 All about him were
 the hoof beats and
 foot prints of horses
 and soldiers who
 we had passed that
 way and often he
 and his column came
 to a series of corn
 many streets as puzzl-
 ing as a labyrinth
 going off in
 all directions. But
 the trouble was the
 general A. de W. de
 Garbe did not know
 so vast a camp
 as he thought and
 therefore was not so
 sure at all that
 he was on the right
 road and therefore
 he thought perhaps
 that maybe the
 child slave camp
 was located in
 some other section
 of the camp. He
 looked about him
 to see if he
 could discover any
 officer or soldier
 from whom he

could ask the way.
 But on every hand it
 was as still as death
 for all the troops at
 this part of the camp
 had gone out on drill
 and only a few sen-
 tries were left in
 the company street.
 Far and wide there
 was nothing in sight
 but the tents there
 was no sound to
 be heard. The north-
 easterly breeze alone
 occasionally moved
 the tree tops the
 small insects buzzed
 in the haze of sun-
 light now and
 then, a bird piped
 and sang merrily
 from the branches
 of a lonely sapling.
 General A. de W. de
 Garbe halted his
 column for
 a few minutes
 and bared his
 hot forehead to
 the cool breeze
 and looked around
 him carefully.
 Just then some-
 one came running
 down from above.
 It was A. de W. de

with the message in his hand. He was not keeping to the company street but running straight ahead of him and not seeming to care where he ran. As soon as the speeding lad came close enough however the general warned to him to stop and come over a minute. The lad was shy and hesitating, but nevertheless he approached but not coming directly toward the party but edging along as if he was able to move properly with only one of his feet and was compelled to drag the other after him.

"Come on boy scout. What are you afraid of?" the general demanded surprised at the boy's conduct. But indeed his words seemed to have a curious effect on the young boy scout. He halted for an instant as if he was in

doubt as to whether he should obey the general or not, and then again crept slowly toward the company street toward which he was heading, but at a slow pace.

"Come over here boy! Don't be afraid of us." The general said to encourage him. "I only want to know," he continued. "If this yellow brick road is the way up to a plantation where a general 'Manley' is with the child slave Jammie and where St. Clare has gone to visit."

"Yes sir" was the sole answer to this simple question. Then away Adele De Sel rushed with such tremendous speed that reaching a slope he suddenly went plunging down head over heels and kept rolling over and over in most unexpected somersaults. In fact he went nearly all the way down

but the only thing that suffered was the message. I had received such harsh treatment that it floated away on the breeze quite torn to shreds.

"There is something suspiciously wrong with that boy scout," the general said to one of his officers, "I believe he is remarkably bashful." The Colonel who thought that this column of officers was the cause of such strange actions on the part of this boy scout.

After the general and his officers had spent a few moments more watching the boys descent he ordered his officers forward and the column continued the weary climb. In spite of all his efforts of a day or so he could not find a level spot so that he could regain his footing. He went

rolling on and on as if he would never be able to stop himself and from time to time he curved about in the air in the strangest kind of way imaginable. I'd overheard such tumbling and turning were by no means the worse thing that he could have gone through. In a more terrible indeed were his inward fear and anguish now that he felt sure the general was on the track of both he and Jammie's master. I or he never doubted at all that this general who was asking the way up to Jammie's plantation home was looking for the writer of the note.

At last when he reached level ground above many leaps he had quartered a day or so I all managed to clutch a bush and cling to it long enough

to stop his downward progress. He lay still a moment before rising to collect his thoughts and decide what he should do. "Well, I'll be dog-goned. There comes a roller coaster," said a voice right below the lad. "I wonder who the next one will be who will tumble and start rushing down hill like that wagon with a note on it." It was a scoodler officer who stood there making fun of the boy. He had climbed to the first slope to get a better spot to drill his men and had been quietly watching the boy scout captain as he came racing down the slope for all the world like a log. Adele De Ob. sprang to his feet. There was a new fright

for the lad. For it seemed that the scoodler captain had already learned the note had been written by somebody, and so without once looking behind him Adele De Ob. turned around and started to run up the slope again. What he wanted to do most was to go and warn Gamme's master before Adele De Ob. got there but there was no chance of his getting there on time. And also his greatest desire now was to run away to the Christian lines for no Glanadian would find him there and of all that seemed the safest. But he also had left his regiment of scouts out in the fields and Gamme's master had told him particularly to hurry back so the child scouts would not be alone too long.

without their leader
 they would grow sus-
 picious of him. And he
 was more afraid
 of that than of any
 thing else and stood
 in awe such awe
 of such results that
 he did not dare
 to take any chances.
 So groaning aloud
 Adele De Fob went
 jumping onward. He
 had to go back to
 the field to drill
 his scouts. Only
 he was not able
 to run any longer
 for his terror and
 the many hard
 knocks that he re-
 ceived in his violent
 descent were beg-
 inning to have
 their effect. Stag-
 gering and limp-
 ing badly groaning
 with pain and
 fear, he retraced
 his steps.
 General Adele
 De Garbe had
 reached the Mayen-
 field child slave
 camp soon after
 his meeting with
 Adele De Fob and

from that moment he
 knew he was on
 the right road. He
 and his column
 climbed on with re-
 newed courage and
 at last after a long
 hard pull of it he
 saw his goal before
 him. Here in
 full view was the
 other slave camp
 and beyond it was
 the forest of pine
 trees.
 The column climbed
 the last part of the
 way with ex-
 ultation for they thought
 they were soon
 to take I am sure
 master by surprise.
 But the column
 had already been
 seen and he recognized
 by the group of people
 sitting in front
 of the tent and
 a surprise was
 being prepared
 for the general
 that he little ex-
 pected.
 When the horses
 of the column had
 taken the last step
 up to the plantation
 the officer came

toward them from the tent. a tall young girl a tall general with light yellow hair was just dismounting from his horse and his face showed great excitement.

General Adele De Garbe started back in amazement. He halted his column and gazed at the approaching officers with wide staring eyes.

As they met there was an exclamation from them. It was Clare and the other man with all the other slaves were gone. I am sure had been retaken but the others escaped.

What scores did this bring to Adele De Garbe's mind. Anger suddenly smote him. Just so had other Christians worked within the camps, using their slaves to work their plans more through out. Gen. Adele De Garbe

could not tell whether he was awake or only dreaming. "Your excellency don't you believe it's true?" the other officer said and his face still showed his excitement. "Don't you believe it?" - they were cleared out.

The general and his column rode into the slave camp and saw that it was true.

"I should say it is a fact. But can it be possible. How can it be?"

And his heart almost bursting with anger the general rode through a portion of the camp as to see whether the slave camp was really deserted.

"Is it really true they all got away so early?" he had to cry one time after another. He took in the situation at a glance, and then the road

back and forth through
the camp once more
to make sure that
it actually happened.
Then he said:
"Are they not at work
on the plantations?"
"No, for we were
there."

At that moment a
group of soldiers
returned from the
hunt.

"Well my dear fellows
why don't you say
something?" the general
called to them. "His
escape surprise they
we given us is very
great indeed, but
have you not spot-
ted them?"

"No sir. They have
disappeared as if
the earth swallowed
them."

The general sent
his officers to
organize a party
and with
two or three officers
rode back to
his camp.

In the mean-
time St. Clare and
Schloeder with
the slaves and
a good force of

the Yermine were far
from the camp but had
rested in the woods to
gain their breath. Dorothy
and Mildred were
together and overjoyed
at their escape had
kissed each other
with fond affection.

At this time Adele
De Garb had reached
his headquarters and
knowing Gammie did
not escape was
advised by his officers
to question her.
"Surely and at
once." But first we
must have the whole
escape investigated.
The general remarked.
"I wonder how she
is fresh and bloom-
ing from her good
care. But she must
be questioned."

It was some
time before she
was brought but
she could give
no information.
Dorothy was looking
up with shining
eyes at both St.
Clare and Schloeder.
How good they had
always been to her.

and Annie And it
made her heart beat
faster to think that
they should have
brought them so easily
out of the gladiolus
in camp. Also over
the success of the
undertaking the two
men shook hands
most heartily. The
two women insisted
on expressing their
grateful thanks to
God for the wonderful
change in Mildred
and Dorothy and
St. Claire said he
was utterly amazed
that such a thing
could have happened.
And that he was
glad to see them
looking so again.
But when the men
began their prayer
the two stole away
for as they thought
they would like to
have a look to see
if the prisoners
were coming.
But here was
also a surprise
for the two girls
under a tree where
no grass or brush

grew grew an enormous
bunch of great red roses was
standing And they
were as fresh and
sparkling with dew
as if they had grown
there Dorothy and
Mildred clasped their
hands in delight.
"Why how perfectly
lovely, how wonderfully
exquisite what lovely
flowers" they cried
Jack - Jack, dear come
here. Did you gather
these for me? We
never saw anything
so splendid."
Jack for came to
them quickly.
"Oh now I didn't"
Jack answered "And
I cannot guess
who it was that
picked them."
"That's the way
they are every where
we've been Dorothy
only Annie had
found flowers more
beautiful still. Jack
chimed in. But
I cannot guess who
it was that brought
you these flowers."
But Annie has
always picked flowers.

to others from pastures and fields. And Jack smiled so mysteriously at the girls that for one mad moment the two thought from what Jack had said that he himself had been out in some flower field. But then they realized how impossible this would have been when they had just made the flight from the Glanclunian camp. Suddenly they heard a soft voice come from behind the fir and other trees.

It was Adele De Job who had managed to escape the Glanclunian camp and was now with them. But when he saw the two men who was sitting on a log near the edge of the woods but in hiding, and there for gaining courage the lad made a big circle around the company to reach them. But Lomathy and Mildred recognized his form

at once and a new idea came into their minds. They now felt sure Adele De Job had been the one to gather the flowers for them and was he now trying to steal away secretly because he was too shy and modest to want to be thanked for his pretty gift? Oh, no they could not let such a thing happen. The nice good boy must have his reward.

"Come over to us my lad and don't be the least bit afraid" Dorothy called to him loudly and she went in pursuit of him. Adele De Job came to a halt after all that he had suffered before the thought of Jarmie's plight had made him stiff with fear and he seemed no longer to have any strength left to fight. There was only one thought in his mind - "to fall up with her now."

As he thought of it his hair stood on end, and his pale face was distorted into an express of great anguish. "Come right over to us and do not be afraid of us," Dorothy said encouragingly. "Now tell me my dear boy did you bring us these flowers?"

Adele De Job never lifted his eyes to see what the little girl was pointing at. He only knew that Gammie had been recaptured before she left the camp with the rest and was now a prisoner, so shaking in every limb and in a trembling voice Adele De Job managed to utter just one sound.

"Yes!"

"Well Dorothy said that is surely nothing to be afraid of."

"But I'm scared - scared because - because she's arrested and -"

and will never be free again." Adele De Job stammered with great difficulty. And his knees knocked together so that he could scarcely stand. Dorothy walked over to General Schneider. "Tell me my dear Master," she asked very sympathetically, "is there something wrong with this boy's mind?"

"Why no," the general assured her. "Only this boy is the lad that is so closely attached to Gammie and now he's worrying about the consequences of her recapture. He wants to go back and find her but it's too dangerous for him to return."

Dorothy and Mildred now could not bring herself to believe it. For she did not know and did not think that Adele De Job was her friend and besides she could not see no reason why he should not worry about a friend who had done as much for him as she had.

But the boys summer long words had only made Gen St Clare more sure of what he had already suspected from the start. General Schloeder had not failed to notice the sour looks that Adele & Elsie had been casting at Glandelinian officers since the first moment the soldiers kept watch over the plantation since Milford arrived. And there had been plenty of other signs of bitterness the boys felt toward the Glandelinians and worry about Jannet. The general had been putting one thing and another together in his mind and so had figured out just how the whole affair had happened. He told this all very clearly to even St Clare but at the end of his story St Clare interrupted him in no little excitement. "A thousand times no."

We must not let the Glandelinians retain little Jannet any further my dear general. Set her free and be just. The rebels have held her a slave long enough for more than 3 years at a stretch. So now the lad loses what he loves most his one great blessing for Jannet is all that to him. And now all the lad can do is to sit quietly to one side and wait for her to come. Don't you see we must do what we can to cheer him up. I presume she'll get away all right." Whereupon St Clare marched over to where the lad stood and who was still shaking in his shoes. "He sat down on a stump and said to him in the nicest way: 'Come over here to let me my lad, for I have some thing important to say to you. Please don't shiver and shake.'

any more but just listen to me and you should. You are worrying because I amma has been recaptured. You made every attempt to regain her because you wanted to take her along. That was a brave thing to do as you know very well, and you realize too that you deserved success for your brave deed for in order to regain the little girl you tried as hard as you could to steal her away again. Don't this all true?"

"Yes" muttered Adele.

"But look here the boy who tries to do good things and then thinks that no one knows all about it is badly mistaken. For God sees and hears every thing that goes on. And the moment that he sees that a little boy wants to hide his brave deed, God surely brings good luck to him by and by."

And do you know my lad what our Blessed Lord does?"

"What?" asked Adele. I am interested in spite of himself, as he never heard of God before. He works in behalf of the boy and his little friend to gether. And the moment that he sees that a little boy wants to regain his friend the good God causes the first friend to have a good chance to run away and give the slave a guardian that is to bring her safely through the adventure until she reaches a safe refuge. And do you know who that guide is?"

"No sir."

"That is her guardian angel. And though invisible the guardian angel keeps leading the child on so that she gets away from her enemies who have no quiet moment to themselves in their effort to catch

her, and he can with
 over his still voice
 plague her persecutors
 and keeps telling them
 to torment them, you
 will not catch her.
 That is the same
 with Jannie. She'll
 escape all right. God
 will help her. Is not
 that the way you
 feel about it now my
 lad?"

Adele De Job nodded
 sorrowfully, but like
 a person who knows
 that he has just
 heard the truth spoken
 to him.

"And in another
 way you helped
 Dorothy get well." St
 Clare went on. See
 how when you helped
 Jannie make mildred
 walk for the first
 time, and the good
 you did turned out
 to be just the best
 thing that could have
 happened to the
 girl you wanted
 to be friend. Because
 mildred had
 was tied so much
 to see the field of
 flowers she with

gummies and you did
 tried with might and
 main to walk, and now
 she's learned to use
 her feet and keeps on
 improving. Don't you
 see how it is Adele
 De Job? When a boy
 wants to do something
 good the good god can
 take his kind act
 quickly into his own
 hands too and make
 a good blessing out
 of it and the good
 boy therefore finds
 his good deed brings
 success. Is that not
 so?"

"Yes" said Adele De
 Job, for he knew
 that was true.

"Are you sure you
 have understood me
 my lad? Yes? Well
 then you just think
 it over. And every
 time you want to
 do something good
 remember your own
 guardian angel and
 the aid he will
 give you. Will you?"
 "Of course I will"
 Adele De Job answered.
 But he was still
 feeling very down

in the mouth because
he did not know how
things were going to
turn out if Jannie
remained a prisoner
too long.

"Well that is good
and the matter is
all settled" Mr St
Claire concluded. "But
now you must have
some good news
to make you have
love for the good God.
Tell me my dear
boy is there anything
that you've always
been wishing to
happen? Tell me
the one thing you'd
like best in all
the world."

Then Adele's
job raised his head
and stared at St Claire
in astonishment.
and his eyes were
as round as mar-
bles. Here he had
been expecting some
thing awful to
happen to Jannie
and now there was
talk about giving
him good news
of some kind
and probably what

he wanted most that
young lady's mind was
certainly getting all mix-
ed up.

"Oh yes indeed I mean
it" St Claire said. "You are
to hear some good news.
Don't you understand
Laddie?"

It began to dawn on
Adele's job that
he needed no longer
to be afraid about
Jannie, and that the
kind man who
sat before him prob-
ably had saved her.
Then he suddenly felt
as light and happy
as if a mountain
that had been rest-
ing on his chest
had suddenly fallen
off. And he was
coming to see
that it is better
to tell his thoughts
without delay. So
he said:

"Is it something
about Jannie?"
St Claire had to
think for a while
before he got the
connection of ideas.
But then he
remembered and said
home.

"I'm glad you thought about it too, and now tell me what it is that it you wish to hear?"

Now Adele De D'ob could not really guess though it made him dizzy just to think of it. The return of Gammie danced before his mind. So his whole thought was on her getting away and the thought of all his efforts for her but in which he had not been successful. He was just now tempted to take chances and go back and get her. He thought of her reaching the Christian liner. Oh "that sure would be great!" Adele De D'ob stood there in deep thought. He was trying to think which of these had happened and yet he could not make up his mind. Then suddenly he had a happy thought. He had

found a way by which he might have hope.

"Are you going back to get her?" he asked. "No," Adele could not keep from laughing.

"At least that would be too dangerous," he said. "Come to me and I'll tell you something that is a secret between you and me."

He drew the lid closer to him but whatever he said to the lad is not revealed here. He then took something like a purse out of his pocket and drew from it a piece of paper with a strange kind of engraving on it.

"Here," he continued, "and now we'll do a little geography work. Let me show you. On this piece of paper I have put as many different engravings as there are days in a year. So you see every section that you examine works out a code. A very important code?" Adele De D'ob asked innocently.

November 18th. Dec. 1927

at that St Clare went off into such an uproar of laughter that some of the escaped slaves stopped their chattering to hear what was going on. Before he continued his conversation with the lad he indulged in another fit of laughter.

"Yes my boy it is very important. I wish to get this paper to General Vinnys camp as soon as possible. So I'm taking it along with me."

General Schloeder nodded to show that he agreed with St Clare, and smiled over at them. Adele De Tob cast just one more look at the emigrants in his hands. Then he said: "I thank God."

Then off he ran taking up believably long leaps but this time he stayed on his feet instead of turning somersaults for he was not now driven by fear but by

such joy as he never felt in his life. All his cares and anguish had vanished for did he not just hear good news.

Later on when it was night when the whole company in the woods had finished the little supper they had and were still sitting in the woods close together talking of all sorts of things in soft whispers. Adele De Tob took Adele's face still shone with the joy she felt over her escape and each time he looked at her he seemed if anything a little more happy than before. And Adele said to him in a

lively manner not at all like that of the ever crippled girl of other days - "Oh Adele De Tob if you only knew all that the general has done for me. I've been so good every single day that I can't even

begin to tell you about
 it but I'll never forget
 it as long as I live.
 and I shall always
 wish that I could do
 something in return
 for his loving care
 or give him something
 that would make him
 as happy as he had
 caused me to be.
 and is exactly the
 way we all feel for
 "Othy" said the boy
 "I've been trying right
 along to think of some
 way in which we
 can show a small
 part of our gratitude
 to this best of all
 good men."

Then St Clare got
 to his feet and walked
 over to the general
 who was sitting by
 Muldred and handing
 the finest kind
 of chat with her.
 The general rose
 politely at his friend's
 approach. Mr St Clare
 grasped him by
 the hand and said
 in the friendliest
 manner.

"My dear friend
 let's have a word
 to gether you will

understand me when
 I say that since entering
 the army I have had
 no real joy. I did not
 hardly care for anything
 not even for all my
 money and possessions
 when I looked at these
 poor child slaves whom
 all the riches in the
 world could not bring
 to freedom. Next to
 our God in the world
 above you have so
 far brought the child-
 ren to their freedom
 and given them and
 me a new life as
 well. No one can
 tell me how best
 we should our deep
 thankfulness. I can
 never hope to repay
 what you have done
 for the slaves and
 myself. But what
 ever is in my
 power to do that shall
 be done. Speak
 my friend what
 shall it be?"
 The general had lis-
 tened quietly and
 had gazed at the happy
 Christian spy
 with a smile of pleas-
 ure when the other

November 19 1927,

had finished speaking
he said in his decided
way.

"Mr St Clare will not
doubt my word when
I say that I too have
a large share of joy
in this recovery of
Mildred and Dorothy,
and in our easy escape
with all these slaves
from the Glendon
ham camp. By our
easy escape my
trouble has been richly
rewarded. Many thanks
my dear sir for
your generous offer,
but so far I am
in content and am
in need of nothing.

I shall guide my
rescued slaves to
the Christian lines
even at the risk
of my life. But
there is one wish
which I surely should
like to have grant-
ed and then I
should never have
any further anx-
iety. May I say
just once to my
dear friend Mr St
Clare. I urge
"Well this is a

perilous undertaking."
General Schoeder went
on to say "and if I am
not careful my days
on this earth will be
numbered. When I con-
tinue the flight toward
the Christian lines, I
cannot be on the
watch enough, and
yet I dare not leave
these children behind.
And I have only
a few of the Gemini
with me and know-
ing this the Glendon-
hamians will surely
take advantage. There-
fore if Mr St Clare
feels that if he
can give me the
assurance that you will
pull mine and your slaves
through the adventure
then you will have
more than repaid
me for the little
I have done for
you and the two
sick slaves."

But my dear
friend that goes abso-
lutely without say-
ing. Mr St Clare
burst out. The
children are with us
now. Ask any of

my best comrades if
 these slaves shall be
 retaken by the enemy
 again. But now my
 dear chap if it will
 be the slightest comfort
 to you why there's my
 hand on it. I promise
 you solemnly that these
 child slaves shall
 never in their lives
 be slaving again
 for the Glan delinians.
 I'll see to it even if
 it cost my life."
 "You are a good
 man," the general
 said. And for a
 moment he covered
 his eyes with his
 hand.

"Nonsense sir I will
 say even much more.
 Our troop of child-
 ren are not going
 through a country
 that is strange by
 no means sir, and
 there fore I am able
 to stand by no
 matter how things
 will turn out. I
 have also covered
 that fact in other
 adventures and when
 we once get within
 the Christian lines

the child slaves will
 find many new friends.
 I can first bring them
 to general Sladerlinia.
 He is arriving to join
 general Idanson's army
 with a troop of men
 having settled up his
 affairs with the enemy
 in such a way so
 that after a short
 while general Idanson's
 army can advance
 successfully after
 the retreating man-
 ley and strike him
 a blow, while Slader-
 linia will go to
 the camps at
 Angelinia Agatha for
 a few weeks of good
 rest as he has
 been wounded. I still
 mean general
 Sladerlinia. He
 is going to Angelinia
 Agatha with his
 staff next month
 to ask the Emperor
 advice about where
 he shall lead
 the next army
 in September October.
 For he has enjoyed
 the camp any of
 the good Emperor
 more than anyone

close. So you see if they accompany him those child slaves is going from now on to get a military training as boys and girl scouts. If they so desire and go through lots of adventure. Those that do not desire for this will be left in the mobilization camps under guardians until the proper people are found to adopt them. And with his aid they'll have a chance to become good free citizens of "Abrahamia".

"God grant it" said Mildred piously.

"And as if to say Amen to the man's statement she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then as the two men saw Dorothy standing close beside them St. Clare suddenly put his arms about the little girl's neck and drew her toward him.

and in behalf

of all the rest dear Dorothy you must be questioned too just a bit. Come and tell me is not there some wish that you would like to have granted?"

"Oh of course there is" the little girl answered, and looked delightedly up at St. Clare.

"That's good so out with it" St. Clare said encouragingly. "What would you like to have child?"

"I would like awfully well to have a commission as a slave captain of girl scouts with all the girls here to be my troop if they want to be scouts. And then Mr. St. Clare we would like to go everywhere with the army. And then none of us would have to be afraid of the Gleaners as we could then protect ourselves. And then we'd be as safe as all the other children."

On her laymeness to get what she was

was after Jannet had said all that in a single breath.

"Why my dear child what are you telling me now?" St. Clare cried excitedly. "It's a good thing you reminded me. In our selfish joy it is so easy to forget the things we ought to think of first. When our Blessed Lord sends us a wondrous blessing like this then we should at once think of poor slaves who are less fortunate than we are. If we had the means we could telegraph straight to the Christian lines to send a large troop of soldiers to escort us. But this very day coming if we are in the Christian lines I'll see that you get the training to become a captain. If God wills we ought to reach the Christian lines in two days." Dorothy danced gaily in a circle around St. Clare. But all at once she paused

and said hastily "Now we surely will have to race for the national camps for I hear the sound of horses far away. We'll be recaptured if we stay here even so long."

On hearing the sound of many horses Dorothy was on pins and needles. So anxious was she over the impending peril of being retaken that she just could not wait another minute to go on toward the Christian camp. And she remembered how dangerous our "Glandelinian soldiers" are to runaway slaves.

"No we cannot dare move from this spot now. What are you thinking of?" said General Schloeder in stern reproach. "When it's so dark like this in the woods, one certainly cannot go running like this. We'd get lost and never find our

way to the Christian
lines.

But St. Clare stood
firmly by Dorothy.
"My dear general, ex-
cuse me but I think
the child is right.
Those horsemen if
they are pursuers, will
ride into the woods
on close in on us.
Then the slaves
will again lose their
freedom because of
our foolishness. Why
shouldn't we all of
us at least go
further in the woods
and stay on guard
at turns while
the children
sleep. If we have
a chance in the
morning we can
surprise some of
our pursuers and
secure a number
of horses. And when
we are in pos-
session we can con-
tinue on our way
and find a chance
to telegraph to the
Christian lines
for a powerful
escort and notify
them where we are.

Mildred, what do you
say to this plan? You
until this moment
Mildred had had no
thought to speak of what
she believed was best
to be done. But never-
theless she asked St.
Clare to wait just
a little while if
he would so she
could be sure the
horsemen were pursuers.
It also seem seemed
that General Schloeder
had made up his
mind to take the
shortest route to the
Christian lines with
the children and
St. Clare. And first
of all he had wished
to see if the children
were in a condition
to stand the excite-
ment, if he and
his all over had
a fight with the
pursuers. But now
there seemed no
reason why they
all could not take
the most enjoyable
journey and he
was very anxious
to make use of
the opportunity while
it lasted. He thought

it best and safer for the time being therefore to spend the night further in the woods, set some of the Germans as sentinels and the next morning to resume the journey to the Christian camps. Then if possible if closely pressed by pursuers they would surprise one of the parties secure the horses, telegraph to the National Lines, wait the escort meet it at a good spot and then go on softly to the lines.

Mildred and Jannie were saddened when they still knew Jannie was not among them. But there were many other things to be happy about and besides there was not any time to waste on being miserable.

St Clare had already risen and taken Mildred and Jannie by the hand to lead the van. But then he suddenly remembered.

"Why how in the world are we going to direct the other children to keep them from being separated" he cried in much concern. In it occurred to him that

in the darkness they might get lost, and no one dared make a light, and this way it would be much too dangerous for them all.

But he found that all his other members had already separated the children into squads just as he usually did within the army and were harrying each squad to follow in column formation with sure tread in the footsteps of Gen. Schöler and St Clare. Deceiving their footsteps St Clare felt some satisfaction as the others closed up the rear and so the whole company started on its way.

Dorothy could not help dancing with joy by the Gen. side and telling him all he wanted to hear about all her life as a child slave. She told of her life in all different plantations, of all sorts and

all she and they did there and of how despite the dreadful cold of winter she and they had to work out of doors with only a little clothing on. Dorthy reported everything down to the smallest detail for she knew just how she and they got along and she drew a clear word picture of the slaves working in the mills in cold rooms and workshops, all shivering with the cold. She knew everything they had to eat and all the things they had to go without too. St. Clare listened with the keenest sympathy until they came to the center of the woods. A deer was far in the rear, acting as a sort of scout so that he could give the alarm if any of the pursuers would appear in sight.

Dark as it was he indistinctly saw the outlines of a procession of horsemen approaching and raced quickly for the rest of a body of horsemen is approaching and they are following in our tracks," he reported. "It's quite a company of them. But their uniforms are too black in the darkness to be gray. They are carrying a flag with them too."

"Oh is there not some way to find out who they are?" Dorthy sighed hopelessly. "Did you notice what color the flag was? If they would only stop for a minute long enough so we could know who they are?" "Yes but we'll be careful just the same," he said.

General Schloeder
glance linear scrub
wear purple uniform
look

Then suddenly a light appeared as if a star suddenly into the woods and not knowing who the soldiers were rushed run over to where St. Clare was standing and clung to him almost fiercely.

But Dorothy from behind a tree by the help of the light saw the standard but Schloeder also saw it and the face of the leader.

"Good God every body said he. I've been desiring to telegraph to get an escort from the Christian lines and here's one 'sure enough' said he knowing off his gray uniform. 'General Evans Jack Evans Dull' he cried."

General Schloeder could not shout loud enough but the men on horse back did not know where the hail came from and as they did not

want to be surprised they suddenly fled the woods with torches. St. Clare smiled and said:

"Oh what good luck this must be. We should surely thank the good God now for here's an escort to aid us to get away from the enemy only I did not expect this so soon."

At his order some of Schloeder's men had lit torches revealing to the column of horsemen the men with many child slaves.

"What's this?" said the commander riding forward. Why general Schloeder where'd you get all these children? He had rode forward as close as possible and pressed Schloeder's hand heartily.

"You have a fair chance to go with us" Evans went on to say. How many child men have you? 13 hundred. Well with one child each we

have enough horses
to ride them all. We
are on our way to
the Christian lines and
can you all with us
We shall be within
the Christian lines
by midnight for we
were out of the
best of reasons.
But we unexpectedly
came upon you and
so we can all
offer up our special
thanks to God for
sending us to this
spot.

The faces of the
children lighted up
with a real joy
as a chloeder pressed
Evans hand again,
and again for he
too could not voice
his thanks in words.
Two great tears but
not of sadness
found their way
slowly down his
cheeks. Dorothea and
Mildred had also
seen the glad
light that flashed
into the general's
face and felt
happy also because
now they were

safe now it has turned
out just as we prayed
for. "Hav'n't it Dorothea?"
Mildred said snuggling
close to her friend.
"Oh yes Mildred"
Dorothea said with
deep feeling "and our
Blessed Lord is going
to give us many
other things besides
our freedom. I don't
can there be such
good Christians in
the world to go and
lay down their lives
to free poor little
slaves like us
and to do so much
for us. There's noth-
ing that strengthens
our faith in the good
Father of Heaven who
remembers the least
of his children
as to find there
were Christian soldiers
full of kindness
and pity for us
slaves that they
go through all perils
to rescue such
useless creatures
like us" -
"My dear girl" Gen.
Jack Evans here
interrupted her

"in the sight of our heavenly Father we are all poor and needy and it is equally necessary to us all that he does not forget. And now we have to go on or we'll be out here too long. And we want to have you all within the Christian lines before midnight. And we shall never forget your needs be sure of that."

Then before starting Evans lifted Dorothy onto his horse and then all the children being on a horse the whole column started on through the woods while many of the children could not stop their flow of gratitude and kept wishing the nationals all the blessings that the Blessed Lord had bestowed upon them. Ah but the memory of poor little Jamie would bring hot tears enough because

she was not with them. The little slaves could not bear to go on and not have her with them where she could go and find the greatest happiness of life. Muldred felt it worse but Dorothy comforted her and said:

"She will get away again before you know it and then some day she'll come to us again and then it will be nicer, lots nicer and all will be jolly from the word go." Evans reached the Christian lines before midnight just as he said he would and as the slaves were being taken to new quarters Evans and Schleder stood and talked a long time together for the two generals found much to say. Muldred was wiping away her tears as much as she could and finding much comfort in Dorothy's words.

Don't forget to say a prayer asking God to help Gammies escape. Mildred said again, "I wish I could think of an offering to give to God as he helped us so well." "You can do that easy enough," Dorothy assured her. "Just offer him our love. Don't you remember how he likes us all to love him?" "His advice Mildred found most pleasing. 'Oh then I'll surely do that'" she cried joyfully. "I must have something for reward." Then General Evans beckoned to the child ren for the tent for them was located. Both Dorothy and Mildred took up their position at the opening of the tent and waved their hands to Adele De Sol and the generals until they had disappeared in the darkness. On the morning

army cots or beds came to the tents occupied by the freed children and on the following night the child slaves slept in them so soundly that they began to regain health and strength. And kind general Schloeder when he got back to his Germanian headquarters, did not forget about the scanty food in the Gland-cliniam camp. So they got a the surprise of their life when they were brought to the mess id all for dinner. Not long after the army was encamped on the slopes of heights not far from the Engeline St Claire stream. Along these heights a great line of water was being built. Gen. Vivian came and for a short spell went to inspect the construction of the works. But on the advice of his staff the general

a little further down.
 and lines of abatis
 and at points were
 where an attacking
 force could cross much
 easily as could ar-
 dently be seen from
 the lofty heights above.
 This section of the
 mountain meadows
 was to be fortified
 by batteries of artillery.
 The other end
 of the slopes was
 being fortified for
 general kindermurder
 army and for the
 dragon of Sladerlinia
 and great hearts for
 general Vivian realized
 they are daring
 and fierce fighters
 and bear the brunt
 of every attack.
 Back of these
 were long lines of
 batteries defended
 by high thick earth
 works and here
 generals Charles Brown
 and Robert Brown
 were to have
 their infantry lines.
 The two Vivians
 Idmon and Robert
 while they are
 watching the the

progress of the trenches
 always had their thoughts

on the princesses.
 General Schloeden and
 St Clare grew to be
 better friends every day.
 And while they too
 are strolling about
 the works together their
 thoughts never fail
 to turn to Fannie.
 For to both of them
 the chief joy in
 their hearts would be
 to see her safely
 in the Christian
 lines too.

"My dear general"
 St Clare said recently
 as he was standing
 on a line of works
 with the German
 chief "you must
 look at the matter
 as I do. I shall
 share all the sorrow
 about Fannie just
 as if I were her
 nearest relative. But
 I am also responsible
 of all that does
 with the welfare
 and care of the
 child. In that way
 I can hope to
 have a claim on
 the child's speed.

transportation to these
camps as I've sent
400 disguised men, with
her description and
therefore hope to look
for and to her rescue.
This is my dearest
hope. I am sure she has a
week before she'll meet
her punishment for
running away with
us and therefore there
is ample time. I am
sure if brought here
shall share the
company of Angelina
Vivian whose sisters
are missing and
comfort her and
therefore we can
leave her behind
us without fear when
the time comes
for us to go on
for another mission you
and I.
The Gemini general
pressed his friends
hand gratefully. He
said nothing for
he was a silent
sort of man. But
his good friend
could see in his
eyes how deeply
the general had
been touched

and how much courage
these words gave him.

Meanwhile Jan Dorothy
and Mildred were
sitting on a log watch-
ing long lines of soldiers
at work on the works.
and the young girl
had to talk so much
and Mildred had to
listen so hard that
they almost lost their
breath in their excite-
ment. And then too
there was so much
also to tell Adele &
John about St. Clare
for Mildred and
Jan had been
with him too and
each of the three
looked happier than
the others because
here they were far
from the Glandelinian
camp and also
because such such
amazing things had
happened. But surely
happier than any
other face was perhaps
that of Mildred
for with Jan
help she was
able to walk once
more. I shall how-
ever Mildred saw

Dorothy lets offer a
 prayer of thanks giving
 to God. I feel as if I
 never could of all
 to give praise and
 glory to our Blessed
 God in heaven for
 all the blessings
 that he has so richly
 given us!